

S

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

★
July

15c



Spotlight Cover
of Carole Lombard

Carole Lombard and Bill Powell Together Again!

The Gay Romances of Robert Taylor

New IRRESISTIBLE SWIVEL LIPSTICK!



Now — a stunning new SWIVEL case, in one quick turn of the base, will bring to your lips the luscious ripe color of IRRESISTIBLE LIP LURE. Now — an Irresistible case to match an Irresistible lipstick!

Irresistible Lip Lure gives your lips alluring appeal because of its glorious coloring, its velvet-like texture, and its indelibility. Fragrant is the kiss of Irresistible Lip Lure because it has the bouquet of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Irresistible Powder, soft as a flower petal, completes the symphony of allure.

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IRRESISTIBLE
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IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE, MASCARA, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALCUM POWDER

ONLY 10¢ EACH AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES

"Barbarous!"

A HOSTESS AND A
DENTIST BATTLE OVER
A T-BONE

"Intelligent!"



SAYS
HOSTESS



SAYS
DENTIST



(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA and MASSAGE)

HOSTESS: "Your picture is disgraceful. No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would ever eat like that." (*But your dentist disagrees—emphatically.*)

DENTIST: "That picture is a perfect lesson in the proper exercise of teeth and gums. I hope millions of people see it. If more people chewed as vigorously, there would be far fewer gum disorders—fewer evidences of that dental warning 'pink tooth brush'."

Check up on your own menu, and you will see the dentist's point. The modern menu is a soft-food menu. It deprives

teeth and gums of the work and exercise and stimulation they need. No wonder gums grow weak and tender—no wonder "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious

The first sign of that tinge of "pink" calls for a visit to your dentist. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more stimulation, more exercise. And he may tell you—he usually does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. *Follow his ad-*

vice. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums *as well as* clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better.

So switch to Ipana today. The first ten days of Ipana and massage will show an improvement. And thirty days will convince you that you should have changed to this modern, sensible health measure long ago.



IPANA plus massage
is the dentist's ablest
assistant in the home care
of your teeth and gums.



The M-G-M Lion is the Symbol that signifies Joy on the Screen. Miss Entertainment picks Leo to ride to victory!



THE WINNER!

METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER

We're taking space in this magazine to tell you to keep your eye on Leo, the M-G-M Lion!

He's had the best year of his career what with grand entertainments like "Mutiny on the Bounty", "China Seas", "Broadway Melody of '36", "A Night at the Opera", "Rose Marie" and all the other great M-G-M hits! And of course there's "The Great Ziegfeld", now playing in selected cities as a road-show attraction and not to be shown otherwise this season.

But (*pardon his Southern accent*) Leo says: "You ain't seen nuthin' yet!" ... On this page is just part of the happy M-G-M family of stars. Look them over. You'll find most of the screen's famed personalities and great talents on Leo's list. They will appear in the big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions that are now in the making and planned for months to come.

Ask the Manager of the theatre that plays M-G-M pictures about the marvelous entertainments he is arranging to show. And when Leo roars, settle back in your seat for real enjoyment!

WATCH FOR THEM!

Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard
in "Romeo and Juliet"
Clark Gable
Jeanette MacDonald
in "San Francisco"
Jean Harlow
Franchot Tone in "Suzy"
Robert Montgomery
Myrna Loy
in "Love on the Run"
And M-G-M's Big Road Show
"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"



Norma Shearer



Joan Crawford



Greta Garbo



Clark Gable



William Powell



Myrna Loy



Jeanette MacDonald



Nelson Eddy



Luise Rainer



Jean Harlow



Wallace Beery



Robt. Montgomery



Eleanor Powell



Freddie Bartholomew



Robert Taylor



The Marx Brothers



Charles Laughton



Laurel & Hardy



Jackie Cooper



Lionel Barrymore



John Barrymore



Spencer Tracy

SORRY! WE DIDN'T HAVE SPACE FOR THEIR PHOTOS! MORE M-G-M STARS

Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, Reginald Owen, Virginia Bruce, Nat Pendleton, Lewis Stone, John Hodiak, Ted Healy, Allan Jones, Buddy Ebsen, Joseph Calleia, I. S. Jones, Chester Morris, Stuart Erwin, Bruce Cabot, Elizabeth Allan, Brian Aherne, Charles Butterworth, Madge Evans, Frances Langford, Eric Linden, June Knight, Ann Loring, Robert Benchley, Jean Parker, May Robson, Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Harvey Stephens, etc.



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

July, 1936

Vol. XXXIII No. 3

Coming TO THRILL YOU!

MARGARET E.
SANGSTER'S

"DISTANT STAR"

Startling Romance
of Hollywood

Different — Dramatic — New! The most unusual, thrillingly romantic story of behind-the-scenes Hollywood ever published by a screen magazine.

Margaret E. Sangster, one of America's most gifted writers, talented interpreter of the modern scene and author of best sellers, creates a romance of breath-taking realism, dramatic plot, and stirring action. Through her previous novel, "Forever Yours," recently published by this magazine, SCREENLAND's readers know Margaret E. Sangster's flair for vivid portrayal of Hollywood life and deep understanding of its unreal reality. In the August issue we begin "Distant Star," in which this author surpasses her best previous achievements in translating studio life into terms of thrilling fiction.

Determine now to begin reading this "different," extraordinarily moving novel starting in SCREENLAND for August. On sale at news stands July 3.

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page.....	Delight Evans	19
Carole Lombard and Bill Powell Together Again.....	Elizabeth Wilson	20
Are the Stars Fooling Themselves?.....	Dorothy Manners	22
Gary Cooper's Suppressed Desire.....	Anita Kilore	24
The Truth About Boyer. Charles Boyer.....	Jerry Asher	26
Born To Be Famous. Luise Rainer.....	Helen Harrison	27
Beauty Prize. Fiction.....	Vicki Baum	28
The Proudest Dad in Films. Wallace Beery.....	Maude Cheatham	30
Joel and the Glamor Girls. Joel McCrea.....	Margaret Angus	31
The Gay Romances of Robert Taylor.....	Ben Maddox	32
Candid Cameos.....	Malcolm H. Oettinger	34
From Sawdust to Starlight. Joe E. Brown.....	Ida Zeitlin	51
Reviews of the Best Pictures.....	Delight Evans	52
SCREENLAND Glamor School. Edited by Jeanette MacDonald.....		54
Hollywood Fashion Highlights.....		56
Can It Happen Again?.....	Thornton Sargent	58
Seeing Stars in London.....	Hettie Grimstead	60
Why Picture Pets Go to Paris.....	Stiles Dickenson	61

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

SCREENLAND Presents Exclusive Preview of Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone in their New Outdoor Life. Just Call Her "Brownie." Jean Harlow. New Career, Coiffure, Clothes. Claudette Colbert. Nature Sets the Scene. Anita Louise. Fields of Fun. W. C. Fields. Do Something Different! Still at the Top. John Barrymore, Leslie Howard, William Powell, Jean Hersholt. Still Going Up. James Stewart, John Howard, Michael Whalen, Ross Alexander. Ruby and Al Jolson at Home. Shore Lines De Luxe. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

DEPARTMENTS:

Honor Page.....		6
SCREENLAND Crossword Puzzle.....	Alma Talley	8
Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews.....		10
Ask Me!.....	Miss Vee Dee	12
Inside the Stars' Homes. Irene Dunne.....	Betty Boone	14
Salutes and Snubs. Letters from Readers.....		16
Here's Hollywood. Screen News.....	Weston East	62
Figures à la Carte. Beauty Article.....	Elin Neil	66
Femi-Nifties.....		69

Spotlight Cover Portrait of Carole Lombard by Marland Stone.

SCREENLAND Honor Page



To "Show Boat"—the classic American musical motion picture. Magnificent entertainment not to be missed!

SCREENLAND is proud of "Show Boat." Proud of being a part of the art-industry that can produce such magical entertainment! True, Edna Ferber's famous story, set to Jerome Kern's grand music, has long been a classic of our musical comedy stage; but it remained for the sound cinema to give it immortality. In its handsome new Universal production, "Show Boat" will sail around the world, spreading the real American spirit, ideals, and humor to replace the sordid picture of a gangsters' paradise too often accepted abroad. Ironical, perhaps, that a gifted Englishman, James Whale, should have been chosen to direct this native epic; but Mr. Whale proves a happy selection, for he has directed with an inspired sympathy, an intelligent perspective, and a fine appreciation of the American scene that a more familiar and less reverent director might have missed. Huzzas!



To the wonderful artistes of "Show Boat" our deepest bow! To Miss Irene Dunne for her warm, delightful performance of the heroine Magnolia, portrayed with exquisite feeling from girlhood to middle-age. To Mr. Allan Jones, the new romantic leading man with the melting voice. To Mr. Paul Robeson, one of the world's great artists, whose singing of "Ol' Man River" will bring cheers and tears for its terrific intensity. To Miss Helen Morgan, most deservedly celebrated of all torch singers, who finds her right place in pictures at last. To Mr. Charles Winninger, immortal Cap'n Andy, a joy forever. And to Helen Westley, Queenie Smith, Hattie McDaniels, Sammy White, Donald Cook, J. Farrell MacDonald—every member of the superb cast, applause!

"If you want the truth—

—go to a child." And the old saying is certainly true, isn't it?

Here was the case of a young woman who, in spite of her personal charm and beauty, never seemed to hold men friends.

For a long, long time she searched her mind for the reason. It was a tragic puzzle in her life.

Then one day her little niece told her.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. The entire mouth feels invigorated.

Get in the habit of using Listerine every morning and night. And between times before social and business engagements. It's the fastidious thing to do. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.*



For
HALITOSIS

use
LISTERINE



SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



"Keep an eye on the sun"
says Jane Heath

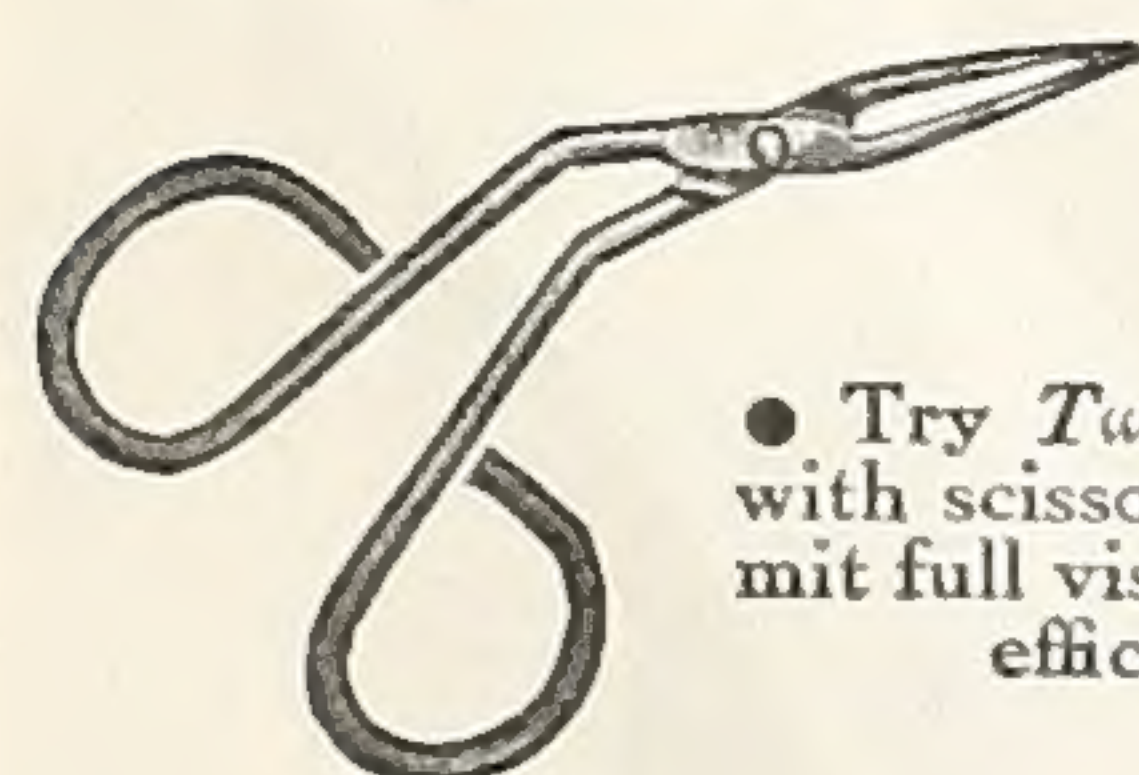
● WATCH Old Sol especially during the summer days, because he does things to your eyes—makes them look pale and squinty when you're in glaring light, playing on the beach or winning a golf match. That's why, if you're smart, you'll outwit him with KURLASH eye make-up and bring out the natural loveliness of your eyes.

First, slip your eyelashes into KURLASH. It's a clever little instrument that curls your eyelashes in 30 seconds and requires no heat, cosmetics or practice. KURLASH is really a beauty necessity, for by curling your lashes your eyes look larger and reveal their full beauty. In the sunlight your curled lashes throw flattering, subtle shadows that make your eyes *glamorous*! Don't be without KURLASH. Buy one today, at your nearest department or drug store, for only \$1.



● *Lashtint*, the perfumed liquid mascara, is ideal for swimming days because it doesn't crack, stiffen, weep or rub off. Apply it while the lashes are being curled, by touching the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of your KURLASH. In black, brown, green and blue... \$1

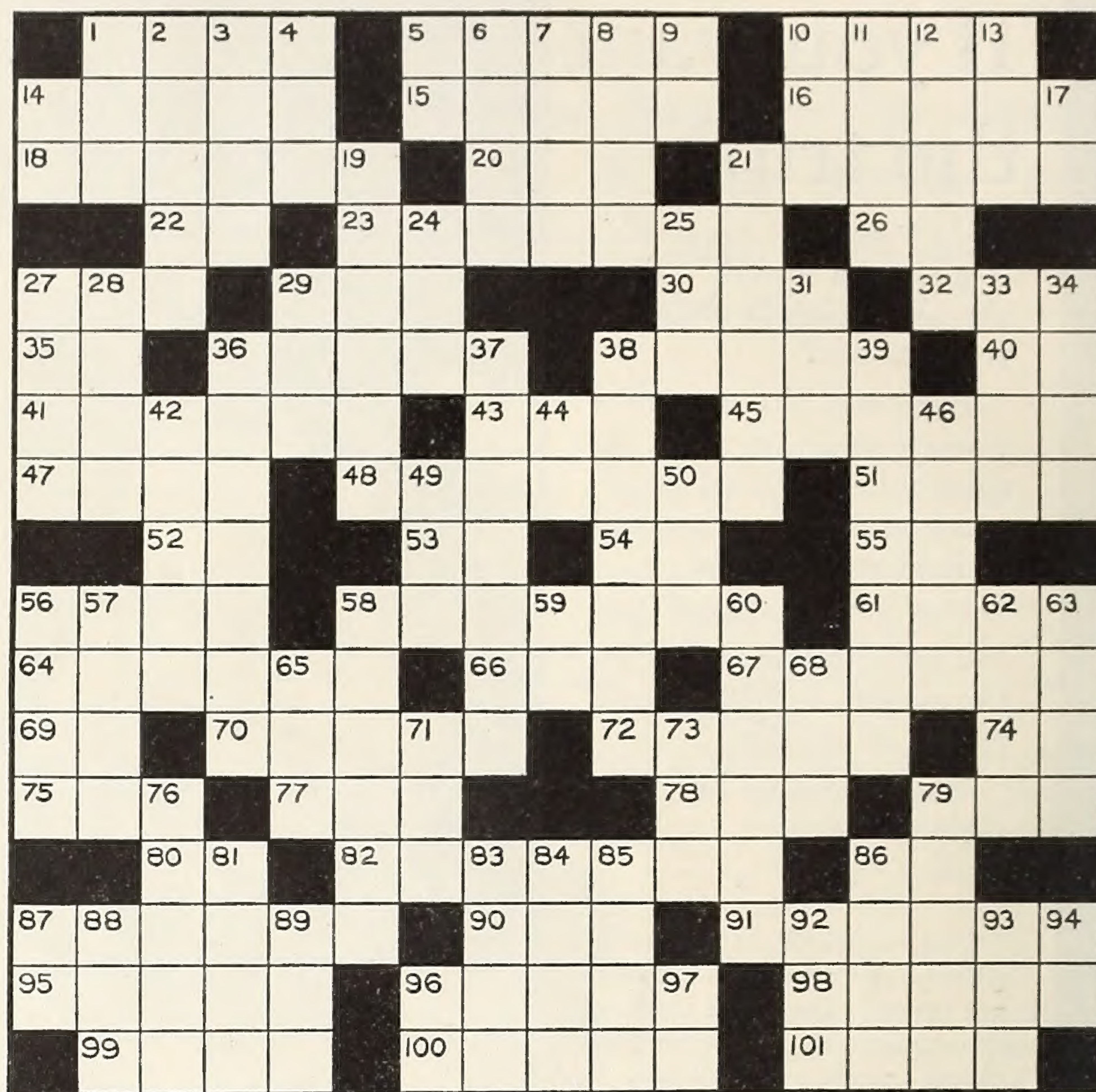
● *Shadette*, the non-theatrical eye shadow, comes in 12 daytime and evening colors, including gold and silver shades that are grand finishing touches, to be applied alone or over your preferred color. Try *Shadette* some romantic, moonlight night... 75c



● Try *Twissors*—the new tweezers with scissor-handles, curved to permit full vision. They're marvelously efficient, and only 25c.

Kurlash

Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. S-7, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.



ACROSS

1. He and his brother are famous screen villains
5. Pasteur's daughter in "Story of Louis Pasteur"
10. Star of "Follow the Fleet"
14. Her new one is "Romeo and Juliet"
15. Port
16. Troubled
18. Bay windows
20. An autograph hound's equipment
21. To purpose
22. Bone
23. "Annie Oakley's" boy friend
26. For example (abbrev.)
27. Star of "The Lady Consents"
29. "Klondike Annie"
30. Greek letter
32. Up till now
35. Concerning
36. Poets
38. To build
40. Toward
41. Co-star in "Don't Get Personal"
43. What a girl talks about most
45. Rules
47. Drunken opera star in "Give Us This Night"
48. Suppression of syllable in pronouncing
51. Bleats
52. Within
53. Either
54. Greek letter
55. Nearby
56. Measure of area
58. Her new one is "Under Two Flags"
61. Those slippery fish again
64. Romantic lead in "The Bishop Misbehaves"
66. Indefinite period of time
67. To snare
69. Since
70. Harlow's leading man in "Riff-raff"
72. Characteristic
74. Myself
75. Kind of whiskey
77. Turkish title
78. Cleopatra's means of suicide

79. Ginger Rogers' husband

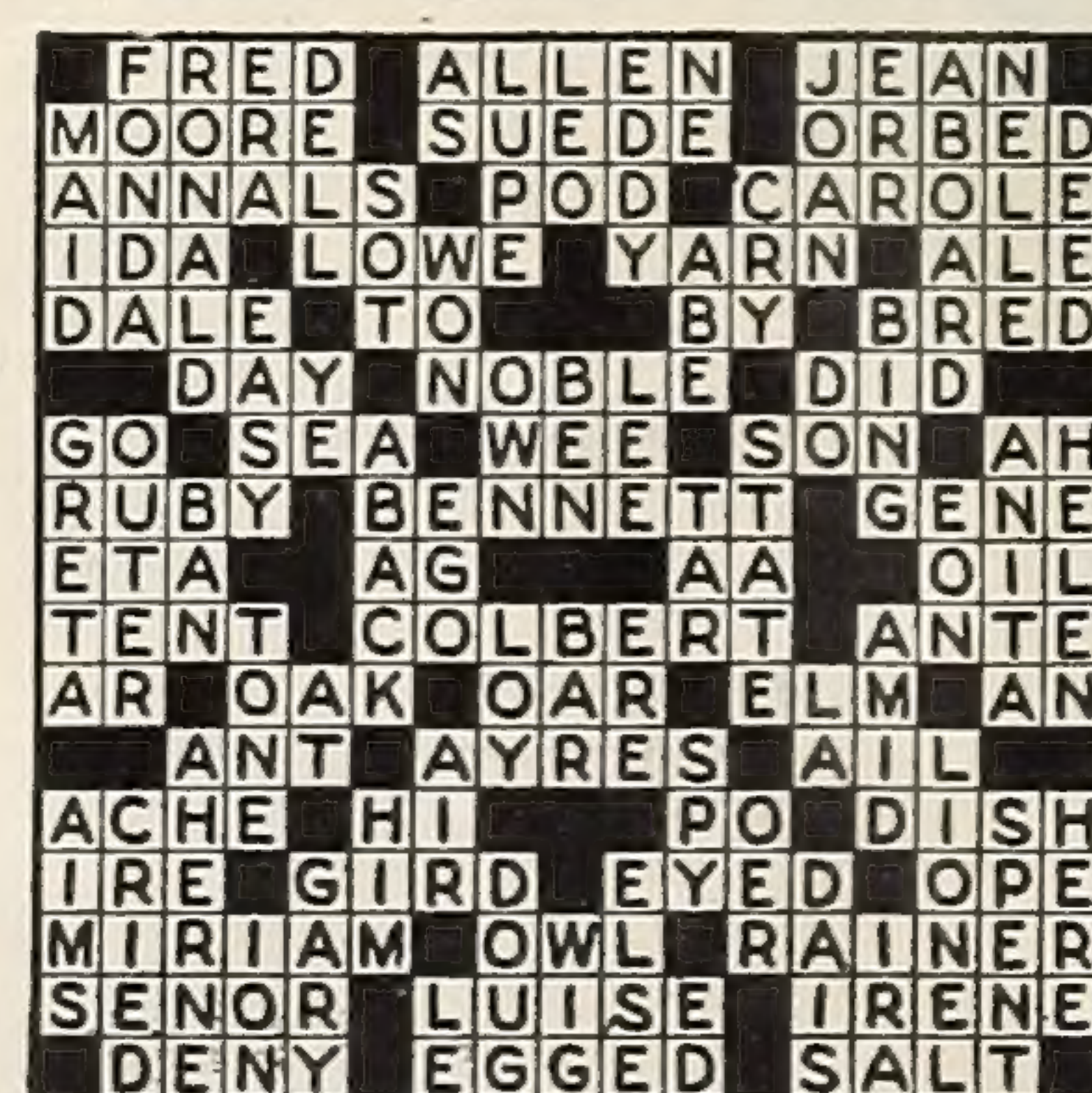
80. To perform
82. Leading lady in "Two in the Dark"
86. Therefore
87. Star of "Trail of the Lone-some Pine"
90. Hero in "Dancing Feet"
91. Mexican star of "The Widow From Monte Carlo"
95. An instant
96. A famous movie baby
98. Feminine lead in "Crime and Punishment"
99. Sharp-edged
100. Charlie Chan
101. Let it stand

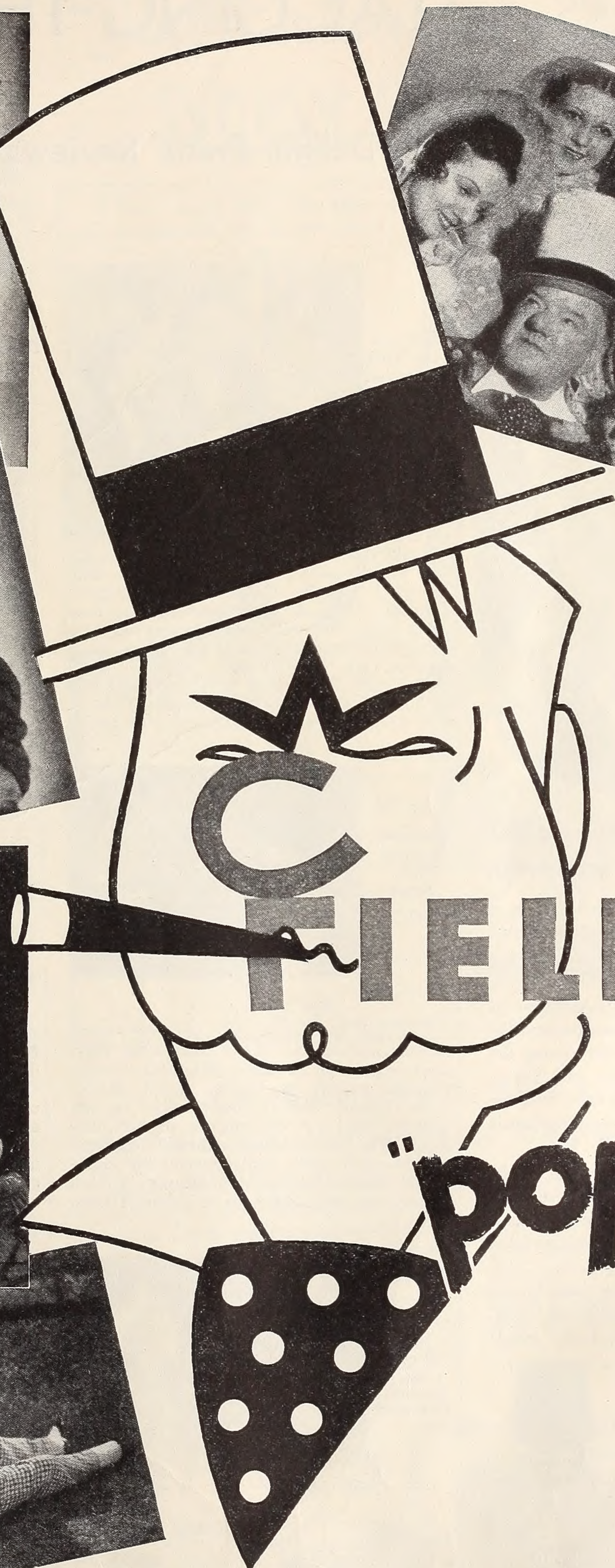
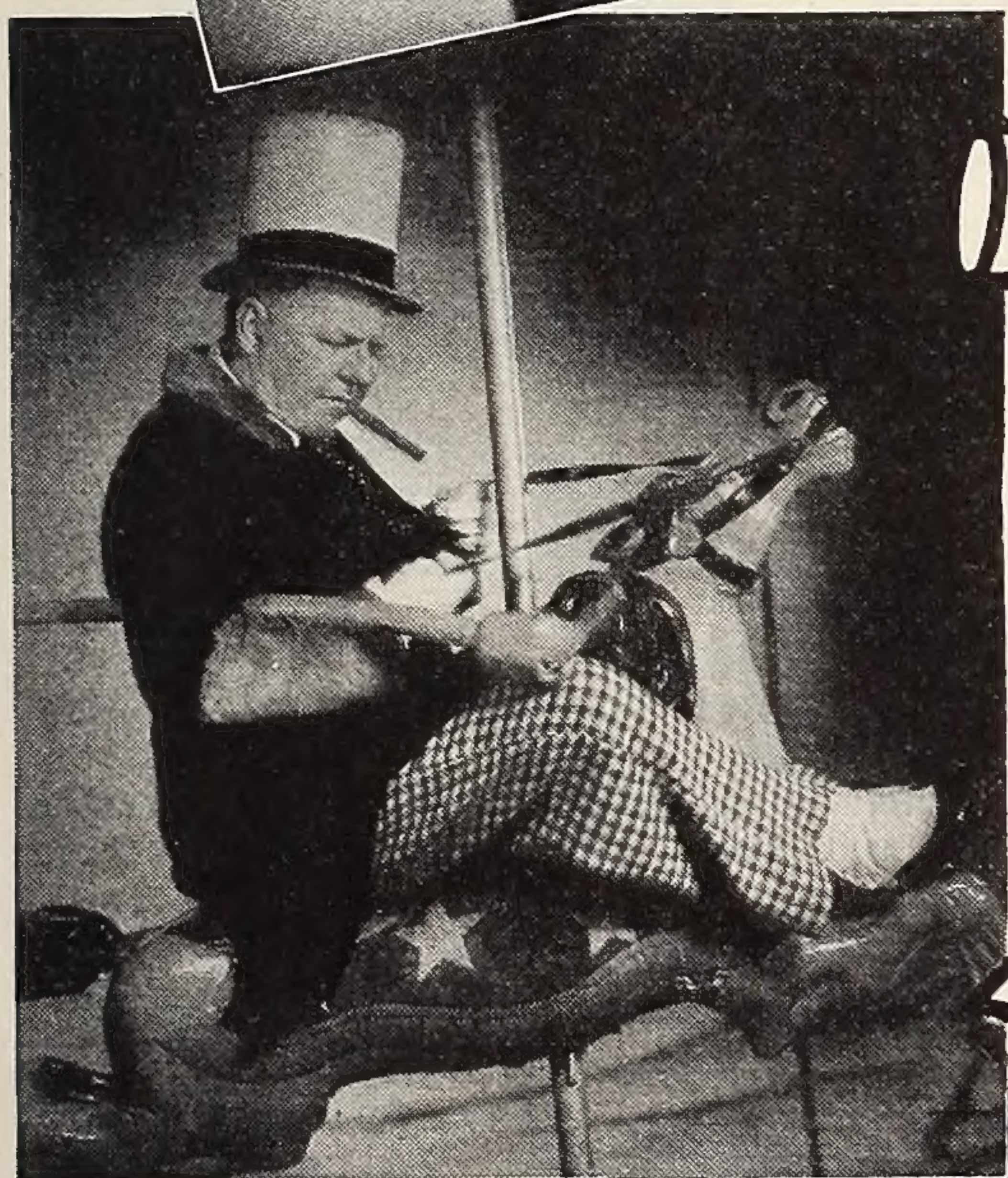
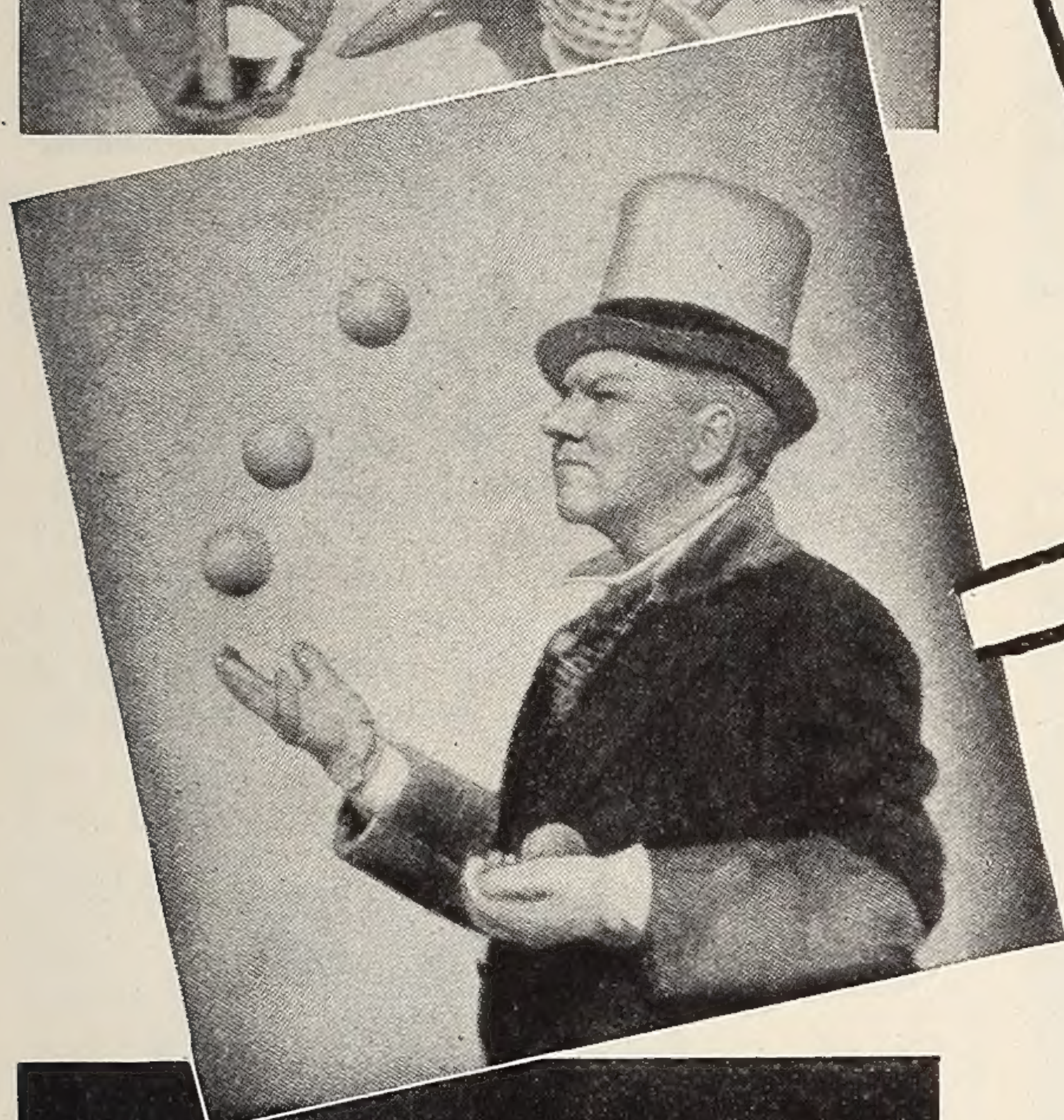
DOWN

1. Neither
2. Constellation
3. Bruce Cabot's ex-wife
4. Man's nickname
5. Exclamation
6. The back of the neck
7. Patron saint of lawyers
8. Canvas shelter
9. One
10. If you like movies you're this
11. Ceremony
12. Funeral oration
13. Lair
14. What a yes man never says
17. Minister's college degree (abbrev.)
19. Scanty
21. To confine within a country
24. Lip-stick color
25. Over (abbrev.)
27. Scope or range
28. Well-known screen actor (not active now)
29. To deface
31. One spot in cards
33. Heating vessel for liquids
34. Fling
36. Joan, Constance and Barbara
37. Biggest box-office star
38. Famous
39. Star of "Metropolitan"
42. Dens

44. Exists
46. Merrier
49. Card game
50. Yours and mine
56. At a distance
57. Snug and comfortable
58. Full of steep rocks
59. Slang term of address
60. Tormented
62. Crippled
63. To spit up
65. Epoch
68. To pinch
71. What you get around in in Hollywood
73. Male sheep
76. Star of "Strike Me Pink"
79. Star of "Crime and Punishment"
81. One time only
83. The brother Cain killed
84. Greek Queen of the Gods
85. Presently
86. Thin board
87. Thoroughfare (abbrev.)
88. To annoy
89. Even (poetic abbreviation)
92. Printers' measures
93. Member of a party (suffix)
94. Exclamation
96. Behold
97. Measure of length (abbrev.)

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle





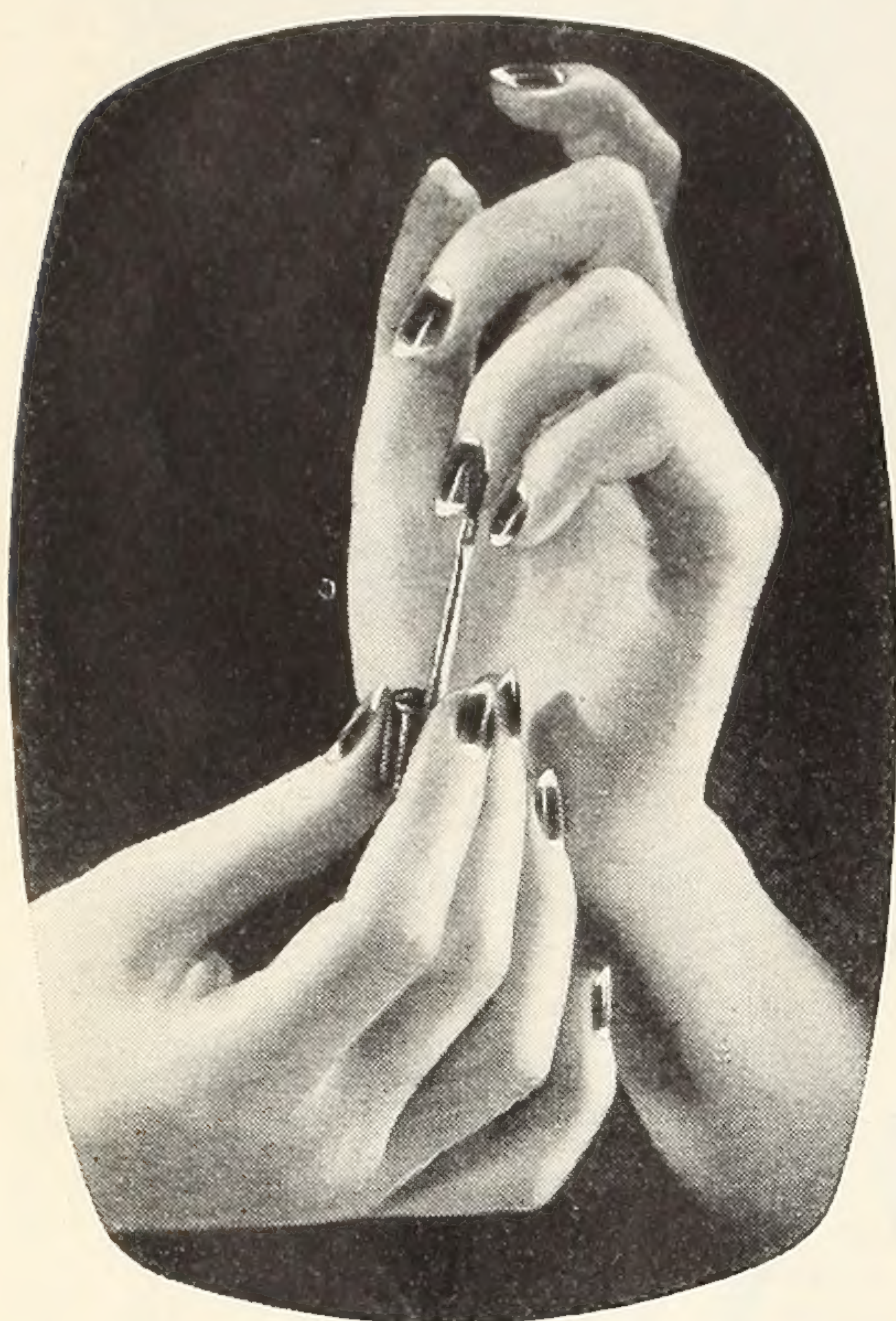
in

"poppy"



PARAMOUNT brings you America's beloved comedian, **W. C. FIELDS**, as the one and only Professor Eustace McGargle in the musical comedy **"POPPY"** with Rochelle Hudson . . . Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

You've never
worn a polish
like new **GLAZO**



Glazo creates new polish far lovelier, far superior

WITH this new-type Glazo formula, even evaporation has been so reduced that you can use the polish down to the last brushful.

The new Glazo provides a richness of beauty and sheen that has been beyond the realm of old-type polishes. Be among the first to wear Suntan, Russet, and Poppy Red—stunning new “misty” reds, and the latest additions to Glazo’s range of authentic fashion-approved shades.

This new Glazo wears *extra* days . . . its brilliant surface unmarred by chipping, peeling or cracking. So easily does it float on, without streaking, that there’s never a nail in need of re-doing.

For even a day, don’t deny your fingertips the luxury of this new perfected Glazo. Still only 20 cents each—at toilet goods counters all over the world.

*It's new
it's perfect*

GLAZO

20 CENTS
(25 cents in Canada)



TAGGING THE TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

The Law
in Her
Hands
Warners



Law and love tangle in this amusing, but not always believable exposé of the criminal racket—what, again? Two lovely lady lawyers, Glenda Farrell and Margaret Lindsay, fight out their problems as they seek—and eventually win—success in their profession, despite crooked politicians, gang leaders, etc. Lyle Talbot, Warren Hull, and Eddie Acuff lend good support. Entertaining, with some fresh angles.

Dancing
Pirate
Pioneer-
RKO



Beauty of setting, costume design and color combination, novel dances, and ingratiating performances by Steffi Duna and Frank Morgan, are offered in what is no doubt the finest example of color photography to date. Charles Collins, new star, is an excellent dancer, but still has film acting technique to acquire. The plot means nothing—typical musical comedy. But as a feast for the eyes, this is worth your while.

The Case
Against
Mrs.
Ames
Paramount



For all the familiarity of court room melodramatics, this is an interesting play, made enjoyable by some delightful comedy supplied mainly by George Brent. Madeleine Carroll suffers beautifully as the woman tried for the murder of her husband. The prosecuting attorney, engaged to prove her guilt, finally proves her innocence. Beulah Bondi, Alan Mowbray, Alan Baxter are prominent in a splendid cast.

Sins of
Man
20th Cen-
tury-Fox



Jean Hersholt starred—and it's about time. He has a strong rôle, in a highly dramatic story of an Austrian father separated from his family during the war, and coming to the U.S. For Hersholt's acting alone the film can't be too highly recommended. He is superb. It is all very touching, and you'll have a good, wholesome cry. Allen Jenkins, Don Ameche, and others in support do realistic acting.

Peg of
Old
Drury
British &
Dominion-
Paramount



A dazzling display of acting by Cedric Hardwick, as David Garrick, famous actor-manager, and a tasteful production based on Garrick's romance with Peg Woffington, Irish lass who became the toast of eighteenth century London. Anna Neagle is fascinating as Peg. The unhappy ending is very beautifully handled—but it is an unhappy ending still. It is one of the better pictures London has sent over here.

The
Golden
Arrow
Warners



Bette Davis and George Brent form the star combination in this romantic comedy in a very light vein sort of summer entertainment stuff. Bette, who can be relied upon to make inconsequential interesting, is a former lunch-room cashier posing as an heiress to publicize a cosmetic product. George is a newspaper man who marries her on a strictly “mutual convenience” plan. Then they fall in love and the fun begins.

Gentle
Julia20th Cen-
tury-Fox

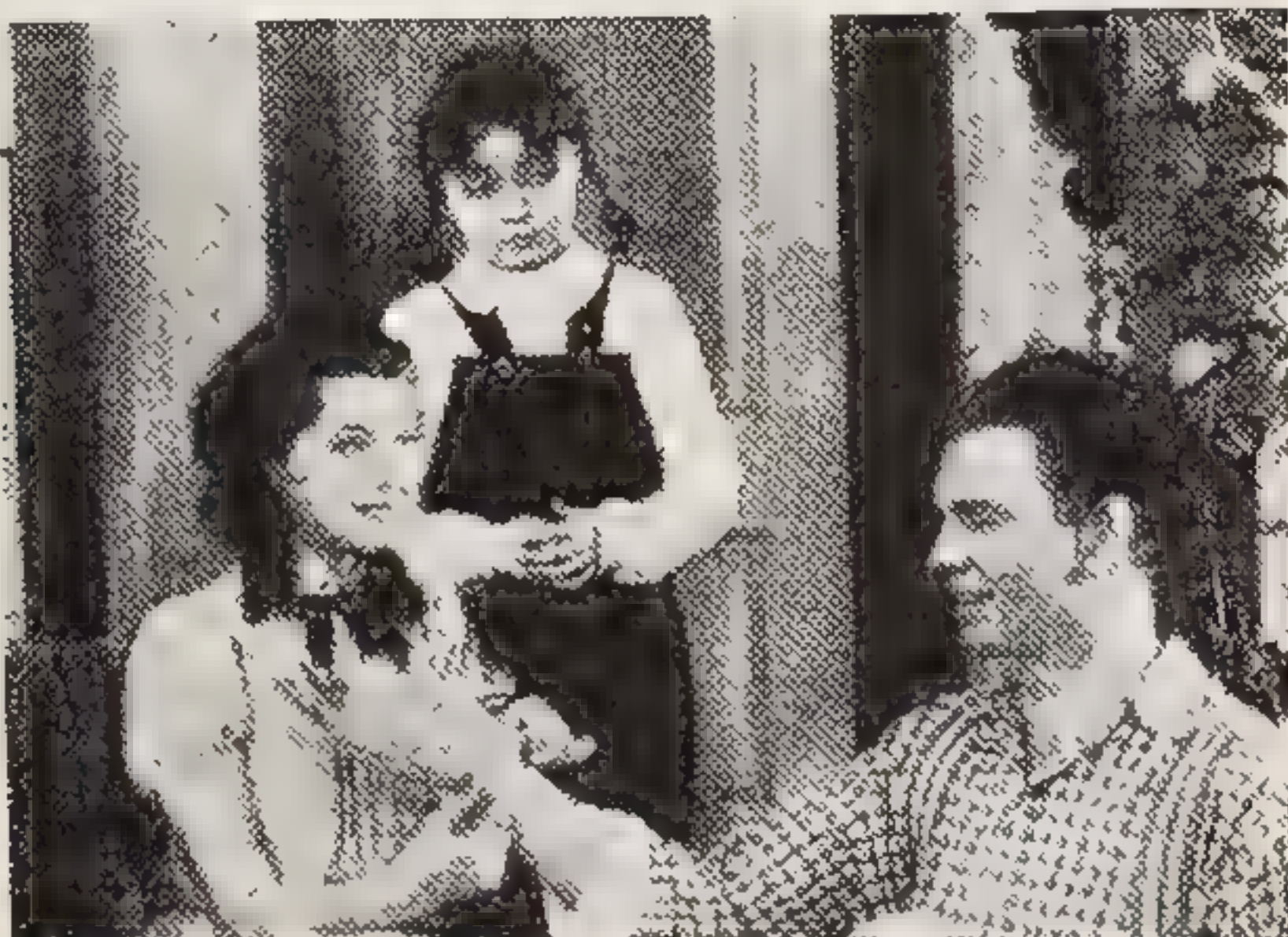
Amusement for the whole family, but especially for the younger element, as Jane Withers again comes through with flying colors in a typical rôle—that of *Julia's* little sister, who gets people pretty mixed up, but straightens 'em out again. Jackie Searle as Jane's foil helps the fun considerably. Tom Brown and Marsha Hunt are the nice young love interest; Harry Holman, Hattie McDaniel and the others help.

Big Brown
Eyes
Paramount

While this is about all the producers could expect from a story whose selection for filming remains a greater mystery than anything in the plot, "Big Brown Eyes" is not what you'd expect from such a promising team as Joan Bennett and Cary Grant. It's a distinct let-down for both, but the play more than the players is to blame. Joan is a manicurist and Cary a detective. She helps him capture a very slick crook.

Forgotten
Faces
Paramount

Effective, but morbid and relentless melodrama, with Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael sparing themselves nothing to heighten the macabre tenseness of this story about a gambler who kills his wife's lover, serves a jail term, and then shields his child from the disgrace of her parents by hounding his faithless wife to her death. Miss Michael's performance is vital if not consistent, and Marshall is very good.

The
Har-
vester
Republic

The home folks will like this, though the sophisticated set may yawn, as Gene Stratton Porter's tale of the Cinderella who marries the Prince—a fine, upstanding farmer—unfolds in refreshing rural settings. Glorifying the good earth and its heart appeal are such fine troupers as Alice Brady, Russell Hardie, Eddie Nugent, Cora Sue Collins, Emma Dunn and Frank Craven. Nice sentiment, wholesome diversion.

"That Certain Something"— MEN ADORE IT!



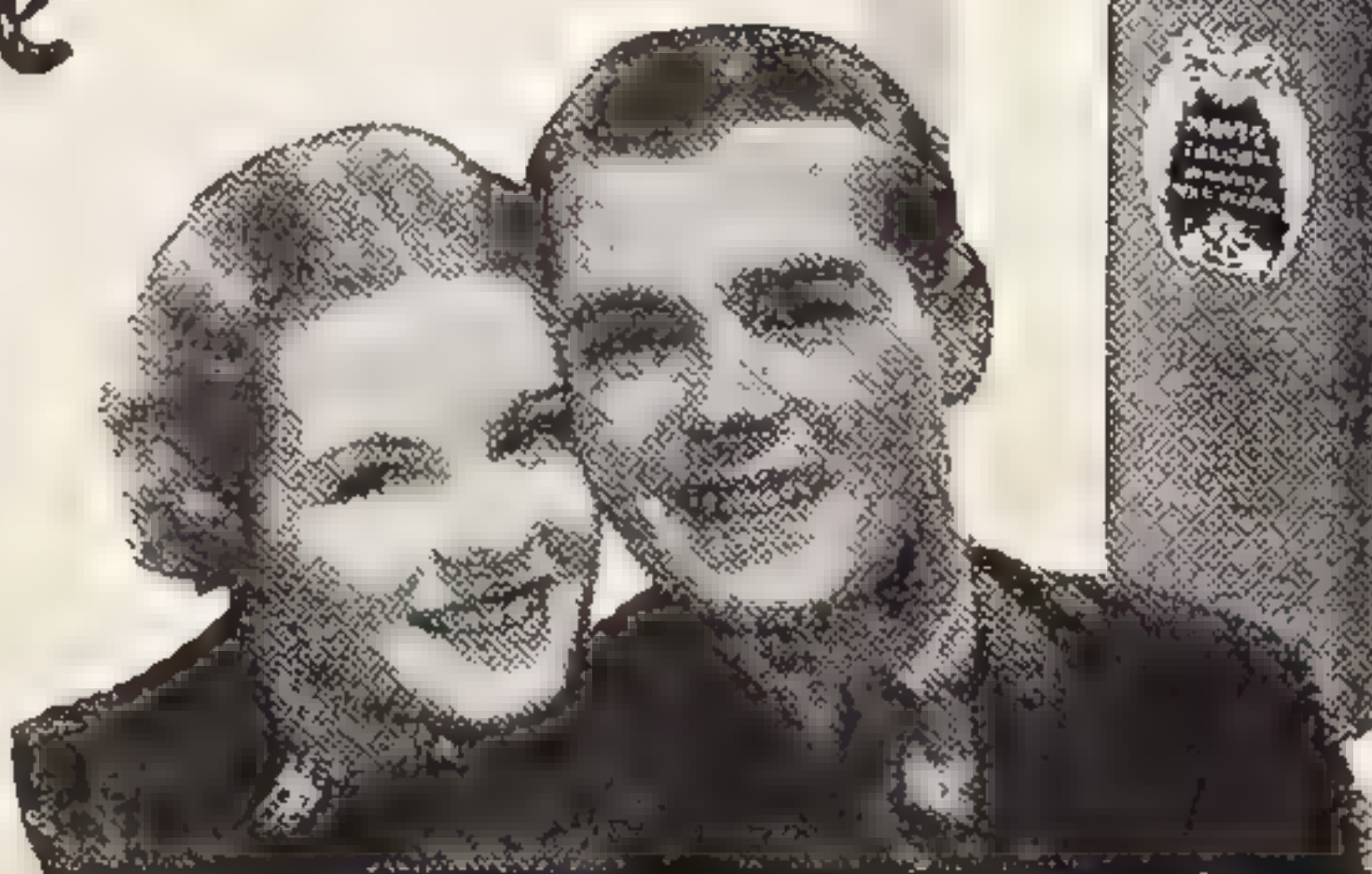
Be a charmer! . . . Before you dress
add this alluring all-over fragrance . . . MAVIS

The secret of fascinating French women—yours! . . . Be feminine! Clothe yourself in Mavis' garden-scented glamour. Men adore its fragrant Spring-like freshness—remember how it enhances your charm. Mavis does even more! . . . It absorbs body moisture, lowers skin temperature, helps you keep cool. So pure and soothing—Mavis protects

your skin. Never neglect this feminine witchery every time you bathe, every time you dress. Mavis' enchanting fragrance lingers all through the day—or evening.

Mavis Talcum in 25c, 50c, and \$1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10c size at 5-and-10c stores. White or flesh. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon.

MAVIS
Genuine
Mavis
Talcum
IN THE RED
CONTAINER



V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
580 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I enclose 10c. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum (white . . . flesh . . .)—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

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Address _____

City _____

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8-7



PHIL REGAN and
EVALYN KNAPP in
"LAUGHING IRISH EYES,"
a REPUBLIC PICTURE

SPARKLING EYES *invite* ROMANCE

SPARKLING, laughing eyes... eyes that say more than words can ever express... are the eyes that fascinate men, that invite romance.

Now, every girl can have eyes that sparkle... eyes that radiate life and beauty. Just a touch of WINX Mascara to the lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer, and more lustrous. It works wonders—brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance.

Once you try WINX you readily understand why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the new Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.



WINX
Eye Beautifiers

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Dorothy E. S. William Powell and Myrna Loy co-star in "The Great Ziegfeld" for the first time since they were seen together in "The Thin Man." Myrna's pictures since "Thin Man" have been "Broadway Bill" with Warner Baxter; "Whipsaw" with Spencer Tracy, "Wife versus Secretary" with Clark Gable, and "Petticoat Fever" with Bob Montgomery. William Powell has made "Star of Midnight" with Ginger Rogers; "Reckless" with Jean Harlow; "Escapade" with Luise Rainer; "Rendezvous" with Rosalind Russell and Binnie Barnes; "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford" with Jean Arthur, and in his next he co-stars with Carole Lombard, his former wife.

Suzette C. So you love Francis Lederer's quaint laugh or is it a chuckle? His recent films are "The Gay Deception" with Frances Dee and "One Rainy Afternoon" with Roland Young, Ida Lupino, Hugh Herbert, and Joseph Cawthorn. Francis uses his own name in pictures. He was born on November 6, 1906, in Prague, Czechoslovakia. He has brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 150 pounds. He is not married or engaged as far as I know.

Madge D. Heigh-ho! We have to get Frankie Darrow's age correct or I'll give up the ship. His birthdate was given me as December 22, 1917, and I'll stick to that until Frankie wires, writes, or radios me to the contrary. He is a splendid little actor. I've watched him climb up the ladder and I know it's the "top" for Frankie. His latest releases are "Stranded" and "The Unwelcome Stranger."

Marilyn M. Spencer Tracy has appeared in two rather unusual pictures recently: "Riffraff" with Jean Harlow, Una Merkel, and Joseph Calleia; and "Whipsaw" with Myrna Loy. Jean Harlow co-starred with Myrna Loy and Clark Gable in "Wife versus Secretary." One of Marlene

Dietrich's best films and perhaps it is *the* best, is her latest release, "Desire." Gary Cooper as *Tom Bradley* plays the rôle as you'd expect him to and we expect a lot of Gary.

Miss D. M. S. John Howard, the natural cause for a lot of feminine heart failures since he appeared in "Annapolis Farewell," was born on April 14, 1913, in Cleveland, Ohio. He has blue eyes, brown hair, and weighs 150 pounds. He was educated in the public schools of Cleveland and attended Western Reserve University and seriously studied dramatics. He has had a Paramount contract since 1934. He was in "Millions in the Air" and "Soak the Rich," and his latest is "13 Hours by Air."

Dottie T. Your favorite, Helen Mack, was born in Rock Island, Ill., on November 13, 1913. She is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has beautiful dark brown eyes and brown hair. Helen was *Tanya* in "She," Helen Gahagan of the Broadway stage was *She* and Randolph Scott was *Leo Vincey*. Clark Gable is 35 years old, is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 190 pounds.

Mary D. Jean Parker is back in Hollywood now after a vacation and picture-making trip in England. While there she played opposite Robert Donat in "The Ghost Goes West." Jean isn't on the air on a daily or weekly program but you may have heard her as a guest artist. Yes—she is married to George MacDonald. She was born on August 11, 1915. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 109 pounds and has hazel eyes and brown hair. Her real name is Mae Green.

Anne W. The William Powell and Luise Rainer picture, "Escapade," was based on the German script, "Maskerade," by Walter Reisch; the screen play by Herman J. Mankiewicz was directed by Robert Z. Leonard.



William Wyler, Margaret Sullavan's estranged husband, and Luise Rainer who are companions at so many Hollywood events that romance rumors flourish make faces at the cameraman who snapped them at a recent concert.

Elizabeth H. B. Russell Gleason is the son of Jimmy and Lucille Webster Gleason. He was born in Portland, Oregon, and has blue eyes, brown hair, is 6 feet tall and weighs 150 pounds. Roscoe Karns was born on September 7, 1893, in San Bernardino, Cal. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Richard Bennett is the father of the three Bennett girls: Barbara, who is the wife of Morton Downey, Constance, and Joan. Mr. Bennett was born in 1873 at Bennetts Switch, Indiana. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes. Jack La Rue was born on May 3, 1902, in New York City. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has black hair and eyes. Jack played in "Times Square Lady," "Daring Young Man," and "Strike Me Pink."

S. Marian G. Your kind words are sweet music to my ears, if I deserve them or not. Nils Asther is in England making pictures. His recent release, "Abdul the Damned" was made some months ago in England. In 1935 Nils made "Love Time" with Pat Paterson. He was *Franz Schubert* and he really did the singing in the picture.

Rosemary V. Your favorite, Johnny Downs, is rapidly making a place for himself at the top, and why shouldn't he with his engaging personality? He was born October 10, 1913, in Brooklyn, N. Y. His name is John Morey Downs. He has appeared in "College Scandal"; in "The Virginia Judge" as *Bob Stuart*; in "So Red the Rose," as the *Yankee Boy*, with Margaret Sullavan and Randolph Scott; and in "Coronado" with Betty Burgess and "The First Baby" with Shirley Deane and Dixie Dunbar.

Joan. It won't take a minute to give you the correct heights of your favorites. Janet Gaynor is a trifle over 5 feet; Marion Nixon is 5 feet 1 inch; Jean Parker is 5 feet 3 inches, and Joan Crawford is 5 feet 4 inches tall. Joan's last picture was "I Live my Life."



International

Freddie and Florence step out! The Fredric Marches, having finished "Mary of Scotland" in which he plays Bothwell and she plays Elizabeth to Hepburn's Mary, go to a concert.

Mutiny in the Bathtub



You know the feeling that grips the heart,
When you see that stain on the ceiling start,
When water drips down from overhead,
Because the children are not in bed,
But sailing your slippers for boats instead!
It's out of date to dissolve in tears,
It's modern to smile at the little dears—
And remember the package that always serves
To please your palate and calm your nerves.

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know, pepsin aids digestion after
a hearty meal.

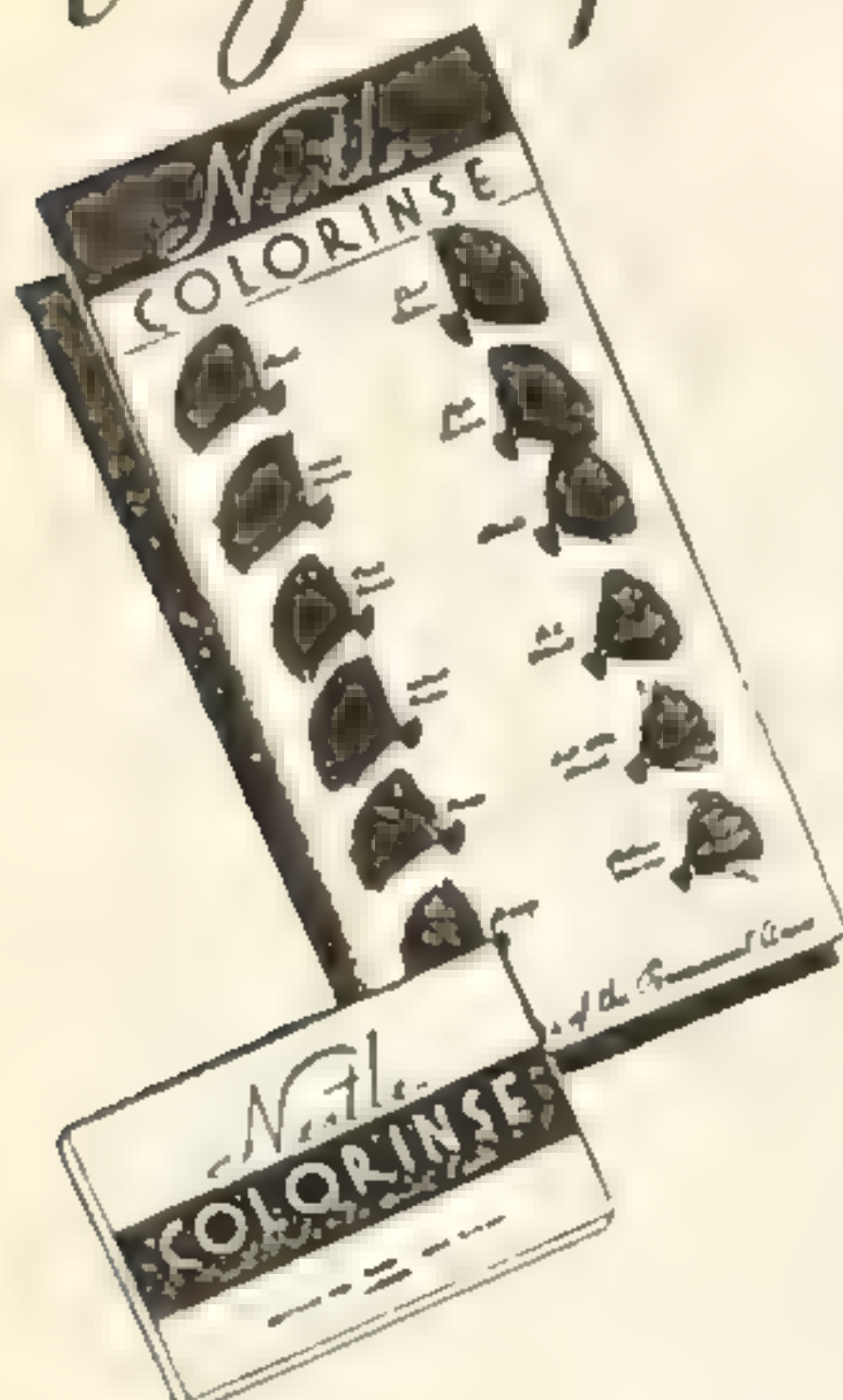
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helps neutralize mouth acidity.
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Colorinse truly glorifies woman's crowning glory! This harmless vegetable coloring compound magically rinses youth into your hair and leaves it lovely, clean, lustrous. Gives to any hair the gleaming, glamorous highlights of its own natural color. And Colorinse is easily removed—a shampoo is all that's necessary.

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INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

Irene Dunne is your hostess at formal dinner, and for the first time divulges her favorite recipes from soup to demi-tasse

By
Betty Boone



Lovely Irene, one of Hollywood's most hospitable hostesses, likes to plan her own menus for her dinner parties, and tells you here just how she does it. Above, Irene herself places violet corsages at every feminine guest's place. Left, the end of a perfectly Dunne dinner!

COLONEL, a huge police dog, met me at the door of Irene Dunne's stately Spanish home. He seemed tremendously excited by my ring of the doorbell, and could scarcely contain himself until the maid had unfastened the latch. But after his first wild rush at me, he walked off, tail dragging.

"Poor Colonel!" sighed my beautiful hostess. "He's a one-man dog, and that one man is my husband. Since his master left for New York the other day, Colonel has been inconsolable. He keeps looking in all the closets, peering under the beds, leaping up when the doorbell rings, greeting every new step with hope. I suppose he thinks he has been deserted, or that I have done away with my husband in some dark manner."

"There, there, Colonel, don't howl so! Anita, won't you put him out in the garden?"

Anita, the maid, coaxed the animal out into the gardens that stretch from the terrace beyond the sun-room at the back of the house to the far wall of the grounds.

There are gardens in front as well as in back of the red-roofed dwelling, with walled-in patios, pools, fountains, and such tropical flowers as hibiscus and bougainvillea making brilliant splashes of color against the white walls.

The living and dining rooms, the hall and stair, with their grille-work, archways, Oriental rugs, heavy furniture and velvet drapes seem the background for a smouldering-eyed Latin, instead of the cool, slim, poised loveliness of Irene Dunne. Only the sun-room, in clear yellows and white, gives her the right setting. This room seems to brighten the red-gold of her hair, to warm the blue of her eyes.

She wore a turquoise-blue dinner gown with a feather trim, most becoming in shade and silhouette.

"See what I'm using for corsages," she said, picking up a cluster of pale lavender-and-white violets. "I had never seen the variegated flowers before and I thought my guests would like them."

"If this dinner were being given in New York, I should probably make it more

elaborate, for there a fish course seems indicated for some reason; but here in Hollywood where everyone either diets or keeps a wary eye on the figure, I find that a three or four course dinner is appreciated. If a hostess in Hollywood serves a heavy meal—topped off, say, with strawberry shortcake or plum pudding—her guests will probably eat it, because it's there and they like to eat, but they will be uncomfortable. They'll have that 'Oh, what have I done?' I'll have to give up lunches for a week!' feeling.

"So if I serve soup, I omit seafood cocktail; if I have a fruit cocktail, perhaps there will be no soup course.

"I usually order a clear soup for myself, but sometimes I have cream soup if I know certain guests prefer it. Consomme Mary Stuart is on the menu tonight."

CONSOMME MARY STUART

Heat six cups of clear consomme and add to them one cup cooked small peas and one cup cooked diced carrots.

An excellent cream soup is

CORN SOUP, SOUTHERN STYLE

3 ears corn or 1 can corn
1 quart milk
2 tablespoons butter
1 large spoon flour
3 onions
1 stalk celery
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt

If corn is on the cob, grate it, heat milk and turn in corn, blend butter and flour, add to soup after it has been cooked $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, very slow. Cook onions and celery in a little water $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, strain and pour into stock. Cooking this separate gives a different flavor. Serve with dusting of parsley and grated nutmeg. If you can get popcorn, throw four kernels into each plate with a fine strip of green pepper, which makes a pretty dish.

"Men usually like Filet Mignon if asked for a preference in meat courses," mused my hostess. "I serve it often. Then there's chicken—most people think chicken is just chicken, but my cook serves such a dish as you might dream of, melting in your mouth. But her recipe is a guarded secret. Even I don't know how she does it.

"Don't smile, for I *do* know something about cooking, though I get no time to practice it now. Once upon a time I won a prize in a cooking contest. The prize was for doughnuts, I remember. Imagine offering a Hollywood woman guest a doughnut! She would slay you.

"Then there's the meat course, with potatoes and two vegetables. If we are alone, there will be one vegetable, but I find that so many of my women guests pass by the potatoes that I must have two other dishes. However, if I am having asparagus, I do not bother with a salad course. If there is to be salad, it is usually quite simple.

"Then perhaps there will be an elaborate dessert. This need not be fattening. My cook makes the most marvelous dessert, called Chocolate Roll, made without flour, and to be served as a matter of fact tonight. She will tell you about it. It can be as simple or as elaborate as you please, according to the sauce used."

CHOCOLATE ROLL

6 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Ghirardelli's chocolate

Beat the egg yolks well, then add the sugar and beat again, add the chocolate, which has been dissolved in very little hot water. Fold in well

(Continued on page 91)



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by Catalina

Right on the dot...with this Catalina Dot Swim Suit "Styled for the Stars of Hollywood" by Orry Kelly. How would you like to wear a glamorous swim suit styled by this brilliant designer for Warner Brothers' stars? Why not...just ask for Catalinas.

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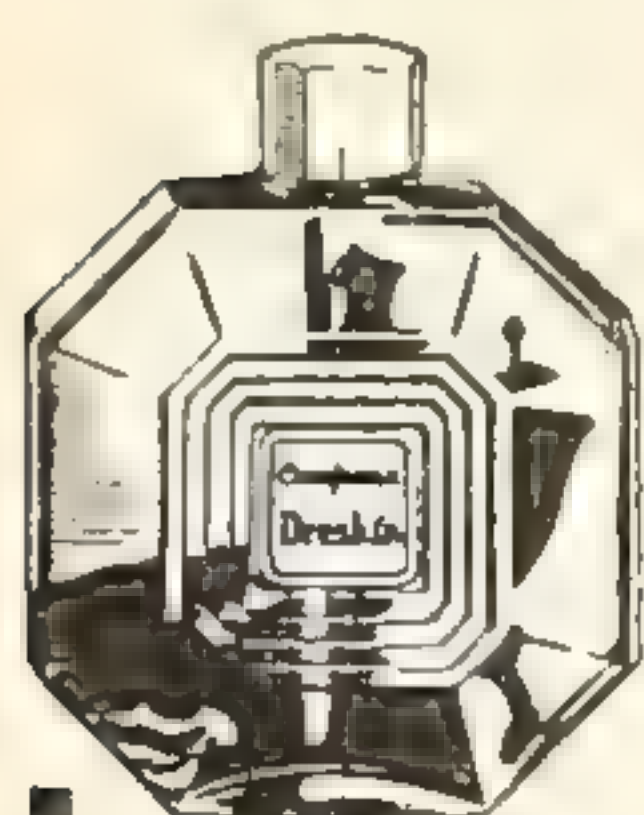
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Pre-view! Norma Shearer as "Juliet," presented here by request of the letter writers



USE FREE COUPON BELOW

Is your face collecting a treacherous, pore-deep dirt—the kind of "dirty face" that brings on pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores and "faded" skin? Send for FREE BOTTLE offered below. Make the famous "1-2-3 DRESKIN TEST"—which has shown thousands of women the danger of using old-fashioned skin cleansing methods. DRESKIN, a liquid cleanser, is guaranteed—(1) to clear out deep-seated dirt—(2) to let your skin "breathe naturally"—(3) to neutralize skin-drying alkali. Mail the coupon today! Make the "1-2-3 Test" on your own skin. You be the judge!



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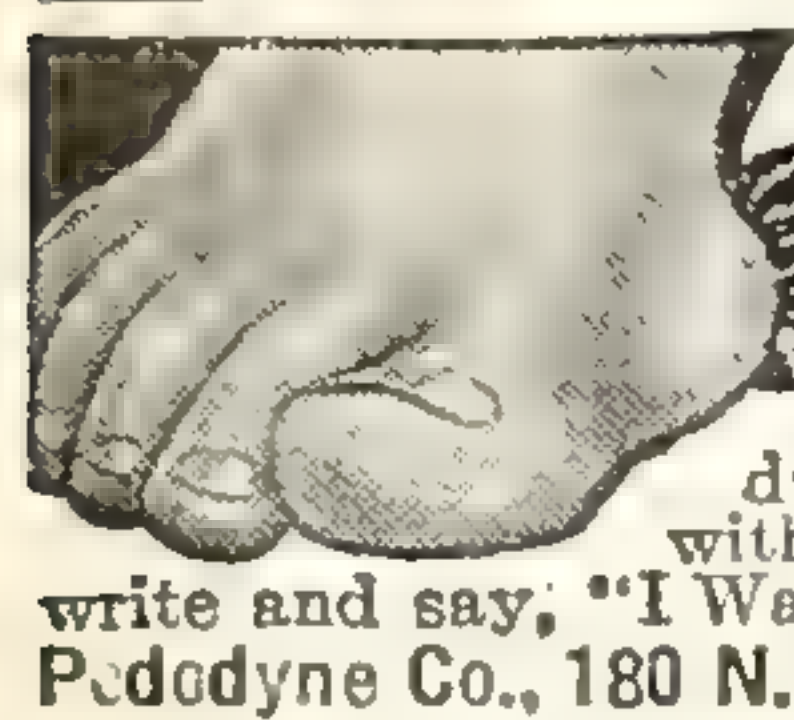
I enclose 3 cent stamp for postage. Please send me FREE the TRAVEL SIZE bottle of DRESKIN.

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BUNIONS

Torture Needless

Pain stops almost instantly. The swelling and inflammation is so quickly reduced you can wear smaller, neater shoes with ease. Prove it on your own bunion. Just write and say, "I Want To Try Pedodyne." No obligation. Pedodyne Co., 180 N. Wacker Dr., Dept. B-223, Chicago, Ill.



NEW!

The PATULATOR

REMOVES Double Chins, Wrinkles, Blackheads, Skin Blemishes.
RESTORES Sagging Muscles, Flabby Flesh... Brings to Tired Faces the Firmness and Freshness of YOUTH.

The Patulator is New, Modern, Efficient. Apply at home the massage and patting treatment so highly recommended by dermatologists and beauticians. Wrinkles disappear, cell activity is stimulated. Your skin glows with new life and vigor.

PAT WITH ONE SIDE! MASSAGE WITH THE OTHER!

Use with face lotions and creams. Made of specially prepared sanitized rubber in beautiful pastel tints. Send for yours now and watch your skin improve. Your Money back if not satisfied.

Fill out the coupon --- AT ONCE

PATULATOR COMPANY Check color wanted:
Philadelphia, Pa. Rose.... Blue....
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Enclosed is 25¢ for Patulator. Send postpaid to:

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THE BEST BEAUTY INVESTMENT YOU EVER MADE!



Salutes and Snubs

FRED'S TOPPER

Fred Astaire is too sophisticated to "Follow the Fleet." Even while he was sitting on barrels and doing messy paint jobs, I kept thinking of Lady Astor, the Prince of Wales, and cocktail hour on the Riviera. I do wish Fred would once again don his "Top Hat."

Elaine Evert,
1559 Pierce Ave.,
Marienette, Wis.

COOL TO "HOT" SINGING

Why do all the good musical films have to be cheapened by "hot" singing? In "Love Me Forever" it was amusing, but to have practically the same thing re-enacted in "I Dream Too Much," "Metropolitan," "Rose Marie" and others, is too tiresome and boring.

Bickett Axtell,
Kings Highway,
Middletown, N. J.

SALUTE TO SHEARER

I have been an ardent admirer of Norma Shearer ever since I thrilled to her glorious performance in "Smilin' Through." Since then I truthfully boast of never having missed a Shearer picture. So you can

understand how much I look forward to seeing her in "Romeo and Juliet."

Helen D. Klein,
2506 Avenue R.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

TIP FOR STORY EDITORS

A tip and two knockouts for producers: I refer to Margaret Widdemer's novel, "Eve's Orchard," a perfect starring vehicle for Ann Harding, with its noble simplicity and near-tragedy; and to Edward Hope's "Marry the Girl," which, because of its romance, action, suspense and hilarious humor could hit a new high for light comedy.

Evelyn Anderson,
Box 231,
College Station, Tex.

Hollywood Reads What You Write

Whatever your thoughts about pictures, there's no point keeping them secret, when many might share them through the medium of this open forum. So come along—join the many who get a big thrill in thrilling others by writing what they think for this department.

Please try to restrict letters to fifty words—but write as many Salutes and Snubs as you please. Address letters to: Letter Dept., Screenland, 45 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

MUNI MAGIC

I retract the statement that I don't believe in ghosts—for the shade of Louis Pasteur stalked across the screen and spoke to me! Paul Muni, I salute you as Doctor Louis Pasteur—the finest characterization of your brilliant career.

Frank R. Moore,
2526 Bagley Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.

EXTRA! PRODUCER PRAISED

Believe it or not, I'm not going to throw snubs at the poor, fan-pecked producers! Quite the contrary, for I am sending up salutes to Paramount, for producing the best picture I've ever seen, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." The scenery was indescribably beautiful, the well-chosen cast did remarkably well.

Jean Denny,
4806 Nebraska Ave.,
Nashville, Tenn.

OR IS IT?

Can't we have more of the fascinating and delightful Ginger Rogers in something other than dance pictures? It seems to me her marked ability as a most charming comedienne is lost sight of in this constant "hoofing," which after all, is only a vogue.

Rosina Thompson,
Hudson View Gardens,
New York, N. Y.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT DIXIE

Dixie Dunbar is a Dixie Dream! Her grand dancing is fast and fascinating. Couldn't Dixie keep up with Fred Astaire, though. How about it, Hollywood?

Myrtle Larbour,
39 Maplewood Ave.,
Marlboro, Mass.

CALL FOR ALAN BAXTER

Producers, don't you realize you're missing a big opportunity by not giving Alan Baxter bigger opportunities? I certainly thought that after his brilliant success in "Mary Burns, Fugitive" you would instantly give this gifted young man leads. But whatever you do, don't type him as a gangster.

Miriam Wilson,
382 N. Bronson,
Los Angeles, Calif.

RETURN OF A FAVORITE

The big moment of "Whipsaw" to me was the appearance in the cast of Robert Warwick. My idol of the silent movies is a fine-looking man and the experienced actor I always thought him to be. Let's hope we have the opportunity of seeing him often.

Mildred Kreyer,
4409 Malden St.,
Chicago, Ill.

NOW, NOW!

A ragged individualist would like to do a little heckling from the ten-cent seats: "The Informer." A few characters that live and breathe in a simple story, simply and beautifully told, expertly acted and intelligently directed. Result: Grand Entertainment.

"The Crusades." A few thousand ham actors in tin union suits jab each other with spears while the two principal hams chase a Hollywood blonde around. Result: Dull Hokum.

Art Long,
10748-88th St.,
Ozone Park, L. I.

You may blush with shame when you make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If you deodorize only,
you will always have an
unpleasant, stale "arm-
hole odor"—Test yourself
tonight by smelling your
dress at the armhole



THE more fastidious you are, the more shocked you may be to realize you cannot prevent armhole odor unless your underarm is *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how carefully you deodorize your *underarm*, you may find that your *dress* carries the odor of stale perspiration!

This is bound to happen if you merely *deodorize*. Creams and sticks cannot protect completely, because they are not made to *stop* perspiration. They do not keep the underarm dry, so perspiration collects on the fabric of your dress.

The next time you wear that seemingly clean dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant "armhole odor" which is imperceptible to you, but embarrassingly obvious to those around you!

Only one way to be SURE

Women who care about good grooming know there is no shortcut to underarm daintiness. They insist on the *complete* protection of Liquid Odorono. It keeps the underarm not

only sweet, but absolutely *dry*. Not even a drop of moisture can collect on your dress.

Odorono is entirely safe . . . ask your doctor. It gently closes the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined areas where it may evaporate freely. Women safely use millions of bottles of Odorono yearly.

Time well spent—Clothes saved

It takes a few seconds longer to use Odorono but it is well worth your while. There is no grease to get on your clothes. And expensive dresses can no longer be stained and ruined in a single wearing. You need never worry about your daintiness or your clothes again!

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. Keep both kinds on hand—for night or morning use. At all toilet-goods counters.

To know utter security and poise, send for sample vials of both Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.



Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 7S6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name _____

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"THERE'S a product... that LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE... I have never used a dentifrice that made my teeth feel and look so clean. And in my business that's important!" Ken Maynard

He could afford \$25 for his tooth paste ... he pays 25¢

ONCE again you find a man accustomed to every luxury using, by choice, this dentifrice which costs him but 25¢.

Once again you find a man whose profession demands sound and attractive teeth, using Listerine Tooth Paste.

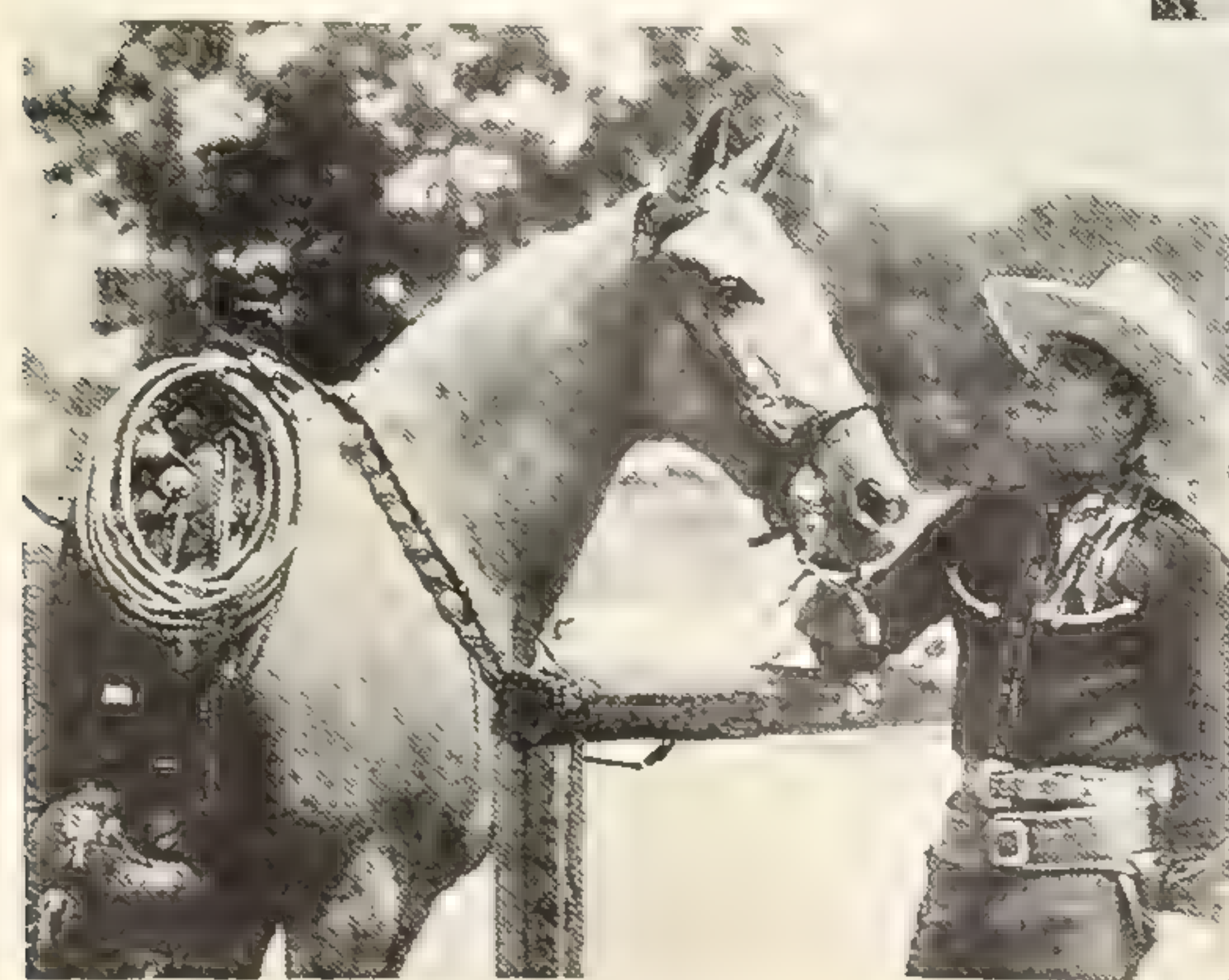
What's the reason? Better results, nothing more. Millions of people have found that Listerine Tooth Paste is amazingly superior. If you haven't tried it, do so now.

See how thoroughly it cleans teeth. See how it sweeps away ugly discolorations. See the brilliant lustre and gleam it imparts to the teeth. Note that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration that follows its use. Give it a trial now. Your druggist will supply you. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri.

Few men are as dear to the hearts of American children as Ken Maynard, "the spokesman of the outdoors." His admirers are legion and his popularity continues from year to year.



Ken Maynard's plane. It is the land type, completely equipped for camping and hunting. The star recently explored Central America and spent all but two nights aboard.



Ken Maynard and his famous horse, Palomino, taken at the Maynard ranch in the San Fernando Valley, California.



In his motors as in his tooth paste, the film star likes speed and efficiency. His two Packards and Chevrolet are here shown.

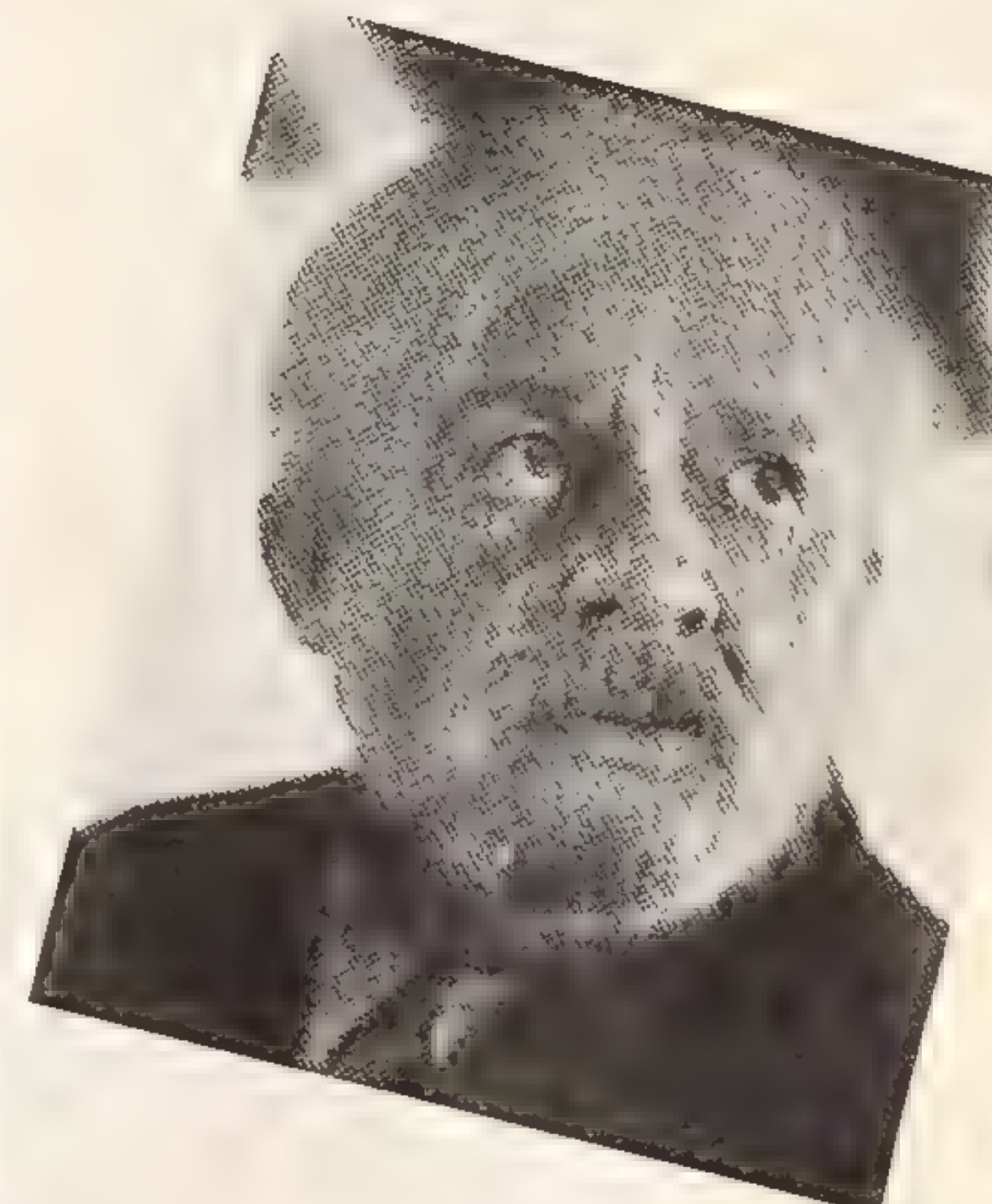
In his sturdy cruising yawl, "Nymph," Maynard cruises the Pacific, or takes a week-end sail to Catalina Island.



The Editor's Page

An Open Letter To Hersholt

Hersholt has been a motion picture actor longer than anyone living: thirty years! Extreme right, close-ups of his rôles in the famous *Dionne Quints* film and in his latest picture, *"Sins of Man."*



THIS letter started out to be addressed to somebody else. To Katharine Hepburn, for instance. You see, it all began one recent evening in a New York theatre. It looked like celebrity night. Hepburn with Leland Hayward crept in just as the curtain rose—the Kate like a bright flame in vivid striped gown and red sandals, tiptoeing in, sitting still, like a little lady, and enjoying the play; remaining in her place at intermissions, generally behaving so unlike a temperamental movie star that few in the audience knew Hepburn was there. Proving it can be done. An Open Letter to Hepburn, then: Why can't you always be like this? Or to Louis B. Mayer, vacationing mighty mogul of Metro, who sat in the same row. His company had bought this play, as well as *"Pride and Prejudice"* and *"First Lady"* for Norma Shearer. Dear Mr. Mayer: You think of everything—why did you let Garbo get that bushy new permanent she was sporting on her return from Sweden? Or to Anita Louise, fairy princess of pictures, who sat beside me, looking too lovely to be real, and trying hard not to notice the curious gaze of sophisticates in front of her who turned to stare at her blonde beauty as though she were a wax doll instead of a flesh and blood girl with real feelings and all. Dear Anita: Why didn't you make faces at 'em? Or to the Magical Morgans, Lady Furness and Gloria Vanderbilt. Dear Twins: You ought to be in pictures.

Yessir, it was a big evening in the audience. But somehow, with all this glitter and glamor present, the biggest event occurred when a quiet man went up the aisle at intermission, looking neither to the right nor the left, until groups of people rose about him, seized his hands and his coat-tails and began bombarding him with requests and questions. He grinned impartially, responded genially; and the murmur rose all over the house: "It's Jean Hersholt—you know, 'The Country Doctor.' Wonder what he really thinks of the Quints?" So here's my Open Letter to Jean Hersholt:

You're the most important person in motion pictures at the moment and you deserve to be. Thirty years in

pictures, twenty-two of them in Hollywood; so many films you can't begin to name them; three times a star—and now, again, a star to stay. Mellow with rich maturity, humorous, kindly, you fought almost a half-century for solo stardom, and now that it's come you're unaffectedly thrilled. Nothing is too much trouble: the boys who ganged you at your hotel, each with five photographs to be autographed; the high-school girls who insisted upon meeting you just as you and Mrs. Hersholt were hurrying to a radio rehearsal; the amateur interviewers who all wanted to know how you could tell the Quints apart. Then there's your genuine, whole-souled enthusiasm over your new career, with *"The Music Master"* to be bought for you; and your joy over the telegrams after the *"Sins of Man"* pre-view. I like, too, your continued friendship for Eric von Stroheim, once the greatest of all directors, now not half so important in the Hollywood picture as you are; the way you'd rather tell Gregory Ratoff stories than talk about yourself; and last but not least, your appreciation of Irvin Cobb's crack at your anniversary banquet: "The really remarkable thing about Jean is the fact that his wife has put up with him all these years." I've met many "big stars" in my time, and some of them are grander or gayer or handsomer than you are. But when it comes to the fundamentals, you're the biggest of them all.

Delight Evans

Carole and Bill Together Again!



Above, the first meeting of Bill and Carole, when she was cast as second lead in his 1931 starring film, "Ladies' Man." Director Mendes, center. Bill and Carole fell in love before the picture was half finished.

When Ex-Husband meets Ex-Wife! See our exclusive picture, center, of the Powell-Lombard reunion on the set of "My Man Godfrey," their new film together. Bill's whiskers are all for Art—authentic, too.

TO PARAPHRASE Rudy Vallee's theme song, your surprise was my surprise when I read in the papers, as you did, that Carole Lombard and William Powell were making a picture together at Universal. That's the sort of thing that fan writers pray for. Almost as good as a divorce, an elopement, or a baby. Don't ask me why. Because I don't know. But Hollywood is always extremely curious about two people who have once been married and who have since divorced. What they do and say when they meet each other out is of the utmost importance.

Occasionally, I admit the theatre has established itself so firmly in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Ex that they have risen to the occasion and put on a darned good show. Occasionally, but not often, Mr. Ex-slaps cutie-pie's face, and still less often Mrs. Ex will make a nifty crack that will be extremely disparaging to Mr. Ex. They live in for that in the old days, when Gloria Swanson and Connie Bennett used to feud over the Marquis; but that, like gold and glamor, belongs to the past. But Hollywood hopes—and watches.

So when I read that Carole Lombard and William Powell were making a picture together, why, I nearly fell in my coffee—no sugar and no cream, due to the diet. Honey, I was that amazed. "Here are two people"



What happens when Hollywood ex-wife and ex-husband meet again as movie lovers? Our hilarious story of the Lombard-Powell film reunion tells

By Elizabeth Wilson

said I to myself, "who at one time, and not so long ago, were very much in love with each other; then they divorced; and now they are in love again—for the cinema. How does it feel to be made love to by your ex-husband?"

So you know it wasn't to laugh when I drove out to the Universal studios that afternoon—ah, no, and it wasn't to exchange quips with several slightly cracked friends—ah, but no. I drove to Universal that afternoon to drool at the mouth. Not a pretty sight, to be sure, but sort of symbolical of my profession. And therefore sacred to me, my bread and butter as 'twere, and I'll thank you not to laugh.

Well, I may say that I have made some pretty crazy places in my life, including Congress, a nut house, and dinner at Patsy Kelly's; and some of my best friends have been crackpots and lunatics, (it's all a matter of glands, don't you think, or do you?), but never have I run into anything so insane, really so stark, staring mad, as the set of "My Man Godfrey."

But I might have known—what with Gregory La Cava directing; and with Carole Lombard and William Powell starring, *those* two goofy people; and with Alice Brady, Franklin Pangborn, and Eugene Pallette in the cast—a nice, neat, little rational idea would have no more chance of surviving than I have of winning the Irish Sweepstakes—(come on, Irish Sweepstakes and make me out a liar, I dare you).

I edged on the set just as the red light went on and the bell clanged, which is Hollywood's way of announcing that Cinema History is in the Making, and as is the custom I stopped dead still in my tracks—but for all the racket that was going on I might just as well have continued my progress to the set and fallen over a cable and into a trash-can besides, for such bedlam I have never heard, and over and above it all was Li'l Missy Lombard's voice shrieking away, "It's the Forgotten Man, I've found the Forgotten Man, the Forgotten Man. . . ." The Forgotten Man, I discovered later when the bell had clanged again to announce that Cinema History was now in the Unmaking, was none other than Mr. Debonair William Powell, formerly *Philo Vance*, formerly *The Thin Man*, formerly *The Great Ziegfeld*—and now the Forgotten Man, with a two weeks' growth of beard. It just all goes to show how fickle fame is, I always say,



What's Carole saying to her ex-husband, Mr. Powell, below? The close-ups above are the latest of the two "Ex-es."

The set was a reproduction of the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, (oh, I've traveled a bit), and it seems that the Park Avenue Crowd were giving a Scavenger Hunt and in their merry, irresponsible way had gathered in a horse, a monkey, a dummy, a goat, a pushcart, a tandem bicycle, all manner of odds and ends and pots and pans, a truckload of scallions, and William Powell. Carole Lombard, playing *Irene Bullock*, the dumbest débutante

in New York City, found the Forgotten Man in a city dump down by the East River, and is she proud—her mother, played by Alice Brady, only found a goat.

"Now, my dear, sweet, gay young people," said Director La Cava rising languidly from his directorial chair, "if you haven't anything better to do this afternoon you would gladden an old man's heart by keeping your places so we can have another take. Carole, the goat's eating your dress."

"Go way, goat—shoo, shoo, goat!" shouted Carole, grabbing her beautiful, but exquisite, Travis Banton evening gown right out of the goat's mouth. "Are you a Nanny or a Billy? Don't tell me, I really am not interested. I hate goats. Now don't take it personal. I just don't like goats in general. There, there, chew on Mr. Pangborn."

"Mercy," said Mr. Pangborn to the goat, "have your best friends told you?"

"And where is Miss Brady?" (Continued on page 80)



ARE THE STARS FOOLING THEMSELVES?

There's a new Hollywood menace! Read this unbiased, timely story and you'll agree that here is sound advice for all stars



THERE used to be a time, (and it isn't so far back that it should strain the memory of the Juniors, or even the Sophomores), when Movie Stars had rather be Movie Stars than Right—or President.

They gloried in their careers all the way from the fabulous contracts they worked by, to the glass houses they lived in. If the swimming pools were blue and the tennis courts pink, who cared? It was all in the name of Hollywood where anything could happen—and frequently did.

And everything that went with stardom: the interviewing, the publicity, the scads of arty portraits, the personal appearances, the fans who rallied around with autograph books, were all part of the game Movie Stars were glad to play.

But, alack and alas, if the New Scene is any criterion, those were The Good Old Days, indeed!

Something very definitely disturbing is happening within the ranks of the New Order of Front-Trench Stars that has nothing to do with waning box-office receipts, the late Censors, the even later Clean-Up Drives, or any of the other bugaboos that have periodically risen, broomstick in hand, to heckle the movies.

To the contrary, it is little short of ironic that with box-office receipts higher than they have been at any time since the depression, with Censors and Uplifters completely lulled by the sweetness and sentimentality practically dripping from the screen, that Hollywood should choose *this* time to threaten to become her own worst enemy!

For this new menace is not from without—but from

By Dorothy Manners



Are they innocent victims of exaggerated publicity on behind-the-scenes friction and "career worries?" Jean Muir, lower left, James Cagney, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, left to right, across page. Above, Grace Moore, and upper right, Leslie Howard.



within! And whether America's new Sweethearts and Beaux choose to believe it or not, the silliest black eye the movies have had may result from the spirit of discontent, the career radicalism, and the generally snooty air that is pervading Hollywood right now like a low fog over Mt. Baldy.

On every hand the observer within the gates is met with the spectacle of restlessness, stellar complaints, broken contracts, lawsuits, pouty "retirements," studio "pinks," and even out-and-out public apologies for being movie stars in the first place! And it is these iconoclasts within the temple who are brewing more potential trouble for the industry as a whole than the Censors and Drivers ever dreamed of in their wildest moments. For in dispelling the illusions of glamor, in stripping away the veil from the legend of the happy success story of money and fame and excitement, they are striking dangerously at the very foundations of their own edifice.

For some time the folly of this attitude has been nudging my conscience as the truth about what really ails Hollywood. But there was the same hesitancy about bringing it out in the open that is inevitably felt toward a good friend, who, suddenly confronted by dazzling success, loses his balance and goes High Hat or Stuffed Shirt. There is always the hope that if we hold on long enough, recovery will set in before too much damage has been done.

But in place of the Cinderella stories of over-night success that used to make up the bulk of Hollywood publicity legends, the daily reader of the doings of the Glamor Girls and Boys is treated to frontpage news stories of the outcome of the latest contract lawsuit; the latest one-man strike; an announcement of a bored "retirement;" or an interview treatise of complaints involving such technicalities as "billing," or "release dates,"

or "schedules." Consider the stories that have made up the most important news about Hollywood in the past few months:

Jimmy Cagney wins his suit against Warner Brothers not because he was being forced into too many productions in too short a time, (as he claimed), but because a Beverly Hills Theatre owned by the Brothers Warner permitted Pat O'Brien's name to top Cagney's on the marquee billing of "Ceiling Zero." Result—Cagney is a free-lance.

Fred MacMurray walks off the set of "The Princess Comes Across" because (a), he is tired from making too many pictures and needs a rest; (b), he isn't getting enough money; (c) he doesn't want to perform in a rôle discarded by George Raft. P.S. Fred appears in the picture.

Grace Moore hurls a throaty retirement at Hollywood and the world because "nobody understands her at the studio"—and the least understanding soul of all wrote a scene in her newest picture calling for her to milk a cow.

Robert Montgomery grants ominously discontented interviews from M-G-M that have to do with abandoning the movies for something "worthwhile" on the stage.

William Powell suffers from income tax trouble in every late edition.

Jean Muir, as though she finds the movies too low-brow, organized her own little Theatre Guild, where the Drama found sanctuary and Art was nurtured.

Ann Harding periodically retreats from Hollywood to the sanctuary of another little Art movement somewhere in the East.

Leslie Howard is wearily through attempting to educate Hollywood to his level of artistic production and announces retirement plans right in the teeth of *Romeo*, you might say. (And I understand there are some people who consider Shakespeare rather artistic stuff!)

And Pat O'Brien does a temporary walk-out at Warners that hits the second page of local news three days running before he walks back in again.

The most popular team in America, cinematically speaking, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, don't want to make any more pictures together—if you can believe what the columnists hint every day.

At this writing Garbo has rounded out her eighth month of absence from Hollywood.

The Academy of Motion (Continued on page 74)

GARY COOPER'S Suppressed Desire

GARY says he never should have been an actor—says he never was, really, and never will be—in spite of the fact that he's made out pretty well as one. Like every famous person he'd rather do something quite different from the thing that made him famous. It's always like that—you and I aren't the only ones who have frustrated desires and ambitions. I discovered Gary's not long ago.

In one corner of the studio I found him, with his coat off, in his shirt sleeves, engaged in a knife-throwing contest with the prop boys. Not figuratively, but literally. There was a 2x4 piece of heavy cardboard, perhaps 20 paces away, and they were lined up hurling knives at it. Most of them missed, and the knives went clattering across the floor. But when Gary stepped up, last but not least, he aimed, let go, and the knife went ker-plunk right in the center and stayed there!

The boys gasped and applauded. Gary smiled and put on his coat. He looked pleased and proud. Now the director called him for a scene. Gary took his place before the camera. Then, just before he received his cue to

Here is the intensely human story of Gary's frustrated ambition. The best feature about this man of the hour we've given you!

By
Anita
Kilore



Hollywood idyll!
Gary sketches his lovely wife, Candice, at the Cooper home. Read this story for a fresh slant on the tall, silent young man who's the biggest actor in the city.



Gary the artist finds self-expression in painting the screen portraits which have won him world-wide fame and popularity. On the artist's palette at left, above, you'll identify such Cooper characterizations as "Peter Ibbetson" and "Bengal Lancer;" an early Western rôle; and most important of all, his new, grand "Mr. Deeds."

begin, he winked at the prop boy who had given him his stiffest competition a minute before. A wink—the nonchalant prelude to the most difficult scene in all the picture. What a man!

As I watched, waiting to talk to him, I was reminded of one other scene which I happened to "catch" long ago, while Gary was making "Design For Living" with Miriam Hopkins. The director, in outlining the scene, explained that Gary was supposed to be asleep on the couch. Miriam would approach him, bend over him, examine his face tenderly, and unburden her heart to him.

But Gary didn't have to be told to lie down. He was already on the couch, stretched out. He had spotted this opportunity long ago in his script, and had hastened to take advantage of it. He sank down with a grateful sigh, and closed his eyes. Miriam took her position, and while the cameraman was angling for his, a maid put finishing touches to the lady-star's hair.

Now prop boys and maid cleared away, the cameras turned over, and the scene was shooting. Miriam played it perfectly the first time. The director called "Cut!"—and then ordered a close-up of Gary.

"Gary, remember you're asleep, but you're also dreaming—tender, sweet dreams. Let's have those dreams registered on your face—do you get me?"

There was no answer. Gary hadn't moved. There wasn't even the flicker of an eyelid. Miriam nudged him gently. Then she laughed. Gary *was* asleep, and no make-believe about it!

A shrug. "All right, let's shoot him that way!"

The camera sneaked forward on soft rubber shoes. It ground away at Gary for a whole minute. Then they cut. And a few minutes later the company moved noisily on to the next stage. Gary wasn't needed so they left him there.

An hour later he strolled into the midst of the company, blinked, yawned, and said, "How was I?"

"You were swell!" replied the director.

And he meant it, too. As he told me later, "You can do that with Gary. He's not exactly a schooled actor, or a finished one, but he's the greatest camera study in the world. He's just himself. That's the secret of his great charm on the screen. You couldn't film most actors when they don't know they're being filmed, because their real personalities seldom match their film personalities. But Gary's always the same—as natural when he's awake, as he is when he's asleep. He (Continued on page 76)



The Truth About Boyer

The romantic Frenchman drops his usual reserve, and blasts several recent rumors

Boyer's inherent modesty is often mistaken for aloofness, his sensitiveness for egotism. Here he speaks with utter frankness about early Hollywood struggles, when he played a "bit" in the cast supporting Jean Harlow in "Red Headed Woman," a close-up from which is shown at right.



By
Jerry Asher

IF FRANCHOT TONE hadn't been born, this story on Charles Boyer might never have been written! At any rate, it was at Franchot's surprise birthday party that I found myself facing Charles Boyer across the table. It was the first time I had seen the French actor in person since he played the rôle of the chauffeur in "The Red-Headed Woman." That was back in 1930, when I was a struggling publicist and Boyer was unknown on the screen.

At the time, I remember that Charles Boyer wandered around the M-G-M lot like a lost sheep. In his eyes was that hopeless look—that strange sort of restlessness that belongs to the stranger within the gates. And believe me, Boyer was a stranger within those studio gates, if ever there was one. Many times I wanted to stop and talk to him, or ask if there was anything I could do. Boyer was shy. From past experience, I had learned that most actors are suspicious of persons who make overtures of friendship. Now, I wish that I had gone against my better judgment. It's difficult to offer friendship to an actor when he is sitting on top of the world and everything is coming his way.

As I have already said, I remembered Boyer well at the start of his Hollywood career. The same applies to many of our stars today. But I was not prepared, when Boyer leaned across the table and said, "I remember *you* when we both used to work on the M-G-M lot. I was very lonely then and knew very few people. I sometimes used to see you walking with Joan Crawford. Since then I have heard your name from time to time. So you see you are not entirely a stranger to me. I am glad things are going nicely for you."

All the things I wanted to say to Charles Boyer sud-

denly seemed unimportant. I had hoped that the time might come when I would meet him and at least congratulate him on his success. Maybe I'm just an old softie, but I must confess that this gesture on Boyer's part really touched me. It is so unusual for an actor to allude to an unpleasant past, to the extent of remembering that you shared it. With few exceptions, actors who reach the top create a background of their own imagination. Very few of them remember those they knew "when." And certainly Charles Boyer remembering when we had never even met—was a little out of the ordinary.

As if drawn by an invisible magnet, we wandered into the Tone library. It is a beautiful room, furnished in magenta and brown and panelled in natural birch. Boyer gazed around in rapt approval. Almost caressingly he fingered the books. When he spoke, he lowered his voice. His attitude was almost apologetic. His love for good books is such that he regards them with reverence. In the dining room Franchot, Clark Gable, George Raft and Norman Foster talked over their cognac. The boys had taken themselves to the powder room.

"Up until the time I married Pat," said Boyer, "I seldom went out. In our duplex apartment I have built a special round library. I sit in the center at a round table in a comfortable chair. When I close the door I am entirely surrounded by books—or should I say, I have been collecting for years. Most of them are in French because I do not know the (Continued on page 7)

I WAS the first person to interview Luise Rainer! At the time I met her she was neither great nor famous, but a frail, gentle little creature with glorious dark eyes who was all but overwhelmed by the immensity of her surroundings. But, as the huge liner *Olympic* deposited her on the wind-swept pier, placing beside her a cocky little Scottie, I somehow sensed that here, all unsuspected, lay both greatness and fame.

Today that same little girl has all America at the feet of her celluloid image. Glamorous and acclaimed, her name is mentioned in the same breath with Crawford, Colbert, Shearer. She is called a leading contender for Hollywood's coveted crown—for today Rainer's the rave!

Yet it was not always so. It was only a year and a half ago that my friends at Metro suggested I accompany them to meet "a new foreign star."

"Why not?" I said, "seeing that Garbo's not in town!"

It was the coldest day in a hundred and fifty years, or so it seemed, and as my idea of red flannels is something like Joan Crawford's, I froze! Meeting "a new foreign star," I began to suspect, was a wild, fruitless, and unreasonable adventure.

And then I caught sight of her. It is a picture I shall not soon forget. She looked so lonesome, so forlorn. She wore a warm brown coat, brown shoes, and a floppy black hat, and "Zhonnie," her faithful Scottie, seemed her sole living contact, for her large eyes were open even wider than usual as they peered out at an unfamiliar world.

"Miss Rainer?" I inquired, hesitatingly.

"Ja," she answered, her face lighting up with animation; and then correcting herself, "Yes, I am Miss Rainer, and how-do-you-do?" and her wistful smile immediately won me over.

Unheralded, a bit lonely, but serenely confident, Luise came to America not so long ago. The triumph of her Hollywood debut in "Escapade" is repeated in Rainer's new rôle as Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld," at right.



Luise Rainer's career is a record of triumphs. Will equal success crown the private-life ambitions she reveals here?

By Helen Harrison

We spent some little time having her baggage inspected and stamped and "Zhonnie" must be stamped too, for in the eyes of the law he is neither companion, protector, nor patron saint. "Zhonnie," I am forced to admit, came under the general heading of luggage.

During the process she asked, as she flashed her charming smile, "Is it always much cold here?"

I assured her it was not—and went on to picture the glories of the California sun as we jumped into a taxi and made for the hotel.

Her excitement during the trip was as refreshing and naïve as, in wildest imagination, one might picture a Hollywood star—but of course she was not quite a Hollywood star, then.

She was overwhelmed at the Empire State Building.

"How tall is it?" she asked, peering up at its tower that pierced the sky.

"One hundred and eight stories."

"My!" she commented, incredulous.

At the hotel she was whisked twenty-odd stories to her suite.

"I have never been so high up—in a building I mean," she cried delightedly, rushing from window to window, "but I love it!"

From her trunks she extracted a huge down quilt and with artless simplicity spread it over her bed, after which she was able to sit down and relax. (Continued on page 67)



**Born
To Be
Famous**

BEAUTY PRIZE

By
VICKI
BAUM

Rummaging in her hand-bag, Ruth drew out a twenty-dollar bill and a package of cigarettes. "Match?" she asked. Steve lit the cigarette for her. "So you've learned to smoke after all?" he smiled.



PART III

NEXT day the door opened to admit a girl, whom for a moment he failed to recognize as Ruth. How thin she was! Her lips were too red. And her hair still looked like a wig. He couldn't control the thoughts that flashed through his mind, as he rose to greet her.

"Hello, Miss Palmer," he said hoarsely. Joe in the corner whistled.

"Oh, Mr. Tyndall—still in the same old place!" Her laugh was a shade too bright. "I've got three hundred wires to send."

Actually she sent ten, but even ten was an amazing number for the office in Sixteenth Street. Automatically he handed her his fountain pen, but she refused it with a smile, and took her own from her bag.

CATT & PINKLESTEIN AGENCY
8936 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
BEVERLY HILLS CALIFORNIA
EXPECT YOU TO STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT
WITHOUT FAIL AWAITING WIRE
VIOLA PALMER

PHOENIX PICTURE COMPANY
CULVER CITY CALIFORNIA
HAVE NOTIFIED AGENTS WILL ACCEPT NEW
TERMS IF BETTER PARTS GUARANTEED STOP
HOPE FOR AGREEMENT SATISFACTORY TO ALL
VIOLA PALMER

MR EDWARD GLAINE
PHOENIX PICTURE COMPANY
CULVER CITY CALIFORNIA
COUNTING ON YOU AND YOUR HELP HOPE
YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN PROMISE ALWAYS
YOUR

OLA

BEVERLY CHATEAU
BEVERLY HILLS CALIFORNIA
GIVING UP APARTMENT STOP WILL PAY BAL-
ANCE ON RETURN

VIOLA PALMER

LOUIS MATSON
BEVERLY CHATEAU
BEVERLY HILLS CALIFORNIA
HOW ARE YOU DARLING BIG QUESTION MARK
MISS YOU TERRIBLY PLEASE HELP ME GET

YOUR LITTLE VIVY

BENGTSDATTER
MAIN AVENUE
WOOD CALIFORNIA
SORRY LEFT SO SUDDENLY OP-
TAKEN UP STOP MISSING TREAT-
LL PAY AND CONTINUE ON RETURN
VIOLA

DODO PRATT
SETTIA APARTMENTS
NORTH BRONSON
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
THOSE VILLAINS DIDN'T TAKE UP

Love and ambition clash in a girl's struggle for fame in glamorous Hollywood. The latest novel of an internationally famous author

OPTION STOP COULD YOU TALK TO PIP AND
USE YOUR PULL LOVE

VIOLA

MR. FRANK MONTEREY
LEMON GROVE APARTMENTS
6361 SUNSET BOULEVARD
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA

FRANKIE DARLING HAD BAD CASE OF FLU
WENT HOME TO MOTHER BACK SOON DO YOU
STILL LOVE ME PIERPONT OF MODERN ART
SEEMS INTERESTED IN GIVING ME CONTRACT
COULD YOU PULL ANY WIRES

VIOLA

SAM LOWE AGENCY
28 PERSHING SQUARE
LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA
NOT INTERESTED DOWNTOWN REVUE STOP
WOULD CONSIDER PERSONAL APPEARANCE
PARAMOUNT THANKS

VIOLA PALMER

MR. HARRY McCORMICK
LOS ANGELES TIMES
LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA
CAN'T YOU RAISE CAIN IN PAPER DEAR YOU
KNOW I WOULD BE GRATEFUL AND I MEAN
IT TOO

YOURS AS EVER OLALA

Steve read the words as he counted them—he couldn't help himself.

"Sixteen twenty eight," he said, and cleared his throat, for his voice still refused to obey him.

Rummaging in her handbag, she drew out a twenty-dollar bill and a package of cigarettes. "Match?" she asked.

He lit the cigarette for her. "So you learned to smoke, after all?" he smiled.

"Only when I'm nervous," she replied unguardedly. "You've lost a lot of weight."

"That's the first thing they tell you to do in Hollywood—starve off fifteen pounds. You always look fifteen pounds heavier on the screen."

He gave her change for her twenty. "Did you get to know Greta Garbo?"

"That's what they all ask," she cried impatiently. "No. Nobody gets to know Garbo. Anyway, she's in Sweden, I believe."

"So much more room for Viola Palmer," said Steve. He thought himself it was a pretty good crack, but it didn't seem to go over so big with Ruth. The bell rang, and he pasted up a wire for someone in Thirteenth Street. She was still standing there, smoking, when he'd finished.

"I *did* meet Marion Davies, though," she said. "She's a darling. I met lots of interesting people. Lubitsch, for instance. He promised me a contract the minute he had a part for me." It sounded a little defiant.

"What kind of parts d'you like best?" asked Steve respectfully. She was standing so close to him, yet she was inaccessible as the moon.

"Oh," she said airily, "sort of like Marlene Dietrich's. Only it's so hard to get a decent story. Something dramatic, you know, with a really great romance but some comedy too—"

In spite of the silver fox cape over her shoulders, in

spite of the promise from Lubitsch tucked away in her heart for comfort, Steve felt something like compassion for her. "This place must look like a worse dump than ever to you now," he prompted.

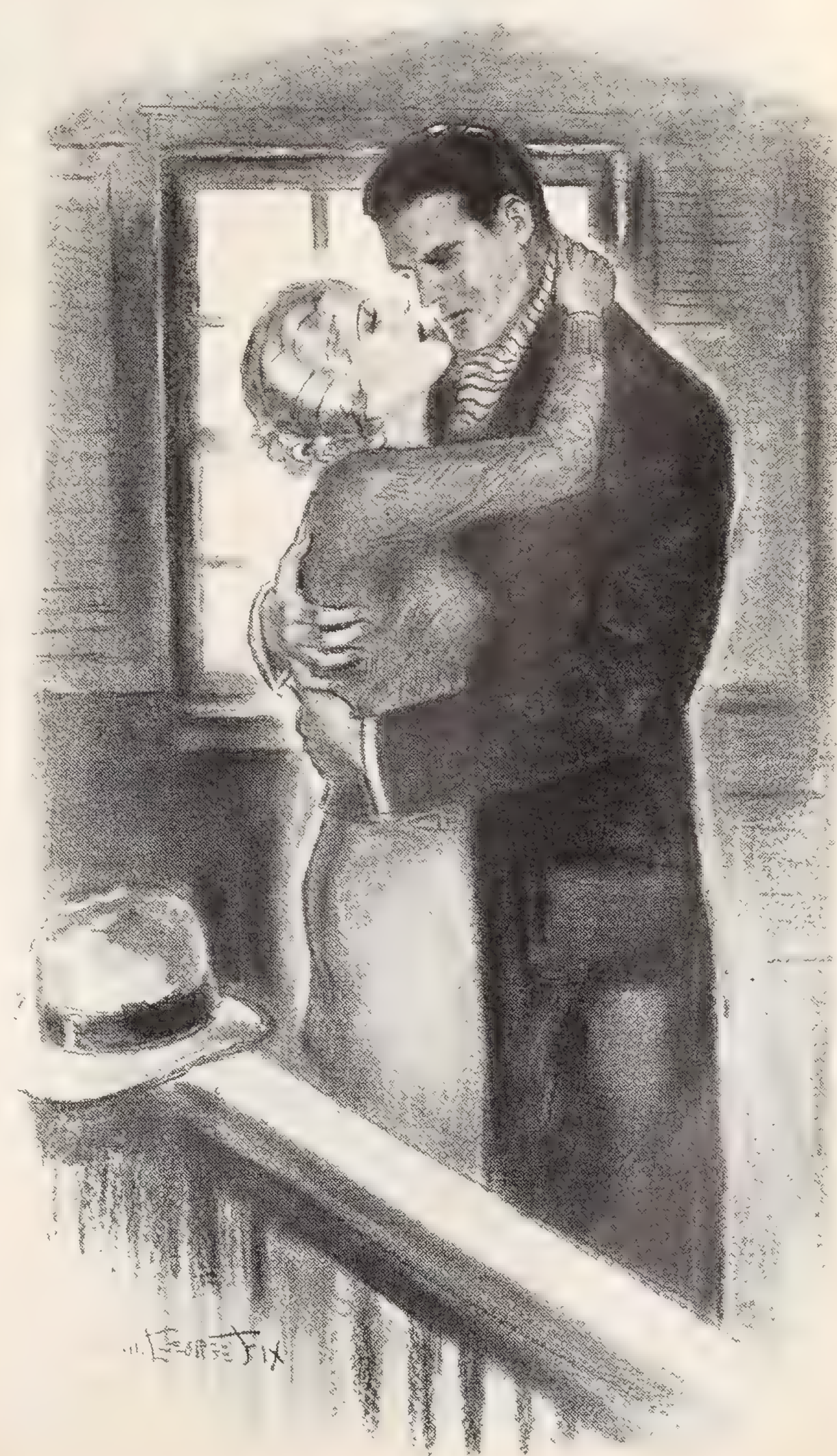
"Yes and no," she replied slowly, looking about the office which was really nothing better than a hole in the wall. "Nothing's changed here, anyway. Sort of makes you feel good when your nerves are a little shaky. I had a bad case of grippe, you know, and you feel wobbly in the knees for a long time after the grippe."

"But you look grand," lied Steve, and he was a poor liar.

"Hollywood's hard," said Ruth absently. Then she pulled herself together. "Well, I've got to run along. If any wires come, phone me, will you? I'm staying at the Town Hotel." So she hadn't been in the little house, after all, last night.

She turned to go and Steve opened the door for her. A Buick coupe was standing dutifully in the rain outside, waiting for her. "How d'you like my little car?" she asked more cheerfully. "I drove myself all the way from the coast." She got in and (*Continued on page 82*)

Turn to Page 82 for synopsis of Preceding Chapters



Steve found himself wishing there were snowflakes in her hair, so he could kiss them away. He could actually feel how they'd melt under the warmth of his lips. "So now you're back," he said. "Yes," Ruth smiled, "now I'm back."



"Wally Beery is the happiest man I know," says the author. Read the story and you'll know why

By Maude Cheatham



The Proudest Dad in Films

HOLLYWOOD'S sweetest love story has for its co-stars big Wallace Beery and tiny Carol Ann, his beloved adopted daughter!

Wally's life has ever been lusty drama; drama high-lighted with hardships, struggles, disappointments. Now, after years of hard and grinding work it has been crowned with world-wide triumphs. Yes, he's won fame and fortune on the screen, and has been blessed with a beautiful marriage with the lovely blonde Rita Beery. Then, some five years ago, they adopted Mrs. Beery's orphaned cousin, aged nine months.

Sitting in his dressing-room at the studio, we hadn't talked more than five minutes before he drifted to the subject that is always nearest his heart, little Carol Ann. He told me about the new home he recently bought in Beverly Hills—with its sweeping lawns, tennis court, swimming pool, and plenty of space for the child's play-things. He wants her to have all the things he missed when he was growing up; he wants her to have a happy, carefree childhood and girlhood, and so be prepared for the future, whatever that may be. (Continued on page 78)

Inseparable pals! Wallace Beery and his adopted daughter, Carol Ann, seen in pictures snapped at the Beery ranch and at Wally's new home in Beverly Hills. Second from top is a view of the special bus the star bought for trips across country with Carol Ann and Mrs. Beery.

McCrea marches on to new screen importance—the colorful story of a mighty colorful movie man

By Margaret Angus



Joel and the Glamor Girls

THE producers first took an active interest in the Joel McCrea case when they discovered that he was a pretty kisser. Joel was six feet two inches tall in those days, and still is in these days, and could embrace a movie queen gracefully without having to stand on a box or wear French heels as did some of the other heartbreakers of the screen. Furthermore he could plant a neat kiss right on the Glamorous One's beak without smearing her lipstick—a kiss that would send the entire female population of Omaha swooning into the aisles.

"For years," said Joel, "I didn't do a thing in pictures but stand around waiting until the star was ready to be kissed. When the director shouted, 'You love her, kid, give her the business,' I registered what I considered love and looked exactly like a calf about to cavort through the clover. It seems to me that I stood around sets for years just waiting to kiss somebody."

Sam Wood was the first producer to notice that Joel was a pretty kisser. Joel had the leading rôle in a college dramatic show while he was (Continued on page 68)



Joel has made screen love to such charmers as Miriam Hopkins, left, and Merle Oberon, above, but the Glamor Girls have never gone to his head. At top, that happy wedded couple, Joel and Frances Dee. Lower, riding herd on his 1400-acre ranch in San Fernando.

The Gay Romances



HE ISN'T in love—*now*. But he has been, and certainly will be again!

He isn't "going steady" any more. At least, "not for a good spell."

Knowing Robert Taylor, I won't bet a nickel on his staying heart-free for long. You have only to look at him to guess why. Yes, and off the screen he's even handsomer, too. Never let anyone fool you; of course he's just naturally emotional.

I shan't vouch for his statement that he won't marry "for six or maybe eight years." That's what he maintains today, but I have my doubts!

However, I can clear up his gay romances to date for you. I'm anxious to do this, for a complete explanation will enable you to understand Bob as his friends do. You've already read how he got into pictures shortly after graduating from college, and that he comes from a nice family. None of those details is exactly ultra-personal, though.

What's definitely exciting has heretofore been skipped. Why did he and Irene Hervey split, and did he really care for Janet Gaynor? Is it authentic that he's rushing Barbara Stanwyck at present? In terser words, *whose* prize is he?

The first thing that impresses you when you talk to Bob of love is his good taste.

"I don't ever want to play coy," he declares. "I think it's a part of my job to reciprocate interest shown in me by always being obligingly honest. Still, what can a fellow say along this particular line without appearing darned conceited?"

"After all, I can hardly discuss Miss Hervey, because she's engaged to another man now. And as for declaiming about 'My Ideal Woman,' the absolutely correct answer to that is I'm not at all positive what type appeals most to me. I could go into a cooked-up song-and-dance for you, but then I'll probably fall for some entirely different sort. Anyway, I'm not aged enough to lay down love rules!"

He is indeed in a heck of a spot when cornered for quotes in this regard. Bob Taylor has ability plus a very rare masculine magnetism which is highly intriguing. Spotlighted by assignments to hero rôles, this charm of his is obvious to millions. It has skyrocketed him to the film top. Yet—he's only *twenty-four*.

Fortunately for him, he seems considerably older. Hence he can be convincingly cast opposite the already established leading feminine stars.

Yet imagine him as he is, in reality. Just three years off the campus and the fans dub him "the perfect lover," gorgeous ladies pursue him, and his bosses—well, they're

He isn't in love—now! He won't years—he says! Then what's romantic adventures? Good!

We're proud to give you these first, exclusive pictures of Franchot and Joan Crawford Tone in their just-completed play paradise! Never before photographed in this informal, "unposed" mood, Joan is revealed as the warm and human girl she really is, happy in her marriage to the devoted Franchot, and one of the finest swimmers and badminton players in all Hollywood! Now turn the page for more new pictures.

Entire sitting posed exclusively for SCREENLAND by Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, photographed by Graybill, M-G-M.



SCREENLAND Presents
First Exclusive Pre-view!
JOAN and FRANCHOT
in their New Outdoor Life



Smash flash! Joan Crawford tries out her new swimming-pool and badminton court for SCREENLAND readers. Co-star, Franchot Tone.



Joan is one great star whose glamor survives the glare of the sun, swift action on the badminton court, and the close inspection of the critical outdoor camera which made these splendid candid pictures. Above, Crawford, the bathing beauty who can really swim. Left, a salute from an admirer! Right, a lovely leap.





Franchot Tone has been so often described as a serious young scholar or a sleek sophisticate that it's pleasant to see him pictured in a new and athletic light, as at left, and in the badminton pictures with Joan at the top of the page. See Joan in action at upper left and right; and finally, as the sun-bathing beauty at top form, right.



Ted
Allen

Just Call Her "Brownie!"

Jean Harlow is happy! She has exchanged her nickname of "Blondie" for "Brownette;" she approves her current picture, "Suzy," in which she wears the startling white gown you see above and at left; and she likes having two—count 'em—two leading men, Franchot Tone and Cary Grant, to appear with her in this latest film of life and love in war-torn Paris. About time for Jean to go gay again!

Claudette is the star of surprises! She won't be "typed." Ever new, this actress astonished us by becoming a bright comedienne for the memorable "It Happened One Night;" turning to tragedy in "Under Two Flags;" and now, back home at Paramount, preparing, with a grand new coiffure and gorgeous clothes including the printed satin evening gown shown here, to dazzle and delight us in "The New Divorce."



Richee



New Career
Coiffure
Clothes for
Colbert!



High up in the hills near Palm Springs we find the lovely Louise girl, exulting in freedom from studio work and hectic Hollywood—but not free from the peeping eye of the still camera that brought us these glorious glimpses of a charmer whose loveliness adds allure to the streams and rocky heights where Anita fishes and romps in comfy shorts.



Nature Sets the Scene

Anita Louise sparkles in the sun's radiant spotlight

Fields of Laughs and Fun



At the peak of his fame on the stage, before winning recognition as a supreme master of screen comedy, Fields played "Poppy" on the stage. The rôle he created is revived in pictures, and here you see the results. Have a look at Bill with his bike, above, and at left, pretending indifference to the attentions of Rosalind Keith. Immediately above, Rochelle Hudson and Richard Cromwell, who supply the young love interest.

Laughs are the measure of greatness in a W. C. Fields picture—and by that standard these views of "Poppy" indicate that this may prove Bill's greatest film



Dietrich's new head-dress, left, for "Garden of Allah," has Charles Boyer fascinated. Edward G. Robinson turns from tough to tender, above. The Blondell influence, no doubt.

Do Something Different!



Being different! Kay Francis, usually so modish, reverses the usual order for her rôle as Florence Nightingale in "The White Angel." Below, Constance Bennett dresses very plainly in this scene with Douglass Montgomery in her new English film. At right, "different" fashions. Madeleine Carroll wears an all-black evening gown, while Joan Bennett, across page, dons a fur cape for summer evening wear.





Herbert Marshall plays a daddy in his new picture, above. At right, Anita Colby, beautiful newcomer, keeps up with the parade with a new high in hats.



It's a Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray custom to be different, in a hilariously amusing way. Below, Bing Crosby goes cowboy on us in his new picture.



Not merely "different," it's loony—but Bob Montgomery and Frank Morgan like to make you laugh, so they breakfast in the bath-tub.

Spring a surprise, and you'll be interesting. Here's how Hollywood does it!



Still at the Top!

Blending experience with screen magnetism, these ruling favorites know how to hold their place in the sun

They continue to make screen history! Extreme left, John Barrymore, who caps a brilliant career with the important assignment of *Mercutio* in "Romeo and Juliet." Left, Leslie Howard, winner of the prize romantic rôle of the year, *Romeo* opposite Norma Shearer as *Juliet*. Lower left, William Powell—hits are his habit, and his latest, "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford," continues the record. Below, Jean Hersholt, king of character actors.



Still Going Up!

While forging ahead at astonishing rate are these young challengers of the mighty for star screen ranking

Demand for them increases with each new film! Extreme right, James Stewart, Henry Fonda's pal during stage days in New York, is following Henry right up the ladder of screen prominence. Right, John Howard, who is being groomed for stardom by his studio, and boomed for it by a large number of fans. Below, Michael Whalen, taking it easy, but going forward just the same. Lower right, Ross Alexander, going up fast.



Ruby and Al At Home



A swimming pool—Ruby emerges from a refreshing dip, left—landscaped walks, and rolling lawns add to the attractions of the handsome estate, with its interesting ranch house, shown in the general view below, with Ruby and Al seated on the steps. Lower left, Al, Ruby, and Al, Jr., bask in the sun. Right, below, view of the breakfast room and sun porch.

"I live here, too!" husky little Al Jolson, Jr., informs us, and comes into range of the lens, with a camera technique that would do credit to the famous stars who adopted him.





Intimate, exclusive first views of the Al Jolsons' new estate at Encino, California

Al takes a "sit-downer" from the spring-board, with some startling effects in facial expression. Jolson is the Mayor of Encino, as well as master of its handsomest manor.

The Jolson pool isn't just for decoration—not while Ruby and Al are around. Below is a full view of the pool with the bathing pavilion in the background. At bottom of page: the library, with its walls panelled in knotty pine, its practical fireplace, and recessed book-shelves. To the right below, the dining room.



Photographs
exclusively for
SCREENLAND
by Scotty
Welbourne.



Shore Lines De Luxe

Hollywood lovelies
know their shore styles!
Seeing is believing



Eleanore Whitney, above, wears a "Kerchief" style two-piece suit, while Rosalind Keith selects a halter-neck model, "Bra-Mio," shown at left. Irene Bennett, at right, in a "Take-Off" suit, the skirt being the take-off feature. All suits of new Kava-Knit by Jantzen.



These are the Sachets



that make the waves

that make you say



*"No substitutes for me...
give me a*

EUGÈNE

MANY a misguided woman has let them "guinea-pig" on her hair, only to *pay* for disillusionment! As in driving your car, there are safety signals for your guidance in getting a good permanent. One *sure* way is to look for the little Eugene Sachets that gently steam your hair into waves, end-curls, or a combination of both if you prefer. These Sachets are trade-marked for your protection. They contain a secret Eugene solution that cannot be duplicated. Would you like one to identify, to take with you to your hairdresser's when you get your new permanent? Write for a free sample. Then see that Eugene Sachets *are* used and the results will bless you for your trouble.

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"THERE IS NO WAVE LIKE A EUGENE WAVE"



Roman Freulich, Universal

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Marguerite Churchill and Otto Kruger in "Dracula's Daughter"

From Sawdust to Starlight

Joe E. Brown climbs the ladder to fame. Here's real-life drama

Joe started as a boy acrobat in a circus act—as you see at the bottom of the ladder. Next, the team of "Prevost and Brown." Today, at left, they meet Joe and his family with brass bands at the train. On top: close-up of a star, Joe E. Brown.

By
Ida
Zeitlin

A BOY of seven, walking as fast as his short legs would carry him, was making his way toward "The Hill," a section populated by Toledo's poor. A trained eye could have told he was under-nourished. Any eye could have told he was shabby. To himself he was the richest and proudest boy in the world. His fist closed lovingly over the coins in his pocket, and even the ice-cream store he passed on the way—paradise of his dreams—offered no temptation. Coming within sight of his home, he broke into a trot. "Ma!" he crowed, bursting through the door. "Ma!" and opened his paw to display two nickels and six grimy pennies. "Look what I made for you, Ma. I saved eight cents 'n' bought sixteen papers 'n' I sold 'em all."

She patted his head and told him what a fine lad he was, and if there were tears in her eyes for a moment, she took care that Joey should see no trace of them.

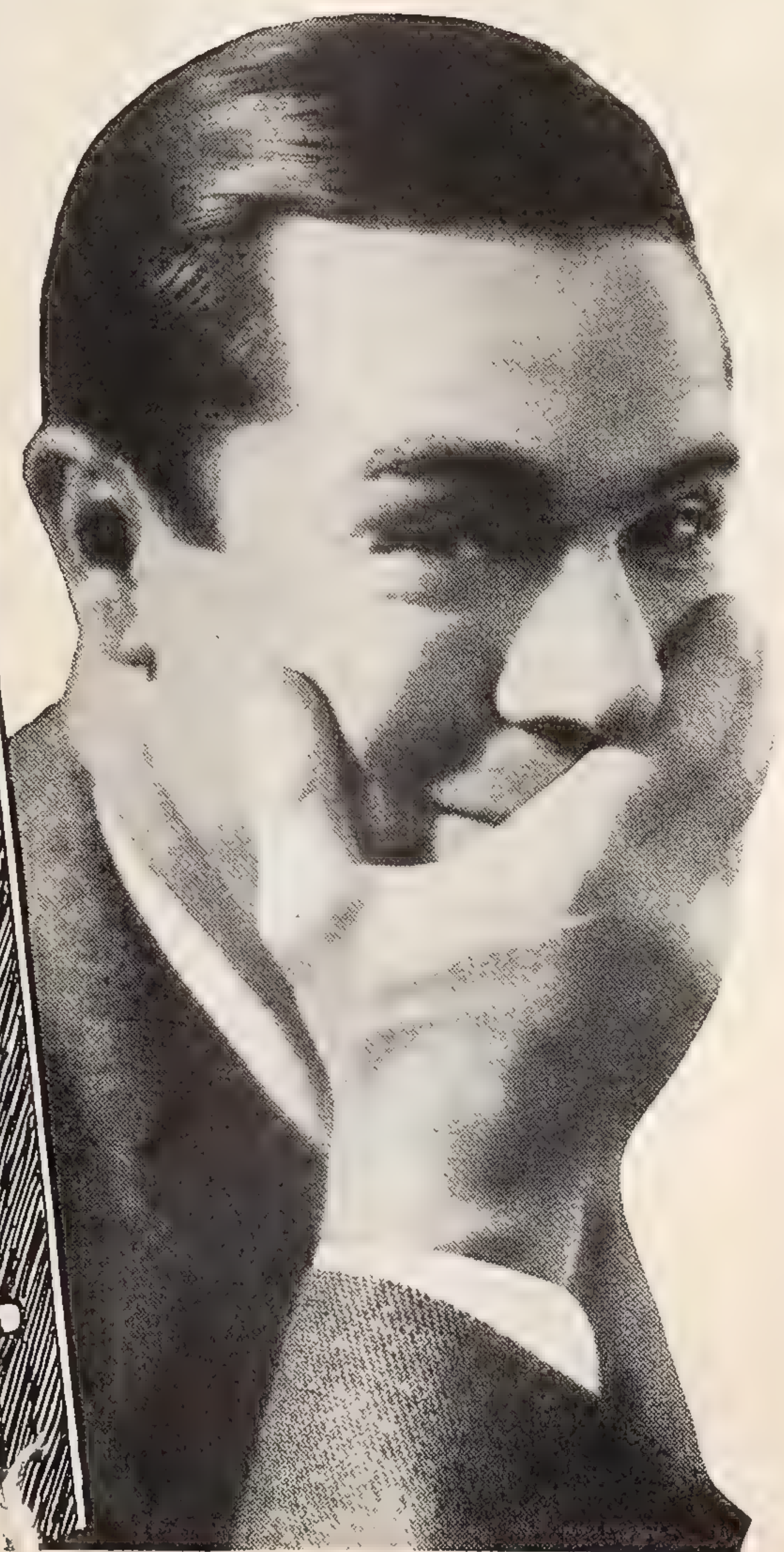
But the young financier was soon to discover for himself that fortune may smile today and frown tomorrow. Next evening he plodded homeward, clutching his unsold papers under his arm, sobbing convulsively both for his mother and himself.

That was when Joe E. Brown was a *little* boy. By the time he was nine, he had grown out of tears, and his plans had progressed beyond the newspaper field. He was going to be a clown with a circus. Why a clown? "Because I had a funny face, I guess," says the famous Brown of today. He would stand, lost to the world, before the circus posters plastered over the town. There were too many children, there was too little money in the Brown household for visits to the circus. But that was all right with Joe. Some day he'd be on the inside. Meantime he could gaze his fill at the bespangled fairyland on the billboards.

"Look what's gonna be a clown in the circus!" jeered the kids without malice.

"Go ahead 'n' laugh!" Joe would yell back. "Some day I'll show you."

The day came sooner than he could (Continued on page 96)





One Rainy Afternoon—United Artists



LIGHT as a feather and just as ticklish, this first production of the new Mary Pickford-Jesse Lasky company is the ideal warm weather show. It's gay as anything, frivolous, frothy, and nicely naughty. It all begins one rainy afternoon, (touché), in the cinema, when, right in the middle of an ardent love scene on the screen, the irrepressible Mr. Lederer kisses the very pretty Miss Ida Lupino, has his face slapped, and is arrested. But that's only the beginning. Before long Mr. Lederer is front-paged as the "Monster of Paris," becomes a matinée idol, and gets arrested again. Are you as confused as I am? But you don't go to see this picture for the plot; you go for the charming scenes in which Francis Lederer reinstates himself as premier charmer of the screen; for the supremely silly comedy of Hugh Herbert; for two song hits, *Secret Rendezvous* and, oddly enough, *One Rainy Afternoon*; but principally for the generally ingratiating, spontaneous, and irresistible air which will put you in good humor in no time at all. It's that sort of film.



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Swann



Under Two Flags—20th Century-Fox



SMART Hollywood showmanship is responsible for the success of this new version of Ouida's time-honored tale of the Foreign Legion. You can't remain indifferent to a motion picture which co-stars Ronald Colman and Claudette Colbert and features Victor McLaglen, Rosalind Russell, Gregory Ratoff, and a score of other topnotchers. I say *you* can't—I mean, I couldn't. Me, the old movie fan, was carried away by it all, and true to form I mourned over Ronald Colman's mysterious past which forced him into the Legion; mooned over his patrician desert romance with the well-bred Rosalind; cheered Claudette on her wild ride to save the beleaguered regiment—in fact, I was a pushover for the old-fashioned romantic appeal of "Under Two Flags." I don't say you'll be swept off your feet, and you just *may* be able to guess what's coming next; but I think you'll enjoy Mr. Colman at his most wistfully romantic; and some of those magnificent shots of Arab riders in the desert; and La Colbert's Big Scene. As *Cigarette*, Claudette is excellent in her dramatic moments but not so convincing when she has to be the fiery toast of the Legion in Mr. Ratoff's lap.



The Ex-Mrs. Bradford—RKO-Radio



NOW here's a swell picture! If you say "Is it another 'Thin Man'?" you and I are through; but aside from that little controversy, which is too silly to talk about as far as I'm concerned because there can't be another "Thin Man" and here's a perfectly charming "Ex-Mrs. Bradford" to rave about—we should all have a grand time. I liked William Powell better in this than in "The Great Ziegfeld"—and if that is treason you know what you can do; and Jean Arthur is sensationally good as the most adorably silly modern wife in the history of the cinema. Seems *Dr. and Mrs. Bradford* had come to the well-known parting of the ways sometime before our picture started; but the ex-wife decides to be "ex" no longer, and crashes back into Bill's well-ordered life just in time to "help" him solve an exciting murder mystery. Don't make too much of the murder, because Bill and Jean don't; they're mainly concerned with building up their old romance, between pursuits of suspects. The great Gelatine Supper Scene is the scream of the month—how these two elegant players make the most of it! Eric Blore is just about perfect, too. Don't miss this, please. It's one of the Best Ones.

SENSATIONAL:

PAUL ROBESON'S
singing in "Show Boat"

SURPRISE:

IRENE DUNNE'S dance
in the same picture

CHARMER:

FRANCIS LEDERER
in "One Rainy Afternoon"

NOVELTY:

CAROLE LOMBARD'S
Garbo-Dietrich act

FINEST DRAMA:

JEAN HERSHOLT
in "Sins of Man"

FUNNIEST:

JOE E. BROWN
and ERIC BLORE



Show Boat—Universal



TRIUMPH! One of the greatest motion pictures of all time, "Show Boat" is superlative entertainment, the finest contribution to celluloid Americana yet made. For all its saccharine sentiment, its theatrical devices, it is a heart-warming glorification of the best in American life. As our Honor Page points out, the direction is superb, the cast perfection. Jerome Kern's stirring songs have been sung as never before—with the magnificent voice of Paul Robeson leading all the rest in "Ol' Man River." Miss Irene Dunne gives her most spirited performance as the lovely *Magnolia*, daughter of the Captain of the Show Boat—wait until you see Miss Dunne, the dignified, going into a low-down negro shuffle! Allan Jones is just the right choice for *Ravenal*, and sings and acts the rôle with romantic charm and conviction. Of course you know Charles Winninger's classic portrayal of *Cap'n Andy*, one of the glories of our theatre; and Helen Morgan's haunting *Julie* is beautifully revived—Miss Morgan's singing of *Just My Bill* stopped the show for me. This is your "Must Not Miss" movie of the month.



Sons o' Guns—Warners



WHEN a comedian makes fun of war and gets away with it, he's tops with me. Joe E. Brown *does* get away with it. In his latest and most elaborate number, the beloved clown plays a doughboy daring enough to rib the World War—you see, Joe E. doesn't really want to fight because he isn't mad at *anybody*. Right now I want to promise you one of the most hilarious sequences ever screened, in which Eric Blore, prince of British butlers, appearing here as Joe's valet, goes to great lengths to incense the genial Mr. Brown. But it is the seductive Wini Shaw, aided and abetted by an A.E.F. parade, who is really and finally responsible for Joe joining the war. In France, Jean Blondell, with new curves, coiffure, and French accent, captivates our reluctant hero—and you won't want to miss the song and dance of the Brown-Blondell team. High spot of "Sons o' Guns" is a burlesque Apache dance performed by Mr. Brown, probably the funniest thing he has ever done—broad fun of the uproarious, old-fashioned variety, which I for one welcome in such summer film fare as this. The decorative darlings, Misses Blondell and Shaw, are abetted by charming Beverly Roberts.



The Princess Comes Across—Paramount



IF YOU want to see the best Dietrich-Garbo imitation you ever dreamed of, be sure to catch this new Carole Lombard picture. It starts off like a whirlwind with the lovely Carole combining an impersonation of Marlene and Greta with uncanny accuracy. If you want to know how one girl can imitate *both* Dietrich and Garbo, you'll have to go to see for yourself—it's worth your trouble. Go, watch the first two or three reels; then if you're bored don't blame me, but steal quietly away and go home and wait for the next Lombard-MacMurray romance, which had better be better than "The Princess Comes Across." The opening scenes showing Lombard as a foreign "Princess" sailing from Europe for Hollywood, sweeping around in yards of silver fox and speaking throatily in the grand manner, are delicious fun. Carole looks like Dietrich half the time, and sounds like Garbo; then she reverses the process. Wickedly clever, this little protean feat. For the rest, the film concerns a concertina player, Mr. MacMurray; an unimportant murder, and the unmasking of the "Princess"—all rather labored stuff. But, as I said above, be sure to catch Carole's act.



Flowers in the hair! Chiffon gown of gray! Fresh down puff each evening—to be carried in a silver brocade evening bag deceiving in its minuteness—for Jeanette carries in it a mirror, a lipstick, a tiny comb, and her house-key! The full-length picture below is Jeanette's pet summer dinner gown in pale wisteria, with tiny bouquets of orchid, hyacinth, and purple forget-me-nots at the low square neck. Now glance across to top of opposite page: From head to toes she's gay and smart! First, shiny straw sailor with lipstick-red grosgrain band. Center, a close-up of the mandarin hat of pleated linen with its huge white magnolia forming the crown. Far right, close-up of those tricky open pumps of brown and white. To be truly chic, let a net petticoat show!

SCREENLAND Glamor

Our fashion star to follow this month is joyous Jeanette MacDonald. Every girl can't play love scenes with Nelson Eddy or Clark Gable, but we can share Jeanette's charm secrets from the star's personal wardrobe, shown here



All Glamor School pictures of Miss Jeanette MacDonald posed exclusively for SCREENLAND by Hurrell.



School

Edited by *Jeanette Arneson*

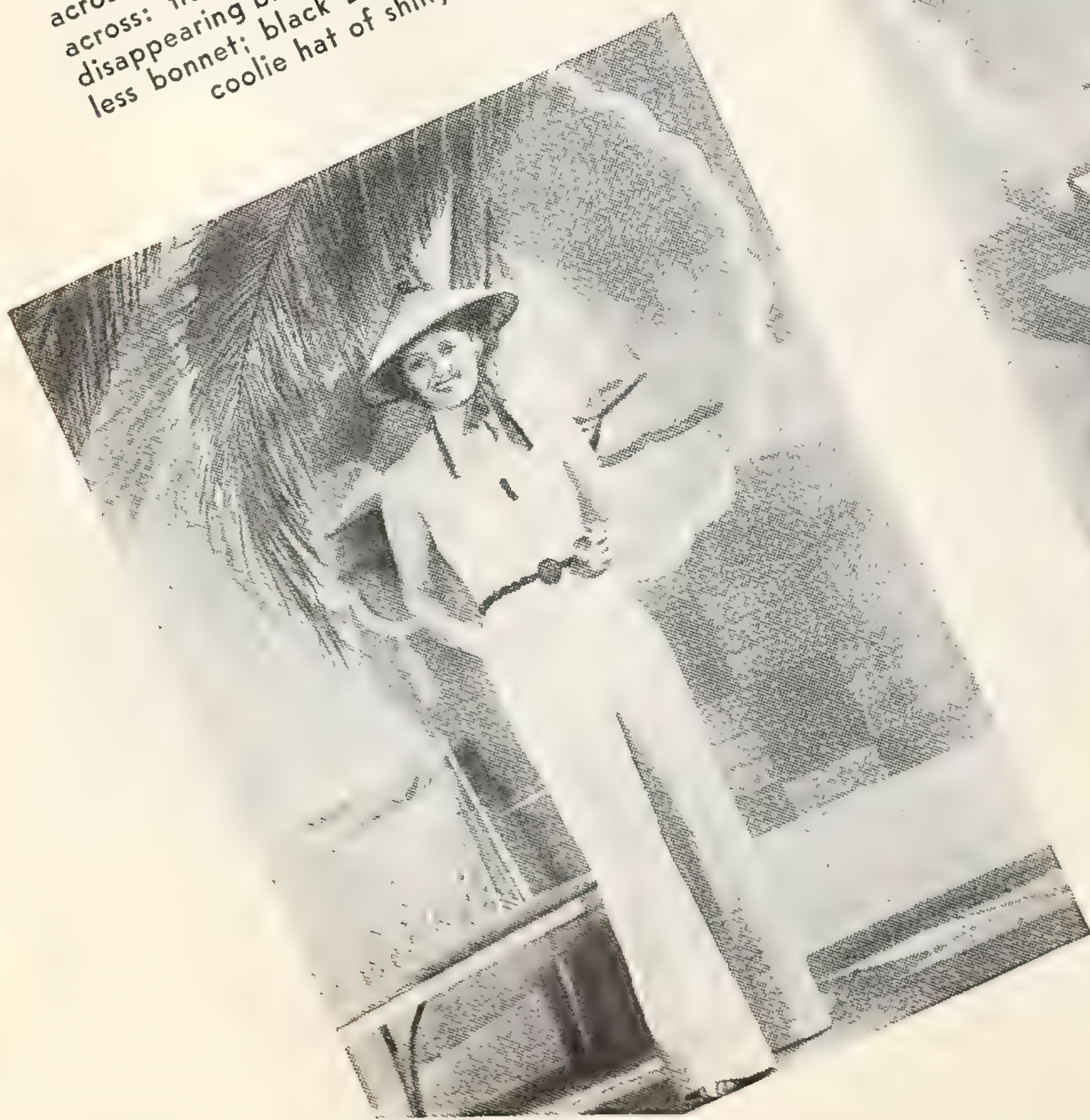
A calico pom-pom, of all things, adorns Jeanette's bonnet of brown straw, shown below. Schiaparelli's new bracelets, designed from old-gold watch-fob charms, jingle merrily. Left, an original frock from Jeanette's personal wardrobe is of brown silk with large splashy white bouquets. Chic accessories include brown patent leather belt, brown patent and white kid pumps, and a dashing mandarin hat.

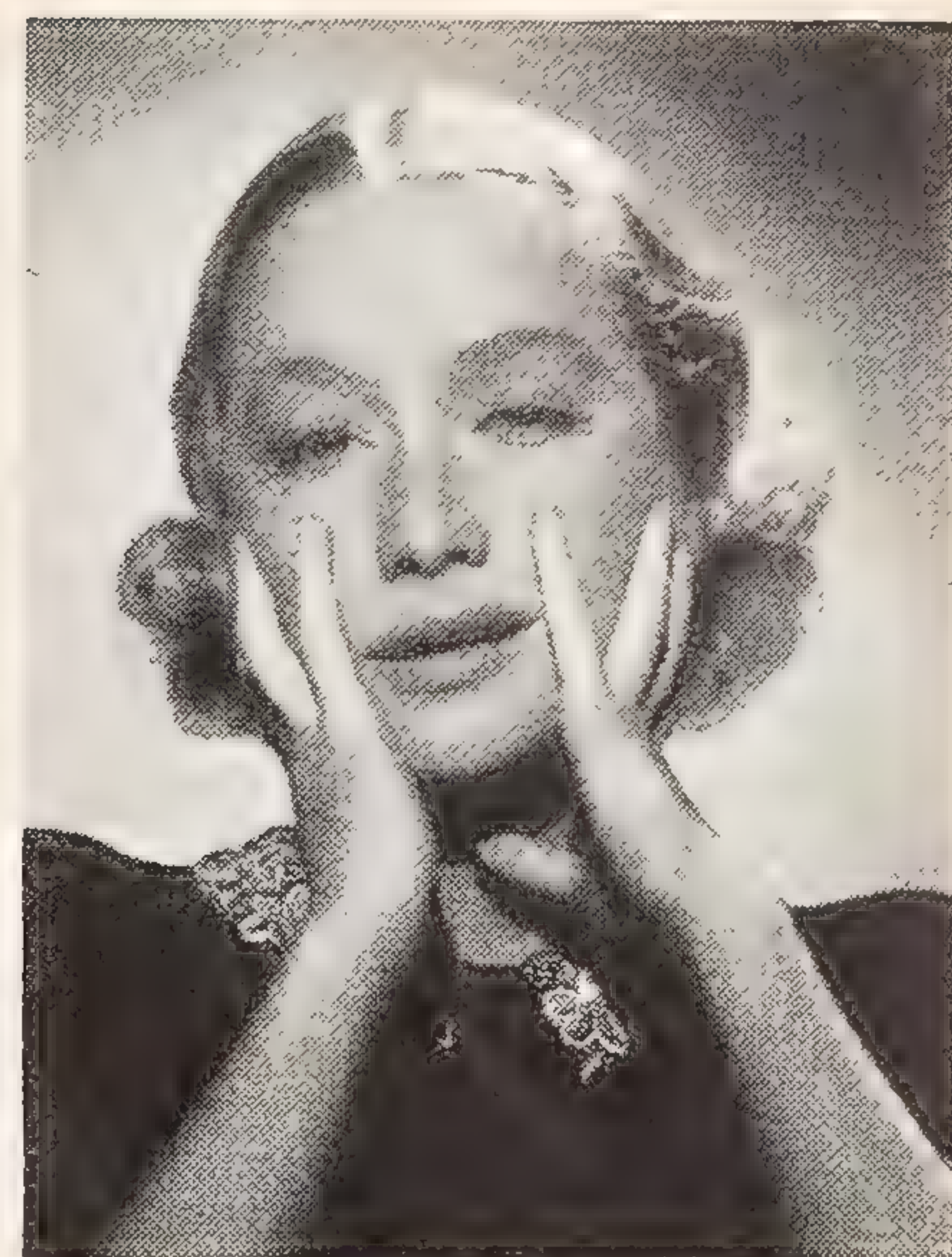
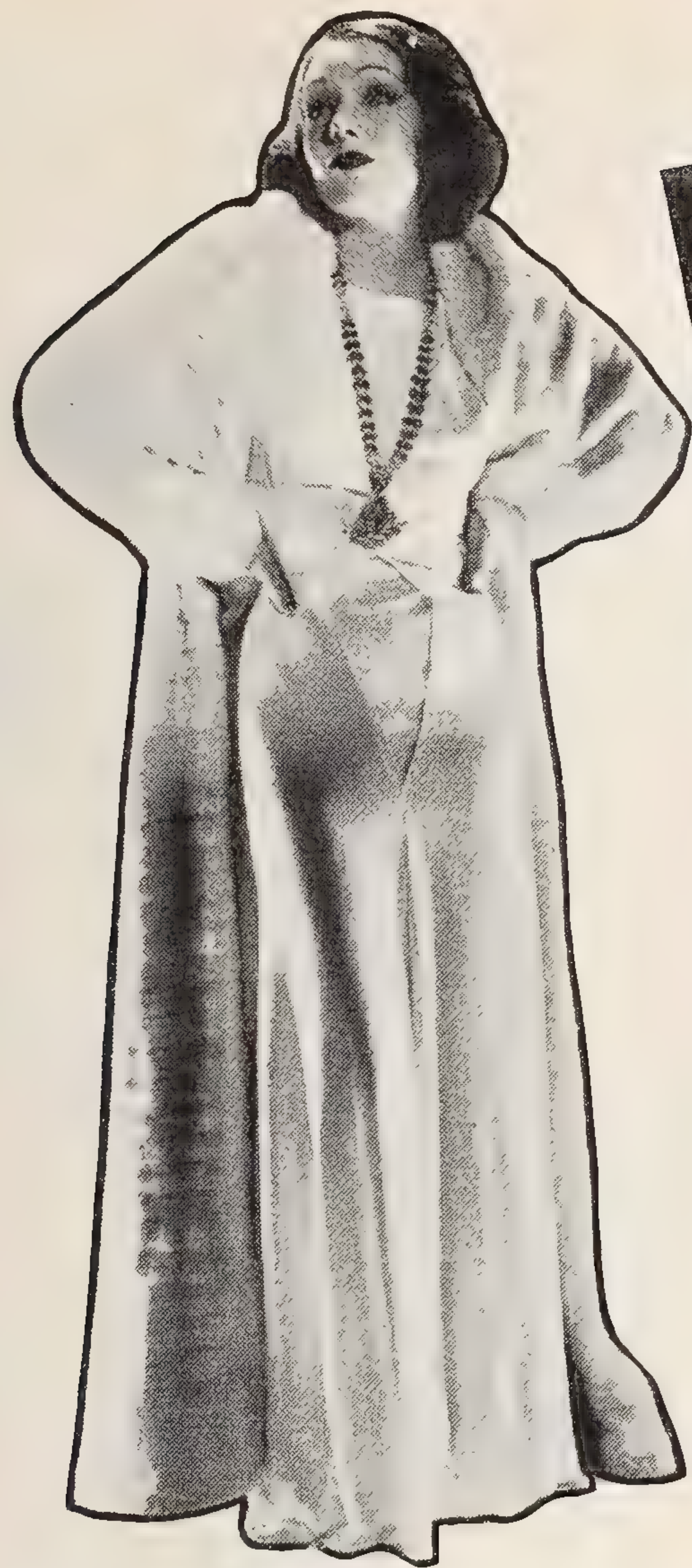


HAT- HAPPY!



Ginger Rogers on a chapeau spree! No girl ever had enough hats until Ginger got gloriously hat-high in a smart shop and bought, and bought. You see the gay results above, right across the top of our two pages. Reading across: flower top-knot on black lace straw; disappearing brim; turban trifle; ruffled, crownless bonnet; black Breton with quills; Chinese coolie hat of shiny black straw.





Why Picture Pets Go To Paris

"Do" the Boulevards with them here
and you'll know why Paree appeals

By Stiles Dickenson

Join them in seeing the Paris sights in this story. Above, Lupe Velez. Right, above, Alexander Korda, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charles Laughton, also seen in close-up at bottom of page. Upper right, Miriam Hopkins.

LIKE all good little Hollywood girls, Miriam Hopkins settled at the George V. Hotel when she came to Paris on her recent holiday. Some time before "Becky Sharp" came to Paris, as do most of Hollywood's films, and I for one suspect "Becky" came to show the Parisians that all the golds and reds and blues of natural color photography couldn't begin to do justice to the coloring Nature gave Miriam herself. The film had created great interest here, but nothing compared to La Hopkins in *chair et os*—French equivalent to "in person"—an expression that always amuses me.

When Miriam arrived the excitement began. Every one in Paris and London seemed to want to talk to Miss Hopkins at once, and several times it looked as though she would spend her brief holiday in Gay Paree talking into and listening in on two or three telephones. By some sort of miracle Miriam escaped and managed to go to town as 'twere.

It was interesting to see the vivacious Hopkins scintillate smartly. In my school-days the word *smart* meant keen intelligence. But now the more accepted sense of the word suggests sophistication and stylishness. Teasing at Gertrude Stein's—supreme symbol of intelligentsia plus—Miriam was smart plus, and seemed quite in her element. Then came a cocktail party at Lady Mendl's, that cele-

brated hostess and leader of the smart sophisticates. But none was more smart and sophisticated than our Miss Hopkins. There are many things, far from film studios, which really should be filmed. One is a Lady Mendl party. Here you could find a scenario writing itself about any one of them.

Lady Mendl, as you probably know, first won fame on the stage as Elsie de Wolfe, later deserting the footlights to become one of the most famous of interior decorators. After that she married Sir Charles Mendl of the British Embassy. In Paris and at her villa in Versailles she gathers around her the most interesting lights of the world. Naturally, Miriam Hopkins was a guest of Lady Mendl during the star's visit here.

After that Miriam had to dash to London, but she was back again in a few days to get started on a jaunt to Vienna, Budapest, and Prague. And before leaving she confided that if this excitement continued she would have to seek the quiet of Hollywood for rest and recovery from her so-called holiday.

To return, briefly, to the idea suggested about ready-made scenarios, another I would nominate was the Douglas Fairbanks wedding with Lady Ashley. It opened with that lively action which captures immediate interest (Continued on page 88)



HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

All the Romance, Gossip
and Cheerful News
flashed to you from the
land of the stars

By Weston East

AS FAR as Marlene Dietrich is concerned, the sheiks can have the desert. When she arrived at the "Garden of Allah" location in Yuma, Marlene found a satin-lined tent awaiting, with all the comforts of home. She tried it out for two days, but she couldn't stand the heat. She moved bag and baggage into a Yuma air-cooled hotel. Charles Boyer is Marlene's new leading man—and watch for the fictionization of their co-starring film in a future issue of SCREENLAND.

HENCEFORTH Joan Crawford, who shows partiality to all shades of blue, shall be known as "The Lady in Red." For her birthday, Joan purchased a flowing red chiffon gown, because it is Franchot's favorite color. He took her dancing at the Grove and for the occasion Joan wore red carnations in her hair. Incidentally, the flowers are wired on to a comb and placed at an angle above the right eye.

THE day may yet come when a Hollywood blonde will be a novelty. Jean Harlow started the brownette craze and now the list is growing by leaps and bounds. Bette Davis, Alice Faye, Jean Muir, Lucille Ball and Betty Furness are the latest ones to tire of being "light-headed."



Urging you on to a lusty cheer for Hollywood favorites are Eleanore Whitney, Louis DaPrun, left, and Robert Cummings. Below, Mary Brian and Cary Grant—looks like real romance—at the Mayfair Club.

International



KAY FRANCIS has a telephone-answering phobia. Every time she hears a 'phone ring, regardless of where she is, she just has to answer it. The other day she was in a Hollywood beauty parlor getting a manicure. Jingle-jingle went the 'phone and Kay did her stuff. Result, she sprained her ankle and couldn't leave her house for a week.

IRENE HERVEY and Allan Jones celebrated their first month at being an engaged couple. Allan gave her a diamond wrist watch. Irene gave him a cigarette case and lighter. And on the same night, Robert Taylor gave Barbara Stanwyck a 'phone call—and took her dancing at the Trocadero.

THE Sam Goldwyn publicity department would have us believe that Omar Kiam, their "six-foot Texan" designer, is using fresh flowers on Ruth Chatterton's hats and



International

Edmund Lowe takes keen interest in culinary art since his marriage to the former Rita Kaufman. Here's Ed showing off a bit as cook in their Hollywood home.



International

Two William Powells! Bill senior, suavest of male screen stars, seen with his 10-year-old son, William, Jr., at the circus. Together a lot, but rarely photographed together.

WHEN Jean Parker married George McDonald after a short courtship, no one was more surprised than those closest to her. Wearing a pair of riding trousers, Jean announced that she and George were motoring to Santa Barbara for the day. Instead, they ended up at Yuma. Because she was called back to the studio, Jean had to postpone her honeymoon. She had always planned to go back to the redwood forests where she made "Sequoia." As soon as she finishes her present picture, Jean is heading for the giant trees.

THERE'S a little white chiffon number that Jean Harlow wears when she sings in "Suzy," that looks quite simple—but oh, my! I don't know how it will look on the screen, but on the set Jeanie practically held up production.

FRANCHOT TONE received the fan letter to end all fan letters. It came from a colored woman, who wrote that she was rushed to the hospital from the theatre, where she was seeing Franchot in a picture. After giving birth to triplets she decided to name the first one Clark Gable Jones, the second one Franchot Tone Jones, and in honor of the picture she called the third one "Mutiny on the Bounty Jones."

All good pals and jolly good company! Here you see four stars walking—to the set where Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy are to keep a fight-ring engagement for the cameras—accompanied by friends and fellow players, Jack Holt, left, and Ted Healy, right.

LESLIE HOWARD'S daughter, also named Leslie, has inherited her father's pet phobia. Both are afraid of the dark and must sleep with a dim light burning in an adjoining room.

LOUISE LATTIMER, a newcomer in Hollywood, got herself a lot of publicity, through no fault of her own. At the second Mayfair party, Joan Bennett, the hostess for the evening, requested that all the ladies wear prints. Louise received an invitation and was on her way to buy a dress when she ran into an old friend. They stood talking for hours and by the time they said goodbye, all the stores had closed. So Louise went to the ball in plain black taffeta. Her gown was in such contrast to the lovely pastel prints, everyone took notice of her and wanted to know who she was.

THE day that Fred Astaire settled his differences with RKO, he composed a new song. It really wasn't intentional on Fred's part, but his new title is "I'll Never Let You Go!"

"BERTHA, the sewing machine girl," had nothing on Wini Shaw. The tantalizing torch singer just purchased a sewing machine and is making her own frocks.

IN HER excitement to get to a preview, Jean Muir forgot to let her hair down. On the "White Fang" set, Jean wears the pompadour-knot-on-the-back-of-the-neck effect, for the late nineties period. Imagine the looks of amazement she drew when she dashed from the studio to the theatre, wearing a very modern gown.





A happy thought! Sylvia Sidney and Spencer Tracy seem to be thinking exactly as we all do—that it was a dandy idea for Hollywood to team them. Sylvia and Spencer co-star for the first time in "Mob Rule."



Biography of a Hollywood baby! Dolores Venable Mohr, 3-month-old daughter of Hal and Evelyn Venable Mohr, being photographed with her mother for the day-to-day movie record her dad, ace Hollywood cameraman, is making.



Another hit for Robert Taylor. This time Bob scores a bulls-eye with his trusty rifle, to the admiration of Loretta Young, his new co-star, and Prince, appearing in "Private Number."

IN THE future Katharine Hepburn shouldn't object to visitors on her set. Katie herself broke her own rule and brought a friend to watch her work in "Mary of Scotland." A spirited horse was being used and Director John Ford was having his difficulties. Unexpectedly, the horse reared up and knocked the rider against a wall. It was a gripping bit of realism and would have added to the picture. But Hepburn's guest let out a scream that spoiled the take. The next time they tried it the horse was as gentle as a milk wagon plug.

JAMES STEWART, returning from location where he was making "Speed," parked his car on the M-G-M lot. He went home with a friend for dinner and then had the friend drop him back at the studio late that night. When he started to drive the car off the lot, a new watchman refused to let him out. Stewart argued and begged, but the watchman wasn't letting anyone put anything over on him. Finally, James had to compromise by getting his pajamas and tooth-brush out of his suit case in the rumble seat. He spent the night in a Culver City hotel.

WHEN Randy Scott was a cowboy star, Bing Crosby used to kid him about being a Hollywood cowboy. Now Randy is a full-fledged leading man and Bing is making a musical western. The first day of the picture, Randy sent Bing a cap pistol. Enclosed was a note telling Bing to be careful and not hurt himself.

WONDERS will never cease in Hollywood. While running off a reel of film in the projection room, a fire broke out at the Walter Wanger studios. Investigation disclosed that the first spark appeared in the middle of a love scene between Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda. Not so bad for a man and woman who used to be husband and wife!

WELDON HEYBURN is about to become a rival to Jean Muir. A friend of Weldon's who shares his enthusiasm for the theatre, is backing his new venture. Weldon will act as well as produce in his own theatre.



First still—a preview close-up of Errol Flynn as you'll be seeing him in "Charge of the Light Brigade."

SWEET shades of grandma! So they can wear those tiny old-fashioned gold hoops, Hollywood beauties are having their ears pierced. Loretta Young, Jean Parker, Betty Furness, and Gail Patrick are the latest ones to lance their lobes.

EVEN though she was scared to death, Madge Evans manages to get a laugh out of her recent hold-up. Madge, her mother and brother were entertaining Russell Hardie in their home. A masked bandit walked in, took three dollars away from Madge, two dollars away from her mother, and thirty dollars away from Russell. "I'm so glad my guests carry money," said Madge. "I would have been so embarrassed to have that burglar go away and call me a cheap skate."

IT ISN'T his make-up in "Good Earth" that's bothering Paul Muni. To all outward appearances he makes a perfect Chinese. It's getting an oriental slant on things that's his present problem. Paul is a true artist and even insists on thinking the Chinese way.

IT'S advisable to bring along the family knitting, if you're calling from a booth and want to reach Warner Baxter. For the first time in years he's having his first vacation up in the high Sierras. He's twenty-seven miles from the nearest 'phone and a runner has to be dispatched if you have a message for him.

HIS fans may call him "Dick," but he's just "Joseph" to his studio pals. Dick Powell got the name when he bought the brightest plaid sport coat that ever dazzled the eye. It has so many colors that the name of Joseph just naturally applies.

BELIEVE it or not a manufacturer is getting out a toilet water and calling it "The Warren William Scent." It's a nice compliment, but all we can say is—Warren's next picture better be good!

AS A note of interest to the tired business man: Marlene Dietrich baked a cake and sent it to Clifton Webb for a present!



They mustn't muss those fancy costumes, so Rosalind Russell and Bob Montgomery relax on their "resting boards," between scenes on the set.

THE newest Hollywood party pastime is looking at screen tests, instead of regular movies. Norma Shearer, William Powell, and the Sam Goldwyns resort to this novel means of entertaining their guests. Imagine the consternation of potential Garbos and Gables, if they knew who was eventually going to witness their honest efforts. Incidentally, several have been given jobs casting directors denied them.

STRICTLY formal, like announcements of international treaties, are the statements regarding marital affairs of the film stars these days. The new custom was observed to the nicest detail of formality in the announcement that Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, after a year and a half of married life, were separating. Word came in a formal statement on behalf of Ginger from the RKO studios that lawyers were drawing up separation agreements and that no divorce was "contemplated for the present."



International

Walks to talk! Greta Garbo snapped on her way to see reporters on her return from Sweden.

JOAN CRAWFORD has a novel way of showing attention to her feminine guests. So many of them are going in for these new dangle bracelets. Joan purchased an assortment of tiny shoes, rings, horses, hats, etc., and always has them on hand when a new bracelet-wearer shows up.

MRS. FREDRIC E. ASTAIRE, the lovely mother of the famous dancer, is once more on the high seas. After a happy six months in Hollywood, she is heading for Ireland to spend the next six months with her daughter, Lady Charles Cavendish—(who insists on being called Delly-Welley by her friends).

SOcialite Dorothy Fell kept the transatlantic cables busy, when Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was reported seriously ill in London. Doug is on the road to recovery now and has gone to the South of France to rest.

Figures à la Carte

Hollywood sylphs order figures to their taste by posture and pound control

By Elin Neil



Jean Parker holds her lithe form to lines of beauty and grace. She is proud of her reputation for ending each Summer with one of Hollywood's best coats of tan!

THERE'S something about a figure like Jean Parker's that makes you gasp for the sheer beauty of it! A figure is expressive, like a face. Jean's expresses joy and love of living in every graceful line. I'm not going to give you her measurements and lead you to false hopes that you can be like her simply by bringing your own inches and pounds around to conform. There's more to breath-taking beauty of form than that, and most important of all is posture.

Take a lesson from Jean in how to stand. Stretch up from the tips of your toes to the top of your head as if you were lifting your whole body toward the skies. Make yourself as tall as you can. Many a bulge can be ironed out by stretching.

There are three vital points in posture and all of them start in back to correct imperfections that show up in

front. The most effective way to hold in your "tummy" is to tuck under your hips. Stretch them down and under as if you were sitting. Hold your shoulders back, but don't raise them. Then stretch up—up—up from the back of your neck as if you had a string attached there that was pulling you toward the ceiling. Get the feeling that you're stretching out just as far as you can the distance between the top of your head and the tip of your spine. This automatically brings your "tummy" in, your chest up, and your chin in line. And it minimizes your hips at the same time.

It's a strange way life has of evening things up, but nevertheless true that the prettier a girl is, the more likely she is to develop a double chin when she's older. There's a very simple explanation. Pretty girls are apt to form the habit of raising their chins to show a beautiful expanse of neck and throat. This line is lovely and flower-like in youth, but it leads to heavy, unflattering lines later. Holding your head high from the front, especially if you let your shoulders slump forward, stretches neck skin and tissue so it will fall back into droops and a double chin when you are older. Keep your chin up, by all means; but do the lifting from behind your ears and hold your shoulders back for the line of beauty that will last you through the years.

Whatever your height, be proud of it and stretch up to your tallest. It's lucky for us that tall figures are fashionable, because there's nothing quite as destructive to posture as trying to look shorter than you are. I've seen some very instructive pictures of what posture can do to figures at one of the leading beauty salons. Every woman who comes in for reducing or figure correction is exposed to a "shadowgraph." Pictures are taken showing in plain black and white her ordinary posture, (side and rear views), her posture as *she* thinks it should be corrected, and again as she is posed by a figure expert. Actually, there's as much as two inches difference in height between the first and fourth pictures—and all the difference in the world in attractiveness! Those inches added to height come right off the measurements of hips and "tummy," somewhat multiplied.

So much for posture and making the most of the figure you have. Of course there are plenty of us who are overweight and can't aspire to figure perfection until we've reduced. There are as many ways of reducing as colors in Joseph's coat. A popular one right now is "dehydrating." It consists of cutting out all pure water from the diet and depending upon fruit and vegetables, which are heavy in water content, to provide the necessary moisture. This undoubtedly takes off pounds, but I believe it may do so at the expense of general health and complexion beauty. I'm a strong advocate of drinking as much water as you can—except with meals. Water with food interferes with digestion. (Continued on page 94)

Born to Be Famous

Continued from page 27

"It is 7,000 miles from Vienna—from where I come—to Hollywood," she told me, "but it seemed that I should never get this far! My journey was begun by auto, yet we had driven but a few hundred miles when an avalanche, which barely missed the car, made the roads impassable. So we took a plane. I always fly when in Europe but never have I met such weather," she related, the memory clouding her lovely eyes. "It was the worst fog on record and during the trip there were ten horrible minutes when the pilot flew—how do you say it?—blind. We were quite prepared for our doom and I remember feeling so badly for 'Zhonnie' who had no contract—but who had been such a faithful friend! And then I felt badly for myself, too, for it seemed such a pity that my American motion picture career should come to an end before it had even started!"

She was born, she told me, just twenty-three years ago, in Austria, where her father, after spending many years in America, returned "for business reasons," settled down and married. Her parents and her two brothers were never in the least interested in the stage. But Luise was—even when a child. She determined on her career before she heard the mesmeric name of Reinhardt who made Vienna an important theatrical center, the same master magician who was to change her fondest dreams into unbelievable reality.

Since her first American screen triumph as *Leopoldine Major*, (spelt with a "j"), in "Escapade," you have, of course, heard her name mentioned as Garbo's keenest rival, even her logical successor. Strange. Strange because when Luise was sixteen, the product of a cultured, sheltered home and could no longer restrain her burning insatiable desire to act, it was a friend who urged her to seek an audition at the Luise Dumont Theatre at Dusseldorf. And who do you suppose that friend was? An equally close associate of Garbo! And so were spun the first golden threads which would someday weave her brightly into the pattern of Hollywood.

Storming the Dumont Theatre without professional experience and only the vaguest notion of what was expected of her, Luise Rainer was granted her audition.

"I was so very excited," she told me, acting out the episode in her inimitable manner, "that I played the scene and forgot where I was. When it was over I sat down in a daze with no thought of leaving the theatre or asking the director how I had done. It seemed to me I had lived only for that moment and it had come! Nothing, afterward, could make any difference."

But just ten minutes later the amazed girl was offered a contract and in her very first part she was given the leading rôle! Luck? Perhaps. Yet no less ability, you may be sure, for after studying "very hard" for two years she reached Vienna and the Reinhardt Theatre where she was frequently seen in the casts of the famous producer.

With such invaluable experience her star rose surely and brightly. Soon she was playing the leading rôles in "Men in White," "Mademoiselle," the part in "An American Tragedy" which Sylvia Sidney portrayed on the screen, and in Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author." She became an overnight sensation, a toast, a name to be conjured with.

Here her five years of schooling in Lucerne, Switzerland, stood her in good stead, for, although her English is faulty, she speaks French as fluently as German;



"When in Hollywood—do love scenes Hollywood's way," says Madeleine Carroll, English beauty. George Brent speaks the tender phrases in this scene.

and as her fame grew she successively captured Frankfurt, Berlin, Paris, London. There she was called the rival of Bergner—whose technique bears some similarity, if one must find parallels—though Rainer is always most completely herself.

Busy she was, entirely immersed in her work, yet she found time to study music—Beethoven, and Bach, "who has both genius and learning," being her favorites; time to develop her "hobby," sculpturing, which surely deserves a more dignified name since several of her modellings are on exhibit in European museums; and time, as she impishly confessed to me, "to become three times engaged!" Adding in a manner which implied I could readily understand, "But I never had enough time to remain and be married!"

Nor are the movies new to her, dear me no! You must have discovered her many-sided talent. Famed as a powerful dramatic star, her delightful sense of humor makes her no less a skilled comedienne. But in Berlin, where she began her cinematic career, they could no more see her play that memorable scene in "Escapade," when she returned home after imbibing too many cocktails—remember?—and which was a highlight of the film, than we could imagine Garbo romping through a sequence with Wheeler and Woolsey! Such a thought was sacrilege.

Well, it seems they wanted Miss Rainer as the leading woman for Hans Albers, the Hans Albers—and don't tell me you've never heard of the Clark Gable of Germany? Negotiations were concluded and everything was fine. Well, not exactly fine, for when Miss Rainer's manager read the scenario he decided her part would have to be completely rewritten.

"Why?" she asked, puzzled.

Because, he explained, the characterization must be revised to conform to her established reputation as one of Europe's great dramatic actresses.

She did not agree, but believing implicitly, as she does, in masculine intellect, she offered no objection.

The picture, a gay, sparkling, and witty thing called "Jazz Bandits," was something along the lines of "It Happened One Night," in spirit, if not in theme. In the revised script she found herself engaged in dramatic climaxes entirely her own. Against frothy situations enjoyed by the rest of the cast, poor, tragic little Luise cried her way

to happiness. Although the picture was an enormous success, it was for her, she insists, a most absurd expedition into the cinema.

"What," I asked, "are your plans for the future?"

"Oh, I have plans!" she answered, very seriously. "In three or four years I would like to marry and give up my work and devote myself to my household, my family, my sculpturing and my music and have a few children—one, two, three—whatever my husband should wish!"

As you can see, hers is a continental point of view.

In money matters, too, she says she is "not very good."

"That," she adds, "should be left to men. Women should not be too smart, they should leave thinking to men and let them worry things out for women."

It was during the Fall of 1934 that she was offered a five-year Metro contract and told that no time must be lost in reaching Hollywood. She had been very ill, the Vienna doctors suspected her appendix, but she defied their orders—only to again face disaster with the elements.

During her brief stay in New York a physician again said "Wait!" but having come so far she decided against caution and flew on to the Coast. Lots of spunk she has for her five feet three, don't you think?

Reporting breathlessly at the studio she was told there had been found "no suitable part!"

Months of waiting began, alternating hope and discouragement in the contrasting tones of her golden web.

And then came "Escapade." Myrna Loy had been cast in the rôle and left it because she felt it was unsuited to her. This was opportunity!

It is fatuous to say she made good. Following "Escapade" she is appearing with William Powell again in "The Great Ziegfeld," an even greater Rainer triumph than her first Hollywood film. The mantle of success, now completed, fell on her capable young shoulders as snugly as though her name were indeed a familiar one to American audiences. Yet, up to that very moment, she had been Miss Anonymous herself!

"America is so big," she told me, wistfully, when she had first arrived. But now, smiling her crooked little smile, she says, "I am glad it is big—because there is also room here for me!"

Joel and the Glamor Girls

Continued from page 31

attending Pomona College, and playing opposite him was the daughter of Sam Wood, and of course the proud parent drove down to Pomona to see what his cherished offspring could do in the way of histrionics, and thus does Fate work, kiddies, for Papa Wood was so impressed with Joel's manner of kissing his daughter that he promptly started him on his movie career. But the joke was on Joel. Joel was sort of a *Merton of the Movies* and he thought the studios demanded his services because of his ability to ride the wildest of mustangs, wear chaps and a sombrero, and twirl a mean lariat. Was he surprised when he discovered that all they wanted him to do was stand discreetly in the background, wear white tie and tails, and kiss the leading lady. Alas, for Cowboy McCrea.

By the early spring of 1935 Joel had kissed his way up to Claudette Colbert in "Private Worlds"—except that for the first time in his career Joel didn't have to kiss the leading lady. The shock was too much for him. He found himself raving like a high school kid over the un-kissed Colbert, and even today, a whole year later, he claims that Claudette is his favorite actress and that one of his greatest ambitions is to do another picture with her. So you see, girls, mother was right—boys like girls best who don't kiss. Incidentally, "Private Worlds" established Joel definitely as an actor, and not just a handsome heart interest, and he gave such a grand performance as the young doctor in that picture that immediately the picture was previewed Sam Goldwyn, who has a canny eye for talent, signed him on a long-term contract with a telephone number salary. Since then Joel has been able to fill in the waits between kisses with some enviable acting culminating in his recent excellent performance in "These Three." He's an actor now in the big time, and simply rarin' to go after a meaty character rôle.

Strange to say, Joel has never let the Glamor Girls who have swung around his neck from time to time go to his head—or heart. (Of course there *was* that romance with Connie Bennett some years ago though neither Joel nor Connie took it seriously so neither will we). I'm quite sure I wouldn't trust my boy friend with Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, Irene Dunne, Greta Garbo, and the Bennett girls, but Frances Dee doesn't seem to fret about it at all. He may do palpitating love scenes with Miriam Hopkins one month, and make ardent love to Merle Oberon the next month, and crush little Joanie Bennett to him in a mad embrace the third month, but "it don't mean a thing" to Joel. The minute the last "take" of the day is finished Joel doesn't linger to hold hands behind the sound booth but he rushes right home to the "little woman" and his babies. Nerts to the Glamor Girls!

Joel has two sons now: David Thomas, who has reached the ripe old age of five months, and Joel Dee, who is two years old and very handsome—but how could he help being, with Joel as a father and Frances as a mother? Any telephone conversation with the McCrea household is punctuated with, "Go away now, Daddy's talking"—"That's a good boy, don't annoy Daddy when he's talking"—"Frances, call my son"—all of which might lead you to believe that Joel prefers babies about his neck to Glamor Girls.

As you doubtless know, Joel who had been one of those "nice"—(and how he hates that word)—young men about town for several years, beaung the elite of moviedom and Pasadena society, suddenly became very Frances Dee-conscious when he made a picture with her at RKO—the "Silver Chord" it was and Joel was supposed to have a mother complex but the only complication he really had was how and when can I marry Frances Dee. The studio strictly opposed marriage. But Fran-

ces went East on location and Joel said to hell with the studio and took the first plane out of town and he and Frances were married in Connecticut while the publicity department tore its hair. Frances is the ideal wife for Joel, and *vice versa*. Besides being an excellent wife and mother and home-maker she has found time during their three years of marriage to make several pictures, particularly noteworthy being "Becky Sharp" and "The Gay Deception."

When they aren't working, and over the week-end when they are, the McCreas live on a 1400-acre cattle ranch in the San Fernando Valley. With high mountains all around and not another house in sight for miles and miles it is the most peaceful place in the world, and if Joel or Frances ever develop nerves they ought to be severely spanked. The "rancho" was built two years ago—Joel and Frances moved in on Christmas Eve—and was recently chosen by the Architectural Forum as one of the hundred best small houses built in America in the past three years. Consisting of three bedrooms, a nursery, a small dining-room and kitchen and a tremendous living-room with a log fireplace, the house nestles under a high hill covered with California poppies, and if you say you've ever seen anything more lovely you're lying. It is furnished with rare old American furniture which would send a collector into spasms of ecstasy. The furniture originally belonged to Major John McCrea, Joel's grandfather, who came to California in '49 to fight Apache Indians with General Phineas, and from this hearty grandsire Joel not only inherited this quaint old furniture but also his love for horses, and his burning desire to be a cowboy.

When he was a kid in Pasadena, and later in Hollywood, (Joel is one of the few "native sons" in pictures), Joel went to the movies every week to see Bill Hart, he of the two guns, and everything that Bill did on the screen young Joel would proceed to do when he got home. "I'm gonna be a cowboy when I grow up," Joel told anybody who would listen. "I'm going to be just like William S. Hart."

So imagine the poor kid's dismay when his nurse pulled his chaps and spurs off him, washed his face until it shone, put sissy clothes on him, and sent him to the Hollywood School for Girls. Was he burned! Even to this day Joel blushes when he tells about it. "Hollywood was just a small town in those days," Joel said, "and there was no other private school for discriminating parents to send their children to. Fortunately I met Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., there and with Doug, Jr., imitating his father all over the place and with me imitating my idolized Bill Hart, we made things plenty noisy and rough-house."

When he was fourteen and attending Hollywood High School, Joel continued to remain faithful to Bill Hart, but slipped just a little bit. The "slip" was Gloria Swanson. She was his Dream Girl of the screen. She was the girl he was going to marry. His was a terrific "crush" for *la* Swanson. But he got over it. Now, and Mr. McCrea are really good friends now, and he has no intention of marrying her. Well, anyway, he realizes his cowboy complex and that he has made enough money he is now realizing his life's ambition: to own a little ranch. It was when he was working "lightnin'" with Will Rogers that he definitely decided on the ranch. "You need an anchor to windward," Will Rogers told him, "you need to get outdoors, and see things



No wonder Marion Davies is startled. Words of wisdom from a wit like Charles Ruggles are unexpected. Collaborating in this scene from "Hearts Divided" are comical Edward Everett Horton, and ditto Arthur Treacher.

grow, and face reality. This artificial life of lights and grease paint will get you if you don't." So on Mr. Rogers' advice Joel bought those 1400 acres only forty-five miles from Hollywood, and with the beauty and inspiration of the good earth you can be quite sure the silly superficiality of the cinema will never "get" Joel McCrea. When not working on a picture he rides the range every day, brands cattle, shouts orders to his cowboys, rounds up horses, and gets as dirty and bronzed as any kid could ever hope to get.

The most frequent guests at the McCrea Ranch, (the McCreas don't go for that "open house" business), are Gary Cooper, Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers, all of whom are old friends. Gary and Lew and Joel are the best of buddies, and you can be quite sure that Joel's ranch brings out the Montana in Gary, for the minute he arrives he jumps on a horse and rides like mad. Except for these friends the guests are mostly Joel's and Frances' relations. The McCreas are great on "family."

But even "unusual" movie people like Joel and Frances are never quite content, it seems—(if I had that ranch I'd never leave it, not even to see a Clark Gable picture)—for at the present moment the McCreas are plotting a trip to Spain. It seems that next to becoming a cowboy Joel has always wanted to see Spain—it's his idea of the most romantic and adventurous country in the world, and he'll never be perfectly happy until he sees the ancient wonders of Gannada, the bull fights of San Sebastian, and the quaint Basque country; yes indeed, Joel has been reading every book on Spain this last year that he can get his hands on. Well, it so happens that Frances has a deal on to do a picture with Robert Donat, and Joel would like to do a picture for Korda, so they could both go to London, (the babies are going, too), and work for several months and then take a marvelous vacation in Spain. That's the plan, anyway. Mr. Goldwyn, Joel's boss, might say no.

Joel likes to be an active part of things. He can't stand to sit in a grandstand and watch horses race, or boys play football—no sir-ee, he wants to be out there on the horse's back, or out there with a half-back on him. Consequently he cares nothing for races and sports unless he can participate in them. He loathes bridge with fine and beautiful loathing, and he can't say much for most parlor games; he'd much rather read a book. Conversation is not a lost art with him and after dinner on the McCrea ranch you'll be asked to talk, and listen to Joel talk, and what's more you'll love it. He likes bright scarfs, salami and roast lamb, and could eat ice cream and chocolate cake three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. He never gets fat. When he was in high school he made the championship Volley Ball Team of the Santa Monica Beach Club and he still goes to the Club at least one Sunday out of the month to play volley ball with the boys—he's captain of the team. He's a very loyal, constant kind of a guy.

Joel has one parlor trick of which he is very proud. It seems that while he was making "Barbary Coast" and "Splendor" with Miriam Hopkins the set was over-run with fortune tellers as Miriam simply goes mad for them though she swears she doesn't believe a thing they tell her. So Joel got interested in the "mystic" racket and one day a publicity man told him how he could hypnotize people. Joel tried it and it worked. He is very proud of being a hypnotist. I walked on the set one day when he was hypnotizing Helen Westley and it looked pretty authentic to me, though I don't know, I don't know!



Achieve flattering tan, minus sunburn, with Barbara Gould Sun Beauty Cream.

IT'S with us again—that perennial problem of how to get a becoming tan without sunburn or skin-harming effects! Barbara Gould has solved it with a perfectly dandy Sun Beauty Cream. It won't be noticed on your skin because it's vanishing and leaves a smooth, non-oily finish. Nevertheless, it does a most efficient job of filtering out the harsh sun-burning rays and insuring a gradual tan, lovely and rich in color. It guards against coarsened texture and the excessive dryness that leads to lines. Barbara Gould has a Sun Beauty Lotion, too, which is like a fine liquid powder and contains the same protective ingredients. And for those of you who like to glisten in the sun, there's her Sun Beauty Oil.

IF YOU have a sort of sinking feeling in your pride every time you step on the scales, resolve right now to make this Summer count for reducing! The easiest time to reduce, both pounds and inches, is in hot weather. We're enthusiastic about the Perfolastic girdle to get those hips, thighs, and "tummies" in shape. In spite of being rubber, it's surprisingly comfortable to wear, as there's a soft, smooth fabric lining next your skin. And the little perforations let your skin breathe at the same time they carry on an effective reducing massage. If you have a "spare tire" above your waistline, you'll want a Perfolastic girdle with a brassiere attached for ironing out that roll.

YOU'LL learn for yourself how *naturally* beautiful your eyelashes can be when you've touched them up with Tattoo cream mascara. Each tiny hair is colored instantly

Femi-nifties

New Beauty under the Sun!



"Twissors," a Kurlash gadget, shapes your eyebrows to lines of beauty.



Come heat—come humidity—Nonspi anti-perspirant won't let you down!



It takes but a jiffy to "Tattoo" your eyelashes to shining beauty.

and evenly from its base to its tip. No water is necessary and Tattoo takes only a minute to apply. We find it waterproof and lasting, and we like it for eyebrows, too. May be had in black for brunettes, a rich natural shade of brown for blondes, or fashionable blue. The tube and brush come in a cunning little black satin bag.

ONE of the cleverest gadgets we've seen for shaping eyebrows is "Twissors." It's an efficient pair of tweezers that looks like dainty manicure scissors. You hold it just like scissors to grasp the hair (which it does with a bull-dog grip), then a quick pull and the job's done. One special advantage of Twissors is that it's curved in a way to give an unobstructed view of the hair you're pursuing. It comes with handles of apple green, lavender, lipstick red, ivory, old rose or baby blue, and it's unbelievably inexpensive. As you've probably guessed, it's a product of Kurlash, makers of those instant eyelash curlers that are responsible for so much starry-eyed allure.

FOR the Summer afternoon daintiness that's so vital to romantic moments, you need a perspiration check that won't let you down. Such is Nonspi. It's a clear liquid anti-perspirant and deodorant for under-arms that certainly keeps its promises! The protection lasts from two to five days with a saving on delicate sheer dresses that'll do your heart good. We're personally devoted to Nonspi because, in spite of its complete effectiveness, it's kind to the skin and gives protection without burning or irritation.

IF YOU'VE despaired of ever aspiring to facial beauty on account of a birthmark or some other disfiguring blemish, here's cheering news for you! A cream called "Concealo" will cover up that spot completely. It vanishes into the pores so you'll have to look hard to see any difference between the covered spot and your normal skin. Concealo won't rub off or crack. It's waterproof and will stay on 24 hours unless you remove it yourself with cleansing cream or soap and water.

The Truth About Boyer

Continued from page 26

English language well enough yet. Someday I hope to own one of the finest libraries in the world. I love good books with a passion. The outside world does not exist for me, when I am able to lose myself in reading.

As we sat there talking, I wondered why others had complained about Boyer being a dull conversationalist. In the last five minutes he had discussed his books; his great admiration for Guitry, the famous French actor; his sincere interest in creating new things for the screen; his aversion to talking about personal things that have no bearing on his acting career; his admitting that the American fan magazines were influencing the European magazines, by making them interested in the private lives of the stars; the importance he gives sincere friendships and how he thinks they should be cherished; the untrue rumor that his wife Pat Paterson is "expecting," and then we got on the subject of Clark Gable.

Before our conversation switched over to Clark, I came right out and asked Boyer why some people think him dull. I cited the case of a certain blonde star, who sat next to him all evening at a dinner party. Afterwards she remarked that he didn't have a word to say to her. (Being a gentleman I omitted the blonde's name, because she'll probably turn out to be his next leading lady). "Perhaps," said Boyer, "the lady didn't have a word to say to me!"

"I think Clark Gable is to be greatly admired," said Boyer next. "There are not many actors who could remain as unspoiled in the face of such great popularity. I remember the first time I saw Clark on the M-G-M lot. I did not know his name then, but he was playing a milkman in a picture with Constance Bennett. I had enjoyed a nice success on the Parisian stage for fifteen years. When M-G-M decided to make foreign versions, they signed me and brought me over. I did the French versions of 'The Big House' and 'The Trial of Mary Dugan.' I was perfectly happy as I was doing the work I had been hired for.

"I took a trip back to France. In the meantime they decided against making foreign versions. None of Clark Gable's pictures had been released in Europe yet, but everyone was talking about the unknown actor, who had scored such a great success. I came back to Hollywood to finish out my contract. To my surprise, I discovered who Clark Gable was. It is almost unbelievable that a career can go so fast. Clark Gable is an example of how an actor can climb and yet remain true to himself.

"It really was not the studio's fault that they had no pictures for me, as I had been hired to speak in French. They promised me the leads in 'Letty Lynton,' 'Grand Hotel,' and 'As You Desire Me.' My hopes were renewed until they decided against my accent. It was an awful feeling after my success in Europe, suddenly to find myself unwanted.

"When they made 'Red Headed Woman,' I was given the small rôle of the chauffeur. I didn't mind that so much; I knew my lack of familiarity with the English language stood in my way. But it would be very embarrassing for me in Paris, where I was known as a star. I went to Mr. Thalberg and told him my story. He kindly promised that this picture would never be shown in my own country.

"Something happened during the making of that picture that I shall always remember. Naturally, at the time I never expected to be a Hollywood star. I don't think I am one to lose my head, but it is hard to say

what one would do until he is put to the test. Besides as I said before, I had my fifteen years of experience behind me.

"Mr. Conway, the director, gave me a scene to do, in which I was supposed to open a door and say a few lines. Because I was around strange people and realized my English was poor, I looked down at the floor, as I fumbled with the door-knob.

"Mr. Boyer," said Mr. Conway, not very quietly and not too kindly, 'don't you know how to open a door? And when you talk to people, can't you look them in the eye?'

"It isn't very important now, but it was then. I couldn't tell him I had been opening doors for fifteen years. I couldn't insist that I was an experienced actor, because there was no way I could prove it. That little incident taught me a very good lesson. I don't say my head would have been turned now, if it hadn't happened. But since my luck has changed here, people who never even spoke to me, go out of their way to be nice. It's such definite proof of how shallow fame can be.



Fatal charm's cause and effect, are illustrated by Mary Ellis and Walter Pidgeon for us here.

"When I finished my M-G-M contract I went back to France for three years. Mr. Sheehan signed me for Fox and I was brought out again. This time I was brought out as a star. They knew who I was and what I could do. I am not a dancer and not the type to have my hair curled. They insisted that I play such a rôle and I rebelled. After seeing myself in that picture, I went to the front office. I had worked nine weeks. My contract guaranteed that they pay me for twenty-two weeks' work. I gave them back the money that was rightfully mine, in order to be free.

"My present arrangement with Walter Wanger is a pleasant one. I have six months out of every year to go back to Europe, or wherever I please. I feel it is absolutely necessary for an actor to get away, if he hopes to create new things. In Hollywood one hears nothing but pictures. If you go out socially, you see picture people and talk picture business. On the screen we have to portray doctors, merchants, thieves. How can we portray these people if we never come in contact with

them? Acting is taking out of life and applying what you have already put into it. A person must reach out for life and accept every experience.

"With the exception of Leslie Howard, Paul Muni, and Charles Laughton, most actors sound alike. They do not read lines the way the character would read them. They read them their way, because it is the only way they know. Unless the actor happens to be a friend, you can go to a show, close your eyes and the same lines can be read again and again by different persons. You'll never know the difference. Even the man in a service station will look at you and in the same tone of voice, say something like, 'You sure were swell in your last picture!' That same sentence in real life or on the screen could be said to make a dozen different meanings. Naturally, the service station man has no ulterior motive. But an actor must be prepared to say or do anything and make it believable. That's why I feel that I must get away from Hollywood part of the year, if I ever expect to keep a fresh perspective!"

Charles Boyer confided that he feels his best work is yet to come, when he is more familiar with the English language. Because he is not capable of using words and giving them different meanings by intonation or inflection, he must rely on the director and sort of repeat them in poll-parrot fashion. He feels that when he learns to use the English language spontaneously, then he can depend upon his own emotion to give it true value.

Don't be confused that Boyer speaks bad English. His use is perfect, but his pronunciation is not what he would have it. Incidentally, during a conversation, when he stumbles across a word, he has a flattering little way of asking you to help him out. At all times when he talks to you, his eyes never leave your face. They have a decided twinkle that is not necessarily caused by merriment or a sense of humor. Boyer reflects a certain zest for life that comes out in his conversation. He is one of the few foreign actors who lacks an obvious aggressive quality. Yet, you are conscious of a certain smouldering feeling of importance. He has a gentlemanly way of keeping it to himself and not forcing it on others.

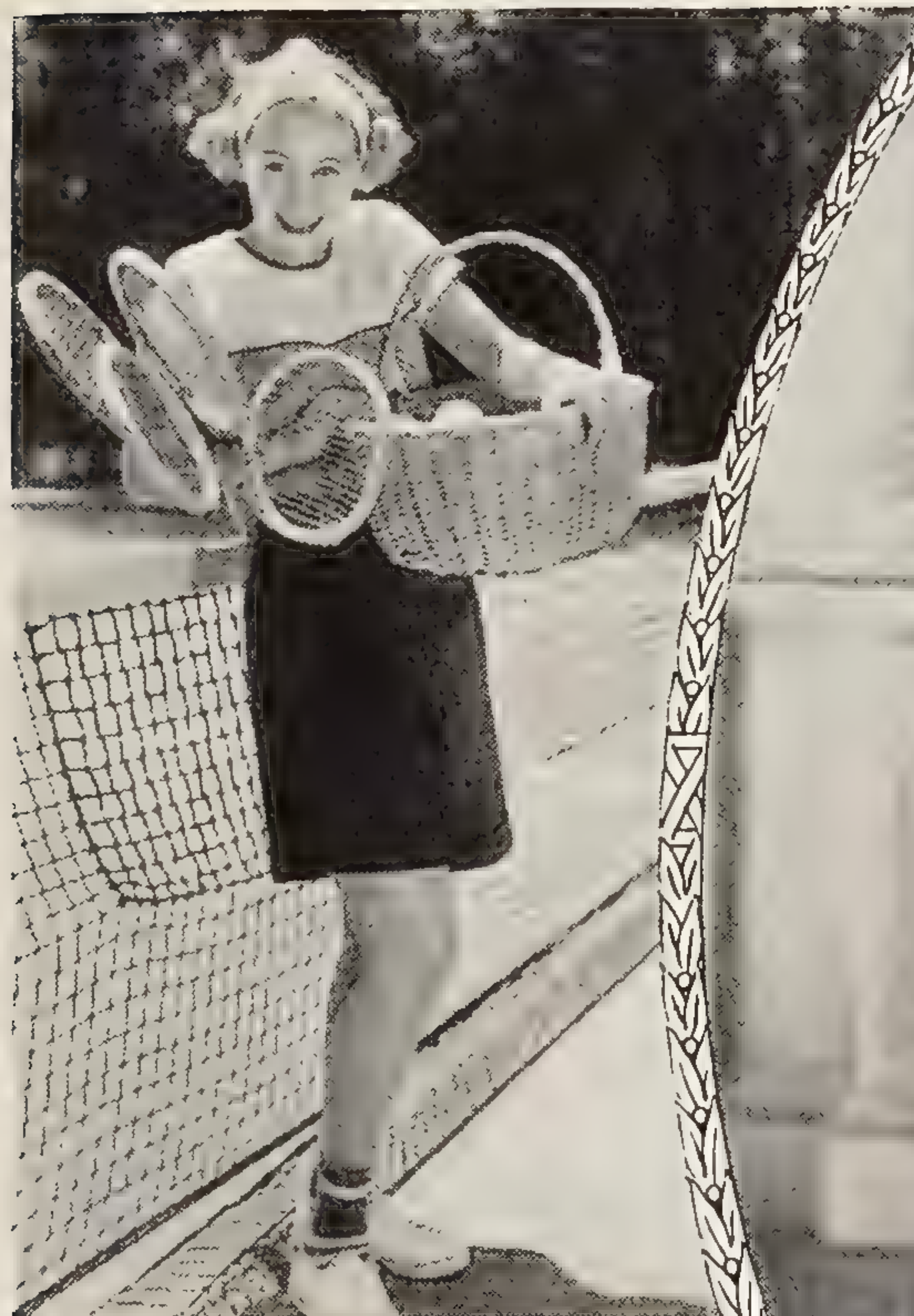
Just before we entered the drawing room, I asked Charles Boyer about Maurice Chevalier. I knew he had been very unhappy when he left Hollywood and greatly misunderstood by those who came in contact with him. Francis Lederer had often spoken of his great admiration for Chevalier and what a loss his talent was to the American screen.

"Maurice Chevalier is very happy and very successful in Paris," said Boyer. "He really is an artist, a sincere person, and makes no pretense of every being anything but what he is. He is an extremely shy person and therefore made enemies when he wanted to make friends. He had a great capacity for friendship and was terribly hurt when those who professed great friendship for him, were too busy leading the Hollywood life to spare him a few moments."

As a rule, when a person writes about a handsome star, who has a mellowed voice that makes the ladies swoon, who makes love as only a European can make it—the word "charming" comes in at least once during the story. I hope Charles Boyer doesn't mind. I do think he's charming. I'd much rather say I know he's a rather grand guy.

Romantic Grace Moore

is practical,
too



● Casual playtime clothes get the same professional care Grace Moore's screen Luxables do.

● Glamorous screen costumes get safe Lux care at Columbia Studios. This one (right) was designed by Kalloch for Miss Moore to wear in "The King Steps Out."



(Below)
● Golden-voiced Grace Moore relaxes in Luxables! "For cottons, linens, washable silks and rayons, Lux has no equal," says this Columbia star.

She adores Luxables —insists on Lux care

GRACE MOORE loves luxury in clothes—that's the grand opera in her! Yet she won't run the slightest risk of having her lovely things spoiled with careless washing.

Linens suits, trim sports clothes, Luxable silks and rayons, frothy cottons, so ravishing for summer, are easy to keep superbly fresh her Lux way!

"Vibrant colors and fragile fabrics come out of Lux gloriously new-looking, time after time," she declares.

Luxing is different from ordinary

washing — protects you from cake-soap rubbing, soaps containing harmful alkali that may fade color, weaken threads. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux!

Specified in the big Hollywood studios... "We use Lux to restore the freshness of all kinds of things, from elaborate period costumes to slim-fitting modern clothes," says William Bridgehouse, wardrobe supervisor at Columbia. "The camera can't find the slightest imperfection!"



Hollywood says: **DON'T TRUST TO LUCK, TRUST TO**

Her Tennis Stroke is

Correctly Timed



—too bad her laxative wasn't!

HER SWING is a marvel of precision and timing . . . What a pity she didn't know that *correct timing* is vital in a laxative, too!

You see, when you take a laxative into your system, you can't afford to take chances. Look out for harsh, over-acting cathartics that might upset you, nauseate you, cause stomach pains, leave you weak and dragged down. Such laxatives abuse you internally. Their after-effects are unpleasant, sometimes dangerous.

DEMAND CORRECT TIMING

Just what is meant by correct timing in a laxative? Simply this: a correctly timed laxative takes from 6 to 8 hours to be effective. Its action is gentle and g-r-a-d-u-a-l, yet completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It won't throw your system out of rhythm. No stomach pains, no nausea. No unpleasant after-effects of any sort. Ex-Lax works so naturally that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

PLEASANT TO TAKE

Ex-Lax is not only kind to your system—it's kind to your taste, too. Its flavor is just like smooth, delicious chocolate. All druggists sell Ex-Lax in economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature forgets—
remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

The Gay Romances of Robert Taylor

Continued from page 33

beautiful partner to Hollywood functions," he admits. "Confidentially, all that appears in gossip columns isn't gospel. I mean, when you have a date it isn't necessarily proof that you're secretly engaged!"

He leaned back in the chintz-covered chair which he filled rather alarmingly and smiled. His amazing olive complexion accentuates the extraordinary blue of his eyes. A symphony in his favorite shade—brown, his nonchalant sports attire was what every young man ought to wear to be impressively casual in.

"I'm like a feather in the breeze. And it's a new sensation. Until recently I've 'gone steady' with some special girl, and I felt as though I were cheating if I even glanced at anyone else.

"But I truly haven't any plans for marrying soon. I'm not ready to settle down, and if I were I don't see how I could make much of a husband at this stage of the game. When you're trying to rise in the movie world you have to be on tap for business before pleasure."

The whole truth about Bob's love status is, then, that there's come a pause. He's asking various girls out, and he is not that-way about a single one of them. Freelancing is his current phase.

Because he is thoroughly normal he enjoys going to the popular cafés when he can. To him excellent food, soft lights, and sweet music is an irresistible set-up. A radio chatterer accused him of too much social carryings-on. Actually, he has never given a party and he gets to the Trocadero on an average of once a week. His check is merely average; Bob is exceedingly temperate with his cocktails.

At the moment Barbara Stanwyck is garnering a generous share of his attention; yes. But I believe both of them when they assure me it's not a great passion. Theirs is a pleasant companionship.

"Barbara is swell," he vows when you mention her name. "She's keen for tennis and previews; she's intelligent and doesn't go in for gobs of make-up."

Which is a tip-off to some of the Taylor requirements. He assumes he hasn't any, but he has. He shuns clinging vines and ga-ga lines, I've observed. When pressed as to why, he explains.

"Those dizzy damsels ought to be dropped over a cliff, and as far as I'm concerned the beading on the eyelashes can be omitted. Being well-groomed is one thing; continually whooping it up with gobs of face paint is another. I think every girl should have to go on a two weeks' camping trip annually, without a speck of cosmetics!"

He abhors mannish costumes on fair creatures, too. And a bulging pocketbook distresses him no end.

What he notices first is the voice.

"If she's beguiling to the ear, I have a hunch there's fascination ahead. If not, I don't stick around to learn more!" So if you do manage a jaunt to Hollywood, where Mr. Robert Taylor is definitely the most attractive young man and distinctly eligible, don't wear yourself into a frazzle dieting your figure into subdued curves unless you also intend to modulate your vocal apparatus. You should, furthermore, be capable of riding and swimming gracefully, "yet not like an Amazon. Be sophisticated enough," Bob contends, "but not a bit blasé."

He himself isn't weary with life, and this eagerness to sample a multitude of experiences is one of his most winning characteristics. You needn't fear that he'll be

watching every expression in order to snappily wisecrack back at you. Bob's not given to embarrassing with supposedly funny jibes. Nor will you ever be annoyed, wondering where you stand with him. He doesn't treat himself to those exasperating mystery moods.

The next lass who's lucky and enchants him won't have to worry over his faithfulness, for in spite of his determination to do plenty of diversifying he's instinctively a one-woman man. He may endeavor to be a merry blade, but so far he has never been genuinely fickle.

When Bob was in college he didn't treat all the co-eds to his affections. No, ma'am! He chose one fellow feminine student and invited her to all the movies, and moonlight drives. And at the proms he danced nearly all the dances with her.

That Romance Number One lasted until they received their diplomas and each was off to tilt with grown-up lessons. Bob was breaking into the studios when he met a non-professional miss who was glamor incarnate. He has been queried as to why he prefers to be seen with glamorous women. That's an odd question, in his estimation, for the actresses he has dated haven't been the woman-of-the-world kind at all. He has never told it before, but for eight months prior to his introduction to Irene Hervey he was crazy about a dashing society lady. She was the exception to his general habit of liking straight-forward, "pal" persons.

He isn't apt to wake early in the morning and realize that what's making him so happy is love. Bob's never gone goofy over a girl at first sight. His emotions warm up gradually, developing from a satisfying companionship.

Because he has scored such a tremendous hit, his romance with Irene Hervey has been commented upon at length. Irene is the alert, sensible collegiate type, although she went directly from high school in Los Angeles to pictures. She was on the contract list at M-G-M when Bob landed there. As you'll remember, he was carefully coached for almost a year before being put into leads. And it was during that preparation period when he and Irene were often studying together that they fell in love.

Then, after a while, something interfered. Fame was the villain. They agreed to "just



Query at all Hollywood previews is: "Who'll Bob Taylor bring?" Rosalind Russell won this time.



*Darling Mother—
I want you to have
one of these. It's just
a simple little snapshot
but it happens to be
the day Ken and I
became engaged. Funny
how a picture can mean
such a lot afterwards.*

OFTEN you don't realize how precious a snapshot is going to be. It can bring back the very feel of some day in the past—the thrill, the joy of some wonderful moment. Get your snapshots as you go along—and have them for keeps. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.



The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—
you must take Today

NED WAYBURN'S

*Dancing Teachers
choose Nonspi*

TO BE SURE!



● Ned Wayburn's charming dancing teachers are careful in choosing a preparation to overcome under-arm moisture. They must keep themselves fresh through a strenuous evening, guard their frocks against under-arm stains...and yet use a deodorant that does not irritate their flawless skin.

They've found that when deodorants are used half-strength, they give only half-way results. So they choose Nonspi which can be used full strength, because:

1. *Nonspi has been pronounced entirely safe by highest medical authority.*
2. *Nonspi can be used full strength by women whose delicate skin forces them to use deodorants half-strength, with only half-way results.*
3. *Nonspi protection lasts from two to five days...and you can depend on it.*
4. *Nonspi's siphon-top bottle prevents contamination. And there's no dripping or waste with this patented Nonspi applicator.*

To be sure of protection...to be safe from skin irritation...insist on genuine Nonspi at all drug and department stores in the U.S.A. and Canada. It's 35c and 60c a bottle.



NONSPI

be friends." Whereupon someone else courted Irene and Bob was in circulation anew. Neither threw the other over, and you can depend on this as the "inside angle."

Hollywood is so hectic, so prone to jump to conclusions. Bob teamed with Janet Gaynor and the snoopers, not comprehending that he and Irene had calmly shaken hands and shelved their dream of marrying, leaped to the startling conclusion that he and Janet were aflame. My, was that news! Miss Hervey was advised, on a national radio hook-up, to fight for "her man."

"I hadn't had a date with Miss Gaynor for two months when this public advice was broadcast," Bob affirms. He isn't bitter about such bold, presumptuous gossip creators. He was mad; but he is resigned to them as one of the drawbacks of the game.

Since Bob and Janet were working in a major production, and since they're extremely prepossessing, it wasn't strange that they had a few dates. But because neither can step out without being noticed, their friendly tete-a-tetes were headlined. Thank heavens they're blessed with even dispositions!

He has taken Wendy Barrie and Virginia Bruce dinner-dancing, as well as Barbara Stanwyck. But these aren't serious companionships. Not yet—!

You might fancy that anyone as handsome as he is would be vain. But Bob Taylor isn't. He usually lies down on a comfortable couch at home and is thumbing through a favorite magazine when it dawns on him that he's due on a distant

doorstep in a half-hour. He thereupon takes two stairs in a stride in his whiz to the shower, and it's splash, towel, and dress in a jiffy. With a grab into the icebox for the corsage, (and he invariably brings one that'll complement your gown), he's into his coupé and en route. It's a swanky convertible, and wouldn't you *hate* to hop in with him?

But I'm warning you. He'll be hard to pin down. For instance, let me recall how I had to chase him. I was to drop out onto the set of "Private Number," at 20th Century-Fox, and from there go on to lunch with him. When I reached that lot I was informed that his call had been put off until evening and he'd been sent home for sleep.

I chanced to be still around about two in the afternoon. A message reached me that Bob would be waiting for me at M-G-M at three. He was there hearing about his lead with Joan Crawford in "The Gorgeous Hussy."

"Are you sorry you have to miss the premiere tonight?" I probed. It was to be an especially gala affair.

"Yes, and that reminds me." He picked up a handy 'phone to discover when he was due at work precisely. "Six o'clock's when I begin on the night shift," he said, "so I better go get a shave."

It was a wise move in any event. For who should be at the opening, in white tie and tails, but Robert Taylor!

"On tap?" I cried.

"If not at one place, in another," he replied with a grin.

Are the Stars Fooling Themselves?

Continued from page 23

Picture Arts and Sciences gives its annual dinner for the purpose of awarding merits and half of Hollywood shows up and the other half stays away because the other half is mad at the Academy, or something.

This is not meant as an indictment, or in any way a "siding" with, or against, any actor or producer group in Hollywood. Far be it from me to attempt to insinuate that actors may not have worthy causes to fight for and grievances to correct. But what I am trying to say is that as a true fan, I'm not interested in reading about them day after day, or hearing about them, news-flash after news-flash, over the radio. These are the behind-the-scenes-secrets of the movies. These are the working props that have no place on the glamorously set stage Hollywood presents in her guise of the world's most fascinating and colorful industry.

But Glamor, Mystery, Excitement — where are you in the news from Hollywood today?

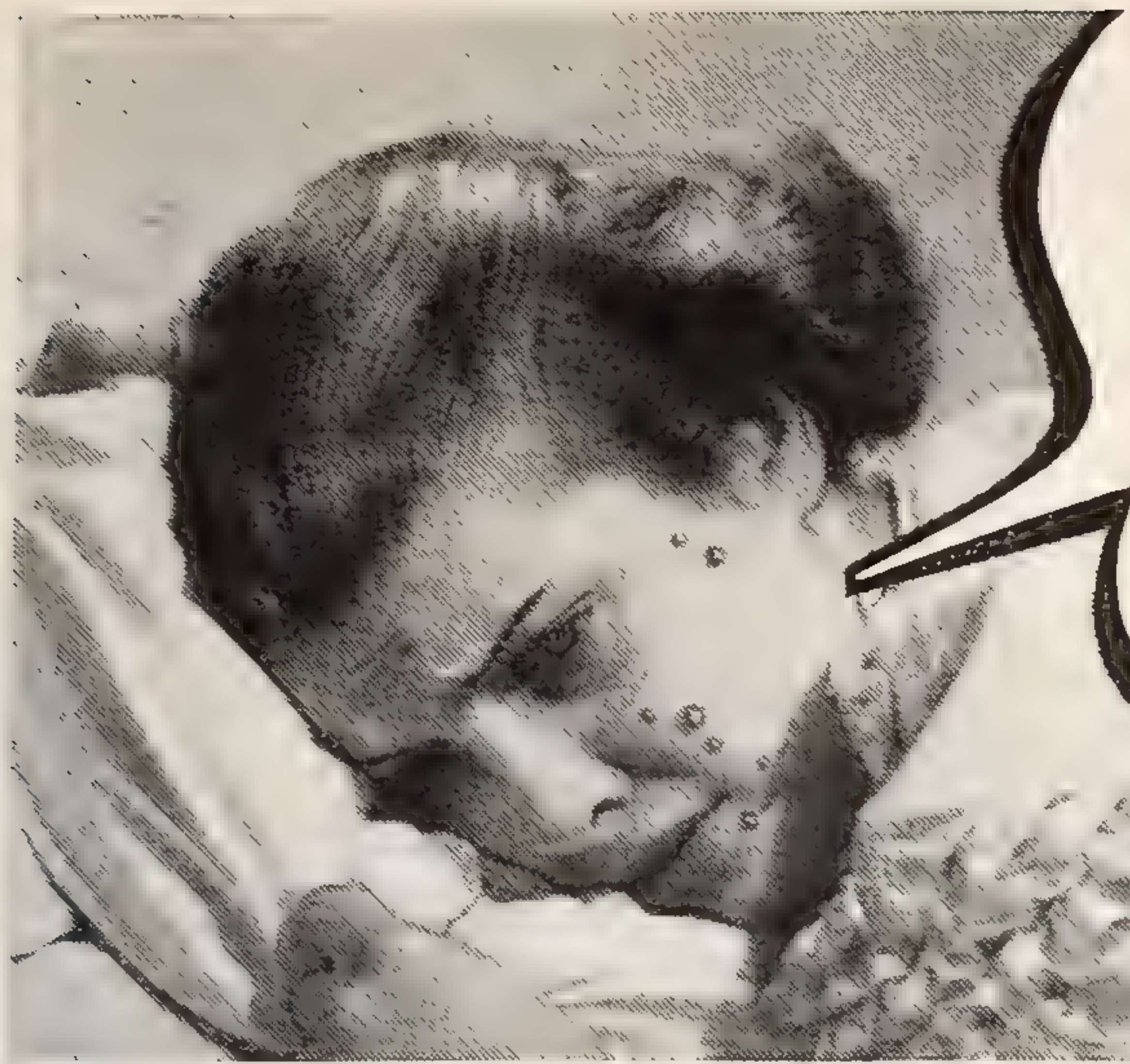
Certainly they aren't to be found in the interviews granted by the stars who seem to have developed a permanent viewpoint of looking down on the movies. This gently patronizing air first reared its head with the advent of the stage stars to the talkies. It used to amuse the screen star to read where her aristocratic sister from the legitimate drama announced in broad "a's" that she was only in Hollywood on a lark, because, (laughingly), no one could refuse to turn down such a ghastly amount of money, you know, but of course her real love was the theatre. It was all very indifferent and casual, and very funny to the natives who used to mimic, "It may be a lark to the Broadway stars—but it's crow's feet to the cameramen!"

Who could have suspected that in such a short time the disease of snootiness should have spread to such a degree that one of our best-known movie stars, (he was chat-

ting with A. G. Vanderbilt out at Santa Anita at the time, and perhaps that accounts for everything), pretended he didn't remember the name of the last picture he had made? In fact, the entire mingling of the social crowd, here for the late races, and the movie stars, here for their health, or something—seemed to be at cross purposes. The 400 wanted to talk about the movies and the movies wanted to talk about the 400. You got the very definite impression that a great many people in Hollywood were really engaged in the active pursuit of racing horses, playing polo, or sponsoring the arts—and their movie careers? Merely an eccentric little hobby.

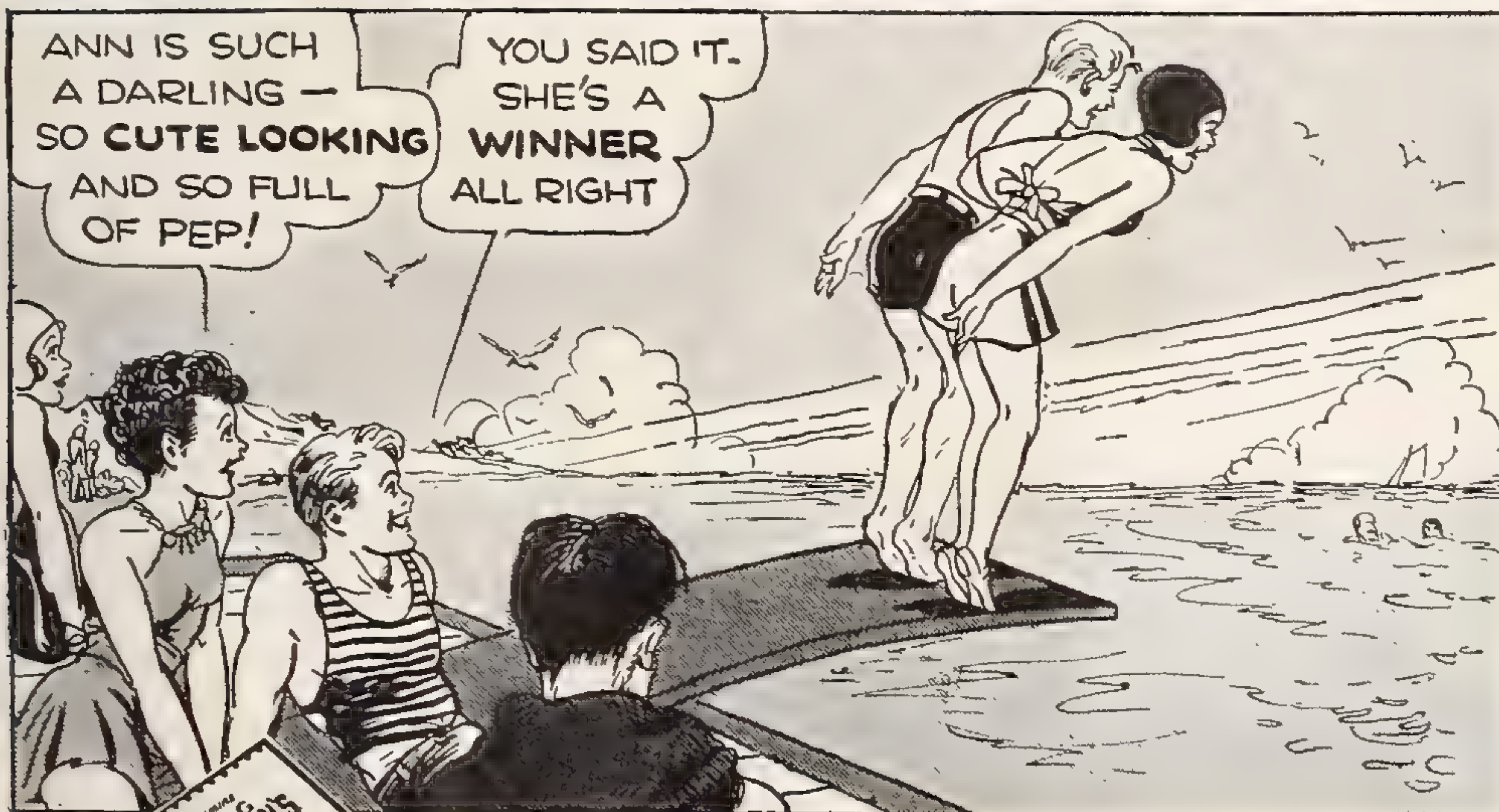
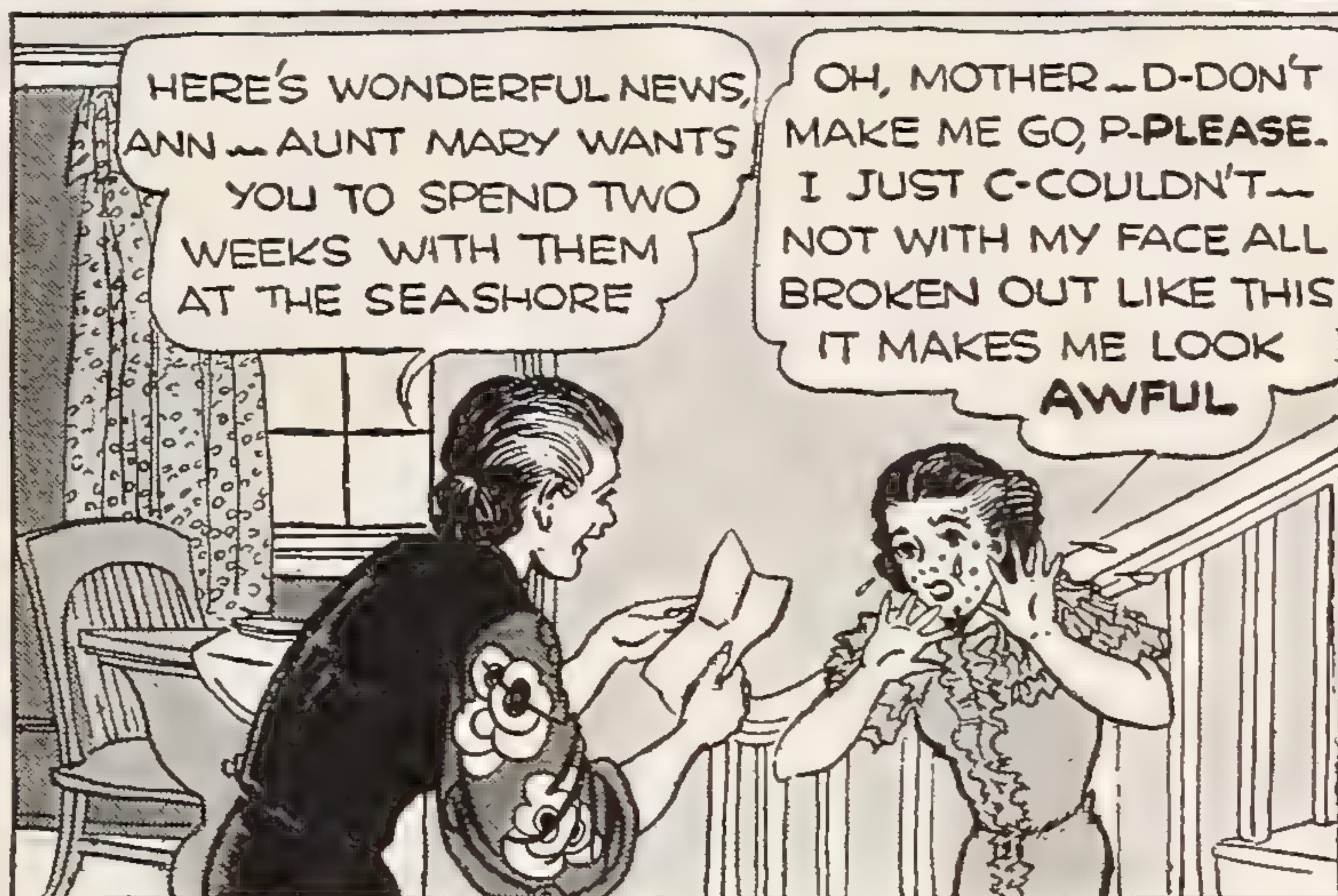
Joan Crawford said something to me the other day that nearly knocked me off the green divan in her playroom, it was so close to the truth about what really ails Hollywood right now. She said: "I used to enjoy reading about Hollywood in the movie books and the newspapers. I was really a fan in that regard. If some interesting vital personality came along and I did not personally know her, I enjoyed learning about her career and her personality and the obstacles she had overcome through the interviews that were granted. But I don't enjoy this any more. Too many picture stars are apologizing for their careers—and I have always been so proud of mine!"

And as long as there are fascinating, vivid personalities like Joan and Jean Harlow, and hard-working, conscientious, serious stars like Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, and Janet Gaynor, and proud kids like Robert Taylor, and queens of sex-appeal like Carole Lombard, and he-men actors like Gary Cooper and Clark Gable left on the scene to carry on in the real old-fashioned tradition—perhaps we won't have to bother about who is, or isn't, retiring from the lowly movies!



**I NEVER WANT TO SEE
ANOTHER SOUL AS
LONG AS I LIVE**

**HER
PIMPLY
SKIN
MADE ANN
FEEL
LIKE A
TOTAL
LOSS**



**—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**

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**Don't let Adolescent Pimples
spoil YOUR vacation plans**

A BROKEN-OUT skin is no help to any girl or boy who longs to be popular and have good times. But unfortunately, many young people are victims of this trouble.

After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire body. The skin gets oversensitive. Harmful waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Thousands have found Fleischmann's Yeast a great help in getting rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly—one cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.



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Change from cake soap to soapless Admiracion Shampoo Treatment, and see what this new, modern method of hair care does!

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Featured by leading hairdressers; used by the beautiful girls of the screen; more than 1,000,000 bottles sold last year.

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Olive Oil for dry hair () Pine Tar for oily hair () Both 20c

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City

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Gary Cooper's Suppressed Desire

Continued from page 25

has no 'camera manners,' no lens technique. Most actors, the minute they step in front of a camera, begin 'sprucing up.' Gary never even thinks about straightening his tie."

Now, on the set Gary finished his scene, and came over and sat down beside me. I happened to comment on the pictorial excellence of the set—good lines there—a set like this must be a real inspiration and for the first time in all my experiences with him, Gary grew eloquent. He raised his arm and pointed: "See that doorway over there, that arch—did you ever see lines like that in your life?"

I looked at his face, saw that he was looking through half-squinted eyes. I looked at his hands—my eyes traveling from his face down the long lean arm to his hand—to the knuckles that had knocked against the great out-of-doors, to the long tapering fingers that were, surprisingly enough, the fingers of an artist. I suddenly remembered. "Didn't I hear something once about your wanting to be an artist?"

I shall never forget the expression that came over his face. A warm, uncomfortable flush, yet not an unhappy one—rather a glow, like the kind you see when you remind a man of his first love.

I suddenly sensed that that was what I was doing. Reminding Gary of his first love.

Gary's hand stopped pointing and dropped to his knees. Then in that low husky-soft voice of his: "Yes, I used to think it might be fun, but I haven't done much about it lately. I exhibited some drawings at a California art show not long ago, but—well, it wasn't very successful."

"Why not? I should think it would have given you a lot of satisfaction."

"It didn't!" Gary said quickly. "You see, everyone said my things were 'very interesting,' but I had hoped for some real criticism on their value as 'art.' Nobody seemed to take them seriously—they thought I didn't, maybe—just the hobby of a movie mugg—nobody takes those things very seriously!"

"Then why not exhibit under another name some time?"

"I hadn't thought of that," said Gary. (Guileless Gary Cooper, even about his art). Then he shrugged. "But maybe, some day—when all this is over—maybe then—Oh, hell! What's the use! I've been saying that for years!"

"Once an actor, always an actor," I taunted him.

And that was all that was needed to put him on the defensive again. "That's true, maybe, when one's born and raised to be an actor, but I wasn't! I should never have been one! My career—the start of it, at least—was just an accident."

True, it was just an accident, just happenstance. There's no grease paint in the conservative Cooper blood, none whatsoever. As everyone knows Gary came to California purely and simply to put his art on a paying basis. The newspaper back home couldn't pay him for his drawings and cartoons. Los Angeles papers probably could.

Yes, probably they could, but they didn't. Gary canvassed for a photographer for a while; then when that blew up he turned "extra" merely as a stop-gap. The tall lanky boy from Montana was hungry.

But even those first few months on the movie sets he spent most of his time scrib-

bling in his drawing book—an interesting face, a horse in action, a scratching dog. Most of his movie work was in Westerns, so most of his drawings were of homely things—cowboys, horses, and cattle. As everyone holds his first love dearest—or *thinks* he does!—so it's only natural that Gary should look back on that early work, and think longingly of the artist he might have been.

Of course, if it came to brass tacks, I doubt if Gary, (or any of the stars), would ever trade his movie success for a gamble on "what might have been." Still, he can't help wishing and wondering. Movie fame passes away and celluloid is destroyed, but a man *may* be immortalized on canvas. Gary might have, I am sure, become a great painter of the West, the glorifier of



Robert Young, back from London, and Betty Furness are teamed again, and celebrate with smiles.

the rolling Montana plains. It's easy to imagine his subjects: wild horses at round-up time; saddles and harnesses hanging in the stable; cow hands at grub; flowing manes against the sky—all the clean wind-swept life of his Montana prairies. In a way Gary *has* drawn these things in his celluloid characterizations. But just as a stage actor, now acting in the movies, looks back longingly to the days when he trod the "boards," so Gary looks back sentimentally to the days of his first medium.

There really is very little of the actor about him. Gary is much more the quiet, easy-going, imaginative introvert. His unusual lack of ego illustrates that. Why, there is nothing that even resembles an "exhibition complex" about him, and that, the psychologists tell us, is what makes an actor. Gary, for example, is probably the one and only big name in pictures who has never once kicked about "top billing." He doesn't kick because he doesn't care about it. If they want to give him star billing in a picture, all right. If they want him to have co-star billing, that's all right with him, too. Then too, he's one of those "few and far between" who never pays the slightest attention to whether or not he's getting all the "camera" that's due him. He'd just as soon stand in the background any day. Again, he never uses the tricks of the trade that others use to plaster them-

The most tragic triangle of all—

HUSBAND...WIFE *and* FEAR



Back of most marriage failures, say family doctors, is woman's fear, born of ignorance and half-truths. "Lysol" would help to prevent many such needless tragedies.

IGNORANCE of proper marriage hygiene, and the "incompatibility" it brings, is estimated to be the cause of more than half the divorces in America today.

The nervous fears of a wife...her natural reluctance to be frank about such a delicate subject...a husband's puzzled resentment. These are the rocks on which thousands of marriages crash.

How stupid—how sad—that this tragedy should go recklessly on—when there is one simple method which has earned the confidence of millions of women who use it regularly...the "Lysol" method.

There are two important properties of "Lysol" which make it valuable in antiseptic marriage hygiene. (1) It has an exceptional *spreading* quality;

it reaches germs where many ordinary methods can't reach. And, (2) it remains effective in the presence of organic matter (mucus, serum, etc.) when many products *don't work*. Yet in the proper solution, "Lysol" is dependable and harmless to sensitive tissue. So dependable and harmless, it is used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

The use of "Lysol" gives a reassuring sense of *antiseptic* cleanliness. But, far more important, it gives you peace of mind, free from that tension of suspense that leads to so many needless heartaches.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. **SAFETY**... "Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. **EFFECTIVENESS**... "Lysol" is a *true germicide*, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.

3. **PENETRATION**... "Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually *search out* germs.

4. **ECONOMY**... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. **ODOR**... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use.

6. **STABILITY**... "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap... for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. S7
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Street _____

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Lysol
Disinfectant

CHIC
at Your
Fingertips



AND what a bottle! Smart, streamlined and generous—in keeping with the gorgeous polish it contains... Make no mistake—Chic is as fine a polish as money can buy. The ultra smart shades are the last word in tone beauty. With them on your dressing table there is no mood or costume that may not be accented with glamorous fingertips, almost as quickly as the thought occurs. Chic applies so easily—so smoothly and so lustrously, yet it never peels or cracks. Chic Polish Remover, or Oily Polish Remover, a boon to brittle nails, and Chic Cuticle Remover complete your finger tip beauty treatment.

Chic Manicure Aids at all
Five and Ten Cent Stores

10¢

selves all over the place. Probably he never even took the trouble to learn them.

As one close friend said of his temperament: "Gary approaches a big part in a big picture with no more ballyhoo and no more hullabaloo than a plumber coming to fix the plumbing!"

Gary spoke of "some day"—of "Maybe some day when all this is over, I'll be able to take a crack at being an artist again."

Once Gary thought he had reached his some day. Once, not so many years ago, Gary did pull up stakes and pull out for parts unknown. Through with Hollywood, through with being an actor, through with romances, he went to Africa, presumably to forget Lupe Velez, and to hunt wild game. But he went really to find freedom and his old lazy life, and to be just an artist with a sketch book under his arm again. But he didn't find any of those things. He

found that even in Africa he was still a movie star—people still stared at him, lionized him, and wanted to know as much about his life as they knew about their own. Eventually he came back. Hollywood never lets its people go. Unless of course it doesn't want them any more!

But Hollywood wanted Gary then and wants him now more than ever. That's why his producers, and his fans too, were plainly uneasy when Gary demanded a three months' vacation not long ago. But they had to give in to him—he had been working in so many pictures, all in a row.

So Gary set sail for three months in Bermuda. For good fishing, he said. True, he did take all the fancy fishing tackle he could lay his hands on, but I'll bet you anything there was a sketch book or two carefully packed away among the rods and reels!

The Proudest Dad in Films

Continued from page 30

Hastily he explained, "Not that I want to spare her life's knocks; that would be cruel, for the only way we learn is by overcoming obstacles, but I want to help her meet them in the best possible way."

Speaking of knocks, he told me, with one of his most contagious chuckles, about the winding stairway in the new home and what a temptation the shining bannisters are to Carol Ann. After a week of skinned knees and bruised shins, he decided that the only way to keep his baby intact was to cover the railing with velvet. Now, if that isn't the height of necessity's invention, you tell one!

Wally went on, more seriously: "I want Carol Ann to know something about life before she bumps into it; I never want her to be surprised. I've watched so many young things growing up and I have a theory that it is a sudden surprise at a critical moment, when one is wholly unprepared, that causes many of the troubles. You see, I believe that knowledge strips away the mystery that surrounds the unknown and so often takes the imagination of children into high gear trying to figure out the ordinary things of life. Perhaps being on her guard may deprive her of a few illusions, but after all most of youth's illusions are false and when they crash they leave pretty bad wreckage that is difficult to adjust. I want to spare her a few of these crashes."

"I take Carol Ann everywhere with me for I want her to become accustomed to people and places, and to know how to act. She loves to fly—and say, that kid doesn't know what fear is. Often when I go on location for my pictures I take her along, then we go automobiling, have picnics, and even step out occasionally to gay cafés for dinner. She is always a game little sport and it is positively uncanny how she understands subjects that are far beyond her years. She is one of the few who know without ever being taught."

With another chuckle, he continued, "She's so sweet, so demonstrative, so affectionate. Every morning she comes to my bed looking so cunning in her pigtails and long nightie—she adores pink ones, and we go through a regular routine. I say, 'How did you sleep last night?' And she replies, 'Oh, very well, thank you, and I had the beautiful dream that you were going to take me to the Vendome for luncheon.'

"Well, on days when I'm not working, I do take her to the Vendome, and we usually meet up with some of the fellow for luncheon. I never exclude her, never push

her into the background or make her feel she is an extra one in the party. She is completely at ease and can carry on an intelligent conversation but she never monopolizes the attention and she knows perfectly well when to keep still."

"At home, when we entertain, we always have her with us to greet the guests and we treat her quite like a grown-up daughter. Then, she disappears to the nursery. There is no 'mystery' to the party downstairs; she knows all about it and dismisses it from her mind. In the meantime she is getting the benefit of valuable rehearsals that will make her perfect in her part when she is older."

Wally buys all of Carol Ann's clothes and it is heartwarming to see the two, hand in hand, strolling through the exclusive Beverly Hills shops, while he selects her tiny panties, her slip-on sweaters, frilly dresses, and even delicate perfumes, which he permits her to use on very special occasions. Over her hats, they debate long and seriously.

"It's the pigtails," grinned the fond daddy, "but I love them. There are ten million children in screwy curls and permanent waves, but as long as her hair is straight it is going to stay uncurled with no effort at dolling her up. But—I've learned that all hats aren't becoming to her."

Carol Ann made her second trip to Europe last summer and when Mrs. Beery decided to return home because she was not well, the baby and her nurse went on with Wally. It was on the boat going over that the child suddenly became conscious that her daddy didn't look like the other men. So Wally reluctantly put on his tuxedo every evening for dinner. He says making him dress up was the height of his devotion but he couldn't fail her, she was so thrilled with the formality, and always wore her prettiest little frocks.

In London, Wallace stayed at the Savoy Hotel, taking an apartment nearby for the baby and nurse, so she could have her rest and proper food.

"Carol Ann is a good little sight-seeing tourist," continued the indulgent father. "Every morning the nurse took her to Buckingham Palace to watch the changing of the Guard, and she never wearied of the impressive ceremony. However, the event of the day was coming to the Savoy for tea in the afternoon. It was all like a play to her and she loved to watch the beautiful ladies in their beautiful clothes." And he added, with a chuckle, "She knew

the ones she liked best and always picked out a few favorites. Then, if I'd ask her to stay for dinner, her day was complete. But the little rascal would accept with the proviso, saying, 'Will you put on your dinner clothes?' I had to be correct to the last detail, too, she is so observing. I got so I didn't mind it and we had lots of fun together. She's a very comfortable companion—do you know what I mean?

"I flew to Holland, Budapest, and other points of interest, leaving her in London; but when I returned and told her about Holland she recalled the pictures in her books at home, showing the children in picturesque costumes, so I had to do a repeat, and we flew back together.

"Carol Ann went wild over the dresses and wooden shoes and of course, I bought her some. Here's a joke. When we landed in New York, we had twelve or fourteen pieces of baggage and I told her I didn't know about bringing in those wooden shoes but if the inspector said anything, for her to speak right up. I gave the fellow a wink so when she walked up to him and with a tear in her voice, explained that the shoes only cost twenty-five cents and she wanted to wear them with her Dutch dresses when she went to parties in Hollywood, he was lenient and let her have them. To this day she talks about that nice man—he sure made a hit with her!

"We spent her fifth birthday in Brussels, and after viewing the castle and cathedrals, we celebrated with a dinner in a beautiful café. That evening, I'm sure, added a page to her memory that will never be effaced.

"It is fun to do things for her because she is so responsive and appreciative and gets such a kick out of even the simplest things. She is always gay and happy; she doesn't know what discontentment is, and she has brought so much real happiness into my life."

Among the amusing things Wally told me was once, after giving a broadcast one evening, he returned home and asked, "Well, honey, how did you like my scene from 'Viva Villa'?" She replied, "I liked it best when you died but oh, daddy, why didn't you die sooner so Harry Richman could sing another song?"

"Her future?" Wally repeated my question. "First she must have her education; then she can choose her own career. I shall not influence her. I believe every-

EVERYBODY
SAYS HE NEGLECTS
HER, BUT...



...PERSONALLY, I THINK IT'S
HER FAULT. HER BREATH IS—
WELL, SHE OUGHT TO SEE
HER DENTIST!

HEAVENS, THEY'RE
TALKING ABOUT ME!
COULD THAT BE
WHY JERRY'S STAYING
AWAY FROM HOME
SO MUCH LATELY...



MRS. LANE SEES HER DENTIST

BAD BREATH
COMES
FROM TEETH?

EXACTLY! MOST BAD BREATH IS DUE
TO DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES
IN THE CREVICES BETWEEN THE
TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL
CREAM. ITS SPECIAL
PENETRATING FOAM
REMOVES ODOR-BREEDING
DEPOSITS.



MY MOUTH FEELS FRESHER
AND CLEANER
ALREADY!



FRIDAY NIGHT—TWO WEEKS LATER

I'M HOME EARLY, DEAR!
THOUGHT I'D TAKE MY BEST
GIRL STEPPING TONIGHT!

SHE ACCEPTS
WITH PLEASURE,
DARLING!

HOW
GLAD I AM
I TOOK THE
DENTIST'S
ADVICE ABOUT
COLGATE'S



NO OTHER
TOOTHPASTE
EVER MADE MY
TEETH SO BRIGHT
AND CLEAN!



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

LEADING dental authorities are agreed: "Most bad breath is caused by *improperly cleaned teeth*!"

Decaying food deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are by far the most common source of this social handicap—and of much tooth decay. Colgate Dental Cream has a special *penetrating* foam which thoroughly cleans each hidden crevice; and a soft grit-free ingredient which safely polishes the enamel... makes smiles sparkle.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. If you are not entirely satisfied, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over
twice as much,
35¢



Now—NO BAD BREATH
behind her
SPARKLING SMILE!



Looks more like the real thing
than acting as Dick Foran and
Alma Lloyd portray love here.

"HER *Lovely Lips*
APPEALED TO ME
INSTANTLY!"



SAID
**EDMUND
LOWE**



Suave film
star picks
most kiss-
able lips in
unique test



● We presented three girls to Edmund Lowe. One wore ordinary lipstick...one, no lipstick...the third, Tangee. "Her lips look kissable," he said of the Tangee girl, "they look natural."

EDMUND LOWE picks most appealing lips during filming of "The Wrecker," recently completed Gaumont-British picture.

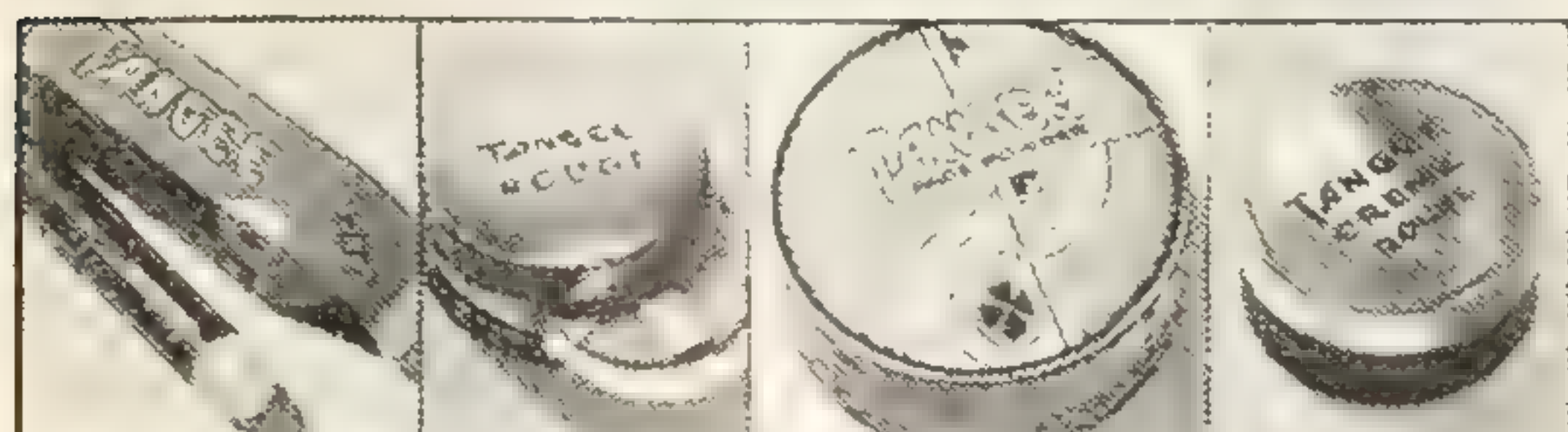
Tangee can't make lips look painted—because *Tangee isn't paint*. Its magic color-change principle turns it from orange in the stick to blush rose on your lips. Just the shade to suit your complexion. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or, send 10c for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES**...when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation...there is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee...be sure to ask for **TANGEE NATURAL**. There is another shade of Tangee called Tangee Theatrical, but it is intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE

*This
Summer*

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
USE TANGEE CREME ROUGE
WATERPROOF! ITS NATURAL
BLUSH-ROSE COLOR NEVER FADES
OR STREAKS EVEN IN SWIMMING



★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY SU76
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

body has some talent to give to the world and I want her to have a definite interest of her own. I'd like to have her become a screen actress, for while it is hard work it is also a thrilling experience to feel you are helping entertain millions of people all over the world. My dearest wish is that she may sometime appear in a picture with me—I'll have to watch out or she'll steal every scene."

A moment's silence, "Above all, I want her to be happy, to have her enthusiasms and the love of life in her heart. I want her to be always worth the living."

Before starting his new film, "The Hutch," which he executive produced, he made a short personal appearance tour. Before a week was out he was so homesick that he sent for Mrs. Beery and Carol Ann,

and they drove home in an especially built bus he bought to use on his newly acquired ranch in San Fernando Valley. This ranch is another evidence of his devotion to his "sweetheart," he wants her to know, firsthand, all the fun of country life.

Beery says she expects to go on and on, portraying the down-to-earth screen rôles that have brought him fame. Then, he's tremendously interested in the advancement of the picture industry. It's a comparatively recent discovery of importance.

One day Sunday morning, while sitting with him in the white bungalow-dressing-room, under the tall eucalyptus trees, I said aloud, to myself, "Yes, Wallace Beery's life is full and very rich. He's the happiest man I know!"

Carole and Bill Together Again!

Continued from page 21

remarked Mr. La Cava casually. "Do you think Miss Brady would mind doing the scene again? Will someone be so kind as to find Miss Brady? Carole, the goat's munching you again."

Gregory La Cava, in case you didn't know, is president of the Irresponsibles of Hollywood. He was elected president by the other irresponsibles after his most famous train ride. It seems that he and W. C. Fields bought tickets for San Francisco, but imagine their surprise the following night to find themselves passing through Albuquerque on their way to Kansas City. It was also La Cava who but completely won over la belle Colbert after one of their temperamental clashes on the "She Married Her Boss" set. Returning from lunch Claudette found printed on her stage dressing-room door in large letters: "THE FRETTING FROG—HER PUDDLE."

Well, it seems that Alice Brady doesn't like to do anything very long at a time except play "Monopoly," (called "Monotony" by Carole), and every second she can slip away from the cameras she is behind a prop some place buying up the Pennsylvania Railroad. Bill Powell plays with her sometimes, and sometimes Carole, but Carole doesn't get much of a kick out of buying property, (she is one of the few Hollywood stars who doesn't own a foot of land), and Bill always remembers that huge hunk of good earth and house he owns in Beverly Hills and the taxes coming due and that makes him feel sick, so Alice has discovered that the game is far more satisfactory when played with a few technicians and hair-dressers.

"Oh, all right, all right," said Alice to the assistant director. "Tell Mr. La Cava I will be there directly. It's most inconsiderate of him wanting me now. I'm in Jail. See, in Jail. Now run away, young man, run away. I'll come just as soon as I get out of Jail."

"Miss Brady's in Jail," the assistant director announced matter-of-factly to the assembled cast. "She can't come."

"Well, I do think Alice might let us know when she's going to Jail," complained Carole. "I could have gone up to house this afternoon and watched eat. I have the hungriest set of you've ever seen. No matter what the day or night I drop in to see he are progressing those little men ing—and on my time. But they always such divine cake, chocolate with whipped cream goo, that it's a pleasure to drop in on them. They promised me croissants and suzettes on Thursday. Do you think



International

Carole Lombard and Clark Gable
—they're seen together lots lately—
take in the midget auto races.

will go to Jail on Thursday? Look at that goat, look at that goat! What do you suppose is my fatal fascination for goats! Mr. Powell, help, help!"

But Mr. Powell wasn't listening. He had taken up with Josephine, (the monkey), and was cuddling her in his arms. Josephine takes her pictures very seriously and was getting in the mood for her next scene. "Which is the monkey?" inquired Mr. Powell, holding Josephine cheek to cheek. "The one who isn't house-broken," remarked Mr. Pangborn. "We'll excuse you, William."

Shrieks of exultation came from behind a little something that was left over from "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." "I'm out of Jail," shrieked Miss Brady. "Isn't it marvelous? I threw doubles. Now if I could only get the Erie Railroad I will own all the railroads. I have never won by owning all the railroads, but I do think it's a good idea, don't you, or do you? I suppose I should do something about Wall Street. Should I, or shouldn't I? No, no, don't tell me, I want to figure it out for myself. Oh, the picture—oh, yes, the picture! Mr. La Cava wants to make another take. It's go, I'll be right back. Keep Josephine away from me, I can't abide monkeys."

And so Mr. La Cava finally gathered his little group of thespians together and the play must go on.

Well, you can take my word for it, "My Godfrey" is going to be a knock-out drag-out laugh riot that will have

you reeling from the theatre in a complete hysterical collapse. It's a screwy story to begin with, and directed by Mad Gregory, and with those gay cut-ups, Lombard, Powell, Brady and Pangborn giving of their insanity it just can't miss being the funniest picture of the year. I'm laughing already.

But, I repeat, it wasn't to laugh that I drove out to the Universal studios that afternoon. It was to drool. For was I not to see Carole Lombard and William Powell, who had been in love in real life not so long ago, making love in the cinema studios? To recall in the light of this reunion how Carole Lombard arrived at the Paramount Hollywood studios in the Fall of 1930 after making "Fast and Loose" for Paramount in New York, and as a prize for her good performance in that picture she was allowed to be the great William Powell's second leading lady in "Ladies' Man"—Kay Francis rating the top spot. Carole was taken over to the Powell dressing-room on Star Row and introduced to Mr. Powell, and to keep the records clear it might be noted that when the Powell contract was up at Paramount and Bill moved to Warner Brothers that Carole took over his dressing-room and has lived in it ever since, refusing to budge, even though the new dressing-rooms are supposed to be more chic. Well, anyway, Carole and Bill fell hopelessly and romantically and quite crazily as is to be expected in love during the production of "Ladies' Man." And Carole quite frankly admitted to everybody: "I love him. But I wouldn't marry him for anything in the world." Obviously, Miss Lombard married him. It took eight months for him to coax her. They married in June, 1931. They were divorced in August, 1933. They ceased being married in time to become excellent friends.

Well, I assure you that when I reached the "My Man Godfrey" set I found it neither the time nor the place for drooling. I have it on good authority that when Miss Lombard and Mr. Powell met on the set the first day of production Carole said, "Hello, Bill." and Bill said, "Hello, Carole," and what do you want to make of that? Then Bill said, "How is Brownie?" (Brownie, a dachshund with a sweet disposition and bad breath, was a birthday present to Carole from Bill shortly before the divorce, and has become one of the most famous dogs in Hollywood).

"Oh, Brownie has become a father," said Carole, "his little daughter, la Contessa, is one of the sweetest puppies you've ever seen. I'll bring her to the studio one day. And you must meet the Duchess—she's a cat. We're going in for royalty these days—it's the English influence. Brownie has become a celebrity chaser of the worst sort; he'll probably start social climbing next. Ever since Pushface the Killer made his debut with me in 'Love Before Breakfast' Brownie has been so busy basking in Pushy's glamor that he doesn't even tear up my slippers now. Just a push-over for a movie star."

Dogs, it seems, not love, was the subject of conversation between Carole and Bill that day. Now wouldn't I get a break like that? Yes, I just built myself up for an awful let-down. There'll be no undertones of romance, no shadows of a lost love, hot dog. Carole and Bill are just two perfectly grand people, who like each other in a palsy walsy sort of way, and who are more concerned right now in making a first rate comedy that will have you in stitches than they are in anything else.

Well, little brain, I may say you did your best to stir up something there. In fact I may say, "Little brain, you've had a busy day."

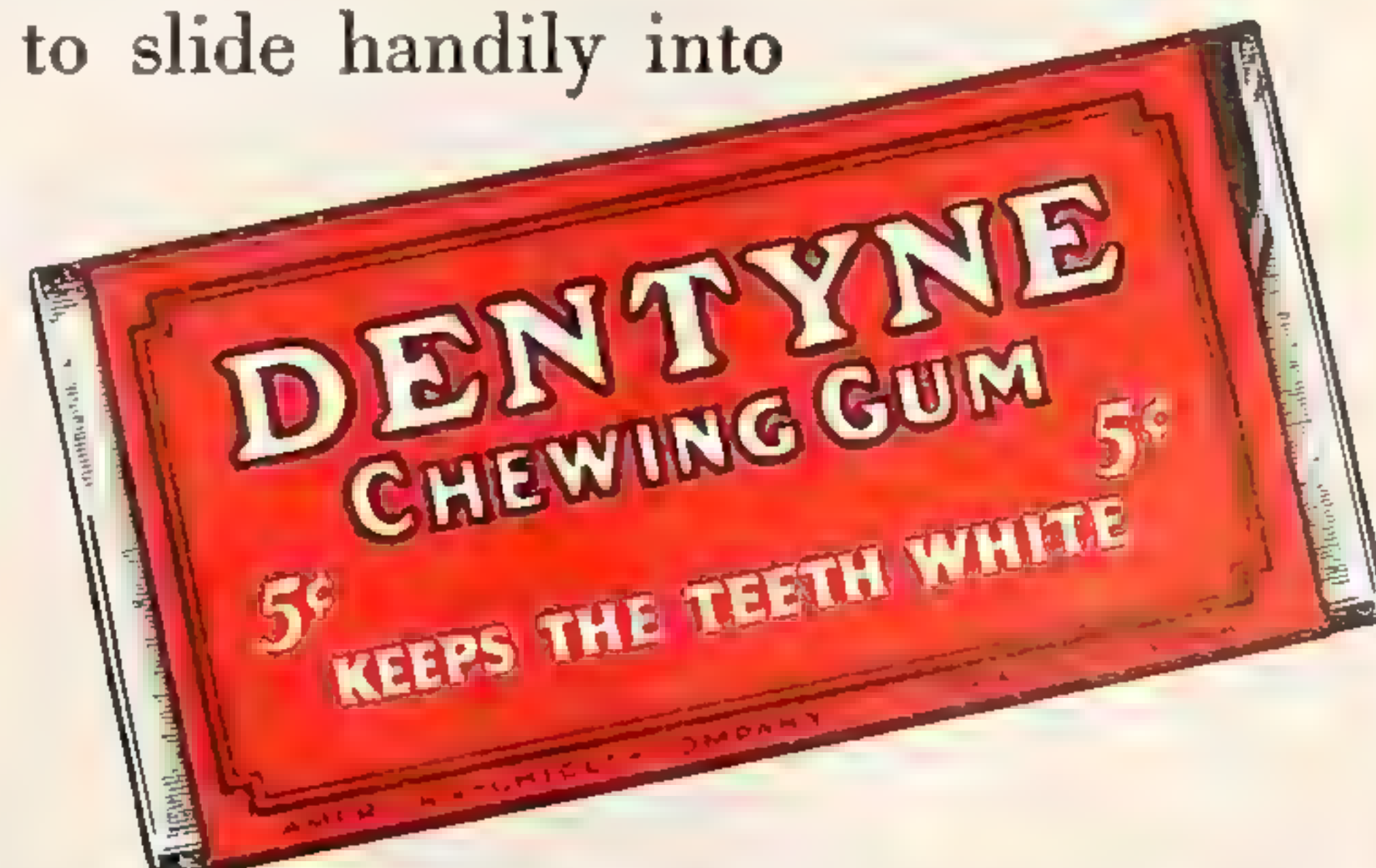
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—For Aid to Mouth Health—
For Fine Flavor!"**



DENTYNE—FOR A HEALTHIER MOUTH. Our early forefathers' teeth were kept in good condition by *natural* means — by foods that required plenty of chewing. Our foods today are soft — we *need* Dentyne because its special firmness encourages more vigorous chewing — gives mouth and gums healthful exercise and massage, and promotes self-cleansing. Dentyne works in the *natural* way to keep your mouth healthy — your teeth splendidly sound and white.

INEXHAUSTIBLE FLAVOR! You can't chew it out. Smoothness with a tang — a breath of spice — Dentyne's distinctive flavor is an achievement in sheer deliciousness. You'll appreciate the shape of the Dentyne package, too — smartly flat (an exclusive feature) — just right to slide handily into your pocket or purse.

*Keeps teeth white —
mouth healthy*



DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM



**DON'T USE A
1/2 WAY
TOOTH PASTE**

have beautiful teeth

DOES BOTH JOBS

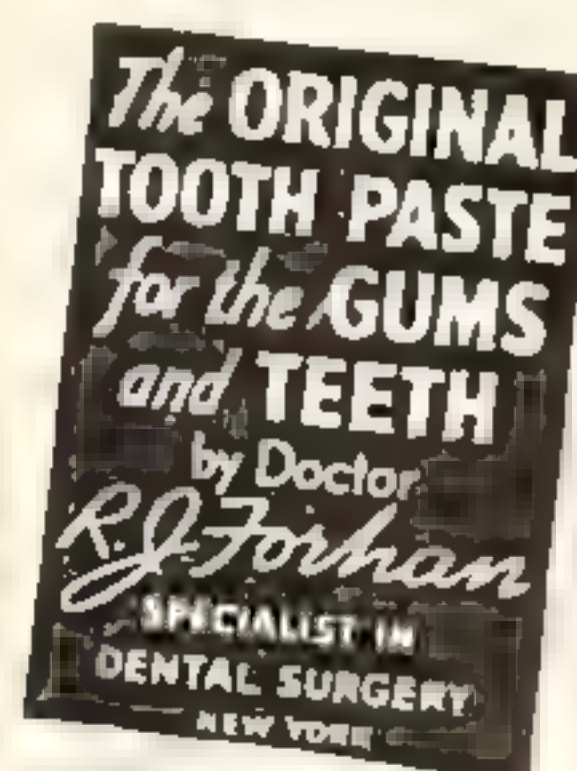
CLEANS TEETH

Replace half way care of your teeth with a tooth paste that does a *Double* job. All the cleansing in the world won't keep your teeth beautiful if you let your *Gums* grow soft and spongy! Forhan's whitens your teeth and protects your gums at the same time.

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Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan—now used in concentrated form by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. It gives you *two-fold* protection, yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhan's today.

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Chafing Even in most aggravated cases burning stops and comfort follows the soothing touch of —
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The new Zip Facial Hair Remover contains no sulphides, no offensive odors. Instantly eliminates every trace of hair. Face, arms and legs. Ask your dealer or write Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Ave., New York

Beauty Prize

THE STORY SO FAR

Amid a blaze of publicity, Ruth Quirk, former salesgirl in a five and ten-cent store in a mill town, departs for Hollywood, the winner of a beauty contest. Hopeful for her success, but bitterly disappointed that the pretty girl he loves is thus separated from him, Steve Tyndall, manager of Bend River's lone telegraph station, keeps informed of Ruth's progress through telegrams that Ruth, now known as Viola Palmer, sends to her mother. As glowing reports of promised contracts give way to less optimistic news, Steve becomes concerned. Then a wire from Ruth tells that she is returning to Bend River. Steve is thrilled as he reads the wire addressed to Ruth's mother.

(Continued from page 29)

started off over the rough pavement of Sixteenth Street.

"Pretty hot," said Joe, as Steve re-entered the office. But Steve pretended not to have heard him.

"Miss Palmer?" said Steve next morning. "I've got a bunch of wires here for you. Want me to read 'em?"

"Please," said Ruth at the other end of the wire. It struck him that her Middle Western accent seemed as marked as when he had heard it in the movie. You didn't notice it so much when she was standing right in front of you.

MISS VIOLA PALMER
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
REGRET TO INFORM YOU OPTION
CANNOT BE RENEWED ON ANY
TERMS STOP HAVE NOTIFIED PINKLESTEIN STOP BEST WISHES FOR YOUR FUTURE
PHOENIX PICTURE COMPANY

MISS VIOLA PALMER
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
DOING EVERYTHING IN OUR
POWER TO INTEREST PIERPONT
STOP ESSENTIAL YOU GIVE US
TIME TO SOUND MARKET
PINKLECATT

MISS VIOLA PALMER
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
SO SORRY THEY KICKED YOU
OUT LITTLE MONKEY IS THERE
ANYTHING I CAN DO
GLAINE

MISS VIOLA PALMER
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
DOING MY BEST WITH PIP KEEP
YOUR CHIN UP WE'VE ALL BEEN
THROUGH THE MILL
DODO

"Is that all?" asked Ruth, when he'd finished.

"That's all right now."

"O.K.," she said. "I'll be here in case anything else comes," and rang off.

Steve pictured her sitting alone there in the hotel room, waiting for the phone to ring, waiting for a more cheering message. When three days had passed and still nothing had come, he found the old dreams struggling for possession of his mind. Maybe she wasn't so far beyond his reach as he'd imagined. Maybe she'd enjoy living peacefully in Bend River again, going to the movies with a fellow she could depend on. All these Eddies and Louis and Frankies didn't seem to amount to much. Steve couldn't himself understand why he wasn't torn by jealousy. If she'd wired to just one, he decided, it would have been worse. Safety lay in numbers.

On the fifth day—he hadn't seen her again—his day-dreams were shattered.

MISS VIOLA PALMER
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
GLAD TO INFORM YOU WE HAVE
ARRANGED DEAL WITH MODERN
ART STOP SALARY AND TERMS
SENSATIONAL STOP FURTHER
DETAILS ON ARRIVAL TAKE NEXT
PLANE
PINKLECATT

It was a night letter. He read it to her over the phone at 8:05 in the morning. "Well—" said Ruth, "at last," as though she'd known all along that the only possible outcome of her dilemma must be a new contract with sensational terms and salary. She whirled into the office at noon and



Bing Crosby puts a tender, crooning note in love-making to Frances Farmer in this close-up for "Rhythm on the Range." Looks like a promising team, eh?

flung a packet of wires on the counter. "Got to fly," she gasped. "Catching the Cleveland plane," and was gone before he could wish her luck. He heard the roar of the motor outside and caught sight of a young man at the wheel.

"Maybe Harry came down," he thought, returning to his Simplex. The telegrams, all collect, were addressed to various people in Hollywood. It made Steve's head and heart ache to read them.

She was gone again—farther from him than ever before. It was as though Steve had caught a fugitive glimpse of her life through a peephole—the strange, indescribably exciting life of a movie star—and as though that glimpse had made the separation final. The way she looked, the way her mind worked, her cares, her joys, her desires—those things had nothing to do with the Ruth he knew, with the girl he'd taken to the movies and whose lips had quivered under his. She was something dazzling now—a beautiful woman in a glittering evening gown, her shoulders bare—an actress in Hollywood—a name in the papers—a picture on a magazine cover.

For such was the metamorphosis actually undergone by Viola Palmer during the next six months. Fame was hers even before her picture was finished. The public knew who she was, even though they'd never seen her on the screen. Steve read all the publicity in the fan magazines—information to the effect that Pierpont was spending hundreds of thousands on the campaign for his new star—ironical doubts as to whether he'd ever get his money back—respectful comments on the infallible taste and flair of the veteran producer.

One day Rolly showed up—Rowland Lyman, the man who had first interviewed Ruth in the Five-and-Ten.

"Hello, old man," he said, flinging his hat on the counter. "What'll you take for an article?"

Steve didn't know what he was talking about. It turned out that Rolly wanted to write a story entitled "*The Man Who Knows Viola Palmer*," for which Steve was supposed to supply the material.

"How d'you know I knew Ruth?" he inquired, taken aback.

Rolly's laughter boomed. "I've got the three requisites of a good reporter. First, excellent memory. Second, power of observation. Third, lying so it sounds like the truth and making the truth so exciting that it sounds like a lie."

They discussed it pro and con for a while, and Steve felt himself wrapped in a pleasant glow of importance. Nevertheless, he decided against the offer. He meant to keep those kisses for himself. They were little enough to have, and if he talked about them, they'd melt away into nothing at all. Rolly swore at him good-naturedly, picked up his hat and departed.

Two months later the picture reached Bend River. It was called "Rapture" and the papers had been full of it for two weeks before the event. Through the fan magazines Steve knew something about the story and Viola Palmer's part in it. He had seen innumerable photographs of her in the most enchanting and seductive gowns and poses. She really did look a little like Marlene Dietrich by this time. The dimple in her chin was gone, but they'd given her piquant shadows under the cheekbones instead, and her mouth was always partly open, as though in wonder or desire.

Hardly understanding his own complicated impulses, Steve put off going to the theatre till the third evening. He took Anne along as a sort of protective barrier between him and his lost love. There was a great deal of music in the picture and a great deal of confusion, and Viola was on the screen practically throughout. Her

They're New and they're NEWS!



SAILOR'S KNOT AND SEA-RIGGING

by B. V. D.

IN A BEAUTY parade of colors, in a brilliant brigade of new fabrics, and fashions, B.V.D.'s 1936 Swim Suits march down to the seas.

Take "Sailor's Knot"—that sleek-skirted suit to the left. Let your public applaud your new grace when you wear it. In private you can thank B.V.D.'s silhouetting new *Skipper-Knit*, beauty-molding brassiere top, new seamless back with adjustable bow. \$6.95.

Take "Sea-Rigging"—that

slim suit to the right. Again that contouring new B.V.D. *Skipper-Knit*, exclusive new seamless sides, adjustable braided straps that mean everything to the beautiful fit of a suit. \$3.95.

Yours to note their grace and charm—ours to tell you the new "beauty secrets" that make B.V.D.'s 1936 swim suits the brightest gems of the ocean! And these are only two of the many. The B.V.D. Co., Inc., Empire State Building, New York.

B. V. D. 
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SWIM SUITS

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Hat by Lilly Daché



Eye Make-up by Maybelline



Lilly Daché, one of America's foremost hat designers, creates this utterly charming daytime hat of soft blue toyo straw—with a perky oriental yellowbird set on the crown directly off center. Its striking, swooping, narrow accordinian brim is a sure challenge to adventure. Says Mme. Daché: "The shallow sailor crown lifts the hat off the eyes, and to achieve real chic it is important of course to reveal the eyes at their best—in eye make-up as well as hat design."

MODERN Eye Make-up IS AS NECESSARY TO Chic AS THE SMARTEST Hat

CHIC!—elusive, magnetic quality—sweep of long lovely lashes! This most compelling of all feminine charms can be yours instantly, easily, with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Don't deny your eyes their marvelous powers—darken your lashes into long luxuriant fringe with Maybelline Mascara—the modern, non-smarting, tearproof mascara preferred by more than ten million fastidious women throughout the world. Try it in either the famous Solid form or the new Cream form—lightly for the smoothest, most silken effects; or more heavily for a deep rich appearance. In Black, Brown and Blue.

Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, the modern Solid form Maybelline Mascara is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—including the new Cream form mascara—may be had at leading 10c stores. Try them today!



Solid Form
MASCARA



Cream Form
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Eyebrow
PENCIL



Eye
SHADOW



Eyelash
TONIC
CREAM



Eyebrow
BRUSH

Maybelline

WORLD'S FINEST AND LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

face was shown in one close-up after another, her hands in every conceivable position. But her lines were comparatively few, and when she did talk, she seemed to be trying to swallow her voice. All the big scenes were played by her leading man, a newcomer named Charles Meadland. When it was over, Steve, flushed, bewildered, yet strangely empty, made no move to get up. Anne was holding his left hand, which was cold in spite of his hot forehead.

"How d'you like her?" he asked.

"That Meadland's swell," said Anne.

"I mean the girl—Viola Palmer."

"No personality," said Anne.

"What do you know about personality?" he demanded bitterly, "—in your drug-store? I think she's prettier than Garbo," he insisted doggedly.

"Matter of taste," replied Anne.

"I knew her before she was famous." He hadn't wanted to say it; it had just slipped out.

"I know," said Anne.

"How do you know?" he asked in dismay.

"Girls know everything," she replied enigmatically.

He stood up. It was time to put an end to this conversation. "I'll take you home." Suddenly he never wanted to talk to Anne again.

He had thought this business of Ruth was dead and buried. Now she began forcing her way into his dreams, and there was nothing he could do about it.

Late summer came, and fall, with its tumbleweeds along the river bank, and it was weeks and months since he'd heard anything of Ruth Viola Palmer. Curious—the great silence that had fallen after "Rapture." He wasn't seeing Anne either. He must be bewitched. All his affairs with girls seemed to peter out, before they'd been well started. There was only one whom he couldn't banish from his mind. Sometimes he thought of the thousands of fellows all over America and the world who, like himself, must be dreaming of Viola Palmer. That's what a movie like "Rapture" did to you—drove you so wild about a girl that she got into your blood and under your skin and you could never get her out again. It was half in pride, half in jealousy, that he thought of those others, all of them desperately in love with Viola.

One day, not long before Christmas, the door opened on a flurry of snowflakes and Mrs. Quirk. She was so upset as to be all but incoherent.

"I'd like—can you—I mean—I heard you could send money by wire," she stammered.

"Yes—" he told her. "There's a small fee." Harry's in a jam again, he decided.

"A hundred dollars," said Mrs. Quirk, "—to Hollywood—to my daughter—"

His heart stopped for a moment, then started a violent pounding. "Want to send a wire too?" he asked, controlling his voice.

"Yes, please." She started hunting for the money. She had Ruth's untidy habit of rummaging through her bag. Steve handed her his fountain pen.

MISS VIOLA PALMER
CALIFORNIA HOTEL
LOS ANGELES

WIRING HUNDRED DOLLARS PAY
DEBTS COME HOME DON'T WORRY
LOVE

MOTHER

"Anything wrong with Miss Ruth?" asked Steve.

"No—not really—I guess it's always like that in Hollywood. The child shouldn't be there—she's too good—too decent—"

"You're right there," assented Steve warmly. "Then—we'll be seeing her here before long, I suppose?"

"Yes," said her mother, "before Christmas."

Steve held the door open for her. The snow was falling in thick white flakes. He drew a long deep breath, full of snowy air, before turning back into the office.

CATT & PINKLESTEIN AGENCY
8936 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
BEVERLY HILLS CALIFORNIA
URGENT YOU LEAVE NO STONE
UNTURNED WILL TAKE ANYTHING
STOP SURE I CAN MAKE GOOD
WHEN BACK IN HOLLYWOOD
PALMER

GROSS & STEIN
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
WILL ACCEPT BIT PART IN YOUR
REVUE KINDLY WIRE TERMS
VIOLA PALMER

MISS DODO PRATT
POINSETTIA APARTMENTS
1430 NORTH BRONSON
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
DARLING WILL RETURN LOAN
WHEN I GET JOB CAN'T YOU HELP
VIOLA



Terry Walker, film newcomer, is proving that her rope and ladder trick produces slim, lovely lines.

MR ERNEST KASZMARY
BEVERLY CHATEAU
BEVERLY HILLS CALIFORNIA
WHY NO LETTER DYING TO HEAR
FROM YOU YOURS FOREVER
VIOLA

CATT & PINKLESTEIN AGENCY
8396 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
BEVERLY HILLS CALIFORNIA
WHY DON'T YOU WIRE YOU SIM-
PLY MUST GET ME SOMETHING
VIOLA PALMER

MR AXEL PIERPONT
MODERN ART FILM CORPORATION
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
UNDERSTAND YOU ARE CASTING
ONE DAY IN MAY STOP WOULD
ACCEPT BIT STOP TAKING SING-
ING LESSONS PERFECT TAPDANCER
STOP DON'T BELIEVE YOU WILL
LET ME DOWN
VIOLA

MR EDDIE GLAINE
PHOENIX PICTURE COMPANY
CULVER CITY CALIFORNIA
WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING
FOR ME STOP HOW ABOUT ALL
YOUR PROMISES
VIOLA

SAM LOWE AGENCY
28 PERSHING SQUARE
LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA
CONSIDERING APPEARANCE IN
BURLESQUE KINDLY WIRE TERMS
VIOLA PALMER

Do you know anybody who deserves

this tag?



MEN avoid her. Girls refuse to bother with her.

"A careless, untidy person who is unpleasant to be with"—that's the way they think of the girl who carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

Too bad. For she misses so many good times. Her real friends would like to tell her what the trouble is, but after all, they feel, the girl of today should be alert to the danger of underarm odor in herself.

She should know that the underarms need *special daily* care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And the modern girl knows the quick, easy way to give this care. Mum!

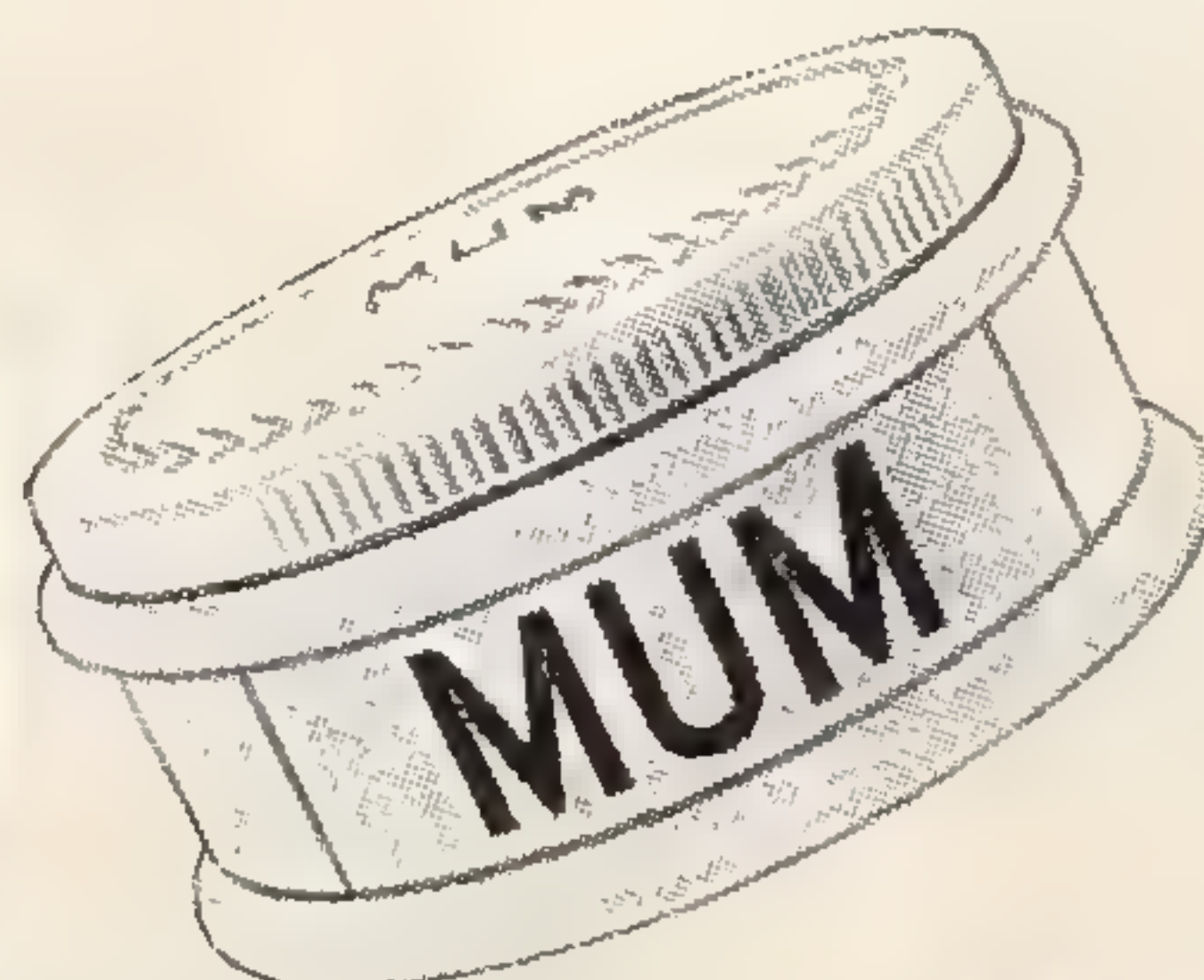
Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as "*the girl who needs Mum.*" Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM



USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration



IF YOU ARE planning a motor trip, or a sojourn at the beach, be sure to take two or three packages of Linit with you for the Linit Beauty Bath instantly soothes a roughened or sunburned skin.



... AS A MOONLIT POOL

When you come in tired, dusty or sunburned—relax in a tepid bath with Linit dissolved in the water. The delightful effect is *instant*—almost magical. Fatigue is forgotten. The rough touch of the wind and burn of the sun is allayed by the soothing effect of this refreshing bath. After the Linit bath, your skin feels soft and smooth and there is no damp, sticky feeling to your body. Why not try the Linit Beauty Bath before retiring *tonight*? Notice what soothing relaxation it affords your entire body. LINIT is sold by your grocer.

for fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package... recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.



"You mustn't do that," said Steve gently as he read the final message.

"Mustn't do what?" asked Ruth.

"Play in burlesque." His heart ached for her.

"Mae West started in burlesque," she said stubbornly. Her head was bare, and her hair was turning brown at the roots. "Guess her mother can't give her money to have it bleached," thought Steve. She'd been coming in almost every day to send off her wires. Pleas, entreaties, threats. Steve waited with her for answers that never came.

"Ruth—" he said softly, "—what happened anyway?" He was calling her Ruth again, the name by which her mother called her.

"Happened? Nothing. What always happens in Hollywood. Today you're up, tomorrow down. I guess I'm not hard-boiled enough to suit them. I wouldn't do the things they expect girls to do out there." "I'll bet you wouldn't," said Steve. Visions of wild parties flashed through his mind. Every girl who failed to make good in Hollywood had the same story to tell. Ruth knew better, but she wouldn't admit it, even to herself.

"You're no actress," they had told her. "No personality," the papers had said. Faced by the cameras and microphone, she couldn't laugh, she couldn't cry, she couldn't even walk. In her heart she knew what was wrong. "All your talent's in your pretty legs," Glaine, the director, had told her. Only he hadn't said legs. "She's got no talent even there," old Pierpont had wailed. She couldn't understand what they all wanted from her, why they had dropped her. She was still half benumbed with all the anguish she'd gone through.

So, "I wouldn't do the things they expect girls to do out there," she said.

Steve gazed at her. She looked so thin, so worn. But the veneer was beginning to wear off and beneath it he could see traces of the real Ruth again. "You're much too good for Hollywood," he assured her, and she believed him and was comforted.

"Just one more wire." She smiled up at him. "My fountain pen's dry," she said. He gave her his.

MR DOUGLAS GWENN
BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL
BEVERLY HILLS CALIFORNIA
HAVEN'T YOU A WORD FOR
ME I'M DESPERATE SURELY YOU
HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOUR
VIOLA

MISS VIOLA PALMER
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
SIGNED CONTRACT FOR ENG-
LAND STOP SORRY NOT TO SEE
YOU BEFORE I GO THANKS FOR
EVERYTHING
DOUGLAS

MISS VIOLA PALMER
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
UP TO MY EARS IN WORK DON'T
BE CRAZY STOP LETTER FOLLOWS
ERNEST

MISS VIOLA PALMER
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
MISTER PIERPONT REGRETS NO
JOB AVAILABLE WILL KEEP YOU
IN MIND
MODERN ART

MISS VIOLA PALMER
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
NUTS TO YOU
DODO

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376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
HOLLYWOOD REVUE ACCEPTS
ONLY EXPERIENCED SHOWGIRLS
SORRY
GROSS & STEIN

MISS VIOLA PALMER
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
UNABLE GET EMPLOYMENT FOR
YOU RELEASE YOU FROM CON-
TRACT
PINKLECATT

MISS VIOLA PALMER
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT HOLLY-
WOOD PROMISES MEAN LITTLE
MONKEY STOP WISH YOU A GOOD
HUSBAND AND SIX BABIES
GLAINE

MISS VIOLA PALMER
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
DOWNTOWN THEATRE OFFERS
THIRTYFIVE WEEKLY FOR STRIP
TEASE ACT WIRE DECISION STOP
FORTY APPLICANTS FOR JOB
SAM LOWE AGENCY

Steve laid cutter and moister aside and slipped the last wire, which had just arrived, into its envelope. It was ten minutes to six. He went into the corridor, washed his hands, combed his hair and re-knotted his necktie. He felt of his chin, which was still smooth enough, thank goodness. "Romance in the air," hummed Joe who had followed him in, and was watching his manoeuvres attentively.

"One of these days," said Steve, "you're going to get a sock in the jaw." He seated himself at the Simplex, his eye on the clock till the hands touched six. No one was going to say that his private affairs took him from the office a minute ahead of time. Joe was still lounging about when he turned out the lights and gathered his belongings together.

"Well—" said Joe, "want me to deliver it?"

"No, thanks."

"Doesn't hurt to change round once in a while," Joe commented. "That makes Joe the boss and Mr. Steve Tyndall, Esquire, the messenger boy," and he ducked out.

Steve locked up. Five minutes later he was stamping the snow from his shoes on the front porch of the house in Twenty-third Street. Ruth answered his ring. The room was lighted by a floor lamp, and the smell of gas rose from a little stove in the corner.

"I've got another wire for you," said Steve. She tore it open with nervous fingers and moved into the light of the lamp to read it. Then she forced a smile.

"I've got an offer," she told her mother, who was seated beside the stove.

"At last," said Mrs. Quirk. "Is it good?"

Ruth shivered a little, though she was wearing an old sweater over her dress. "Not bad," she said, and threw Steve an imploring glance. He nodded reassuringly. A brief silence was finally broken by Ruth. "But I don't believe I'll take it," she said.

Her mother stirred uneasily on the sofa. "Why not?"

"Oh—I'm not the Hollywood type, I guess," said Ruth slowly. "Harry always said so."

Deep within him Steve felt something thaw and quiver and return slowly to life. "Doing anything tonight?" he asked.

She seemed a little startled. "Who? Me? No—nothing much. Only I'm pretty tired."

"You'll get over that—in the fresh air."

It didn't make much sense, but Ruth evidently didn't mind that. She followed him out to the front porch. It was very cold, and the breath of her mouth formed into a mist. Steve found himself wishing there were snowflakes in her hair, so he could kiss them away. He could actually feel how cold they'd be, and how they'd melt under the warmth of his lips.

"So now you're back," he said.

She smiled up at him. "Yes," she said, "now I'm back."

THE END.

Beauty

BY

JANTZEN

● You wear only one garment on the beach. Style, beauty and comfort are entirely dependent upon that one garment fitting perfectly and permanently. You can have no more positive assurance than a figure-control Jantzen. It is America's finest fitting swimming suit. Knitted by the famous Jantzen-stitch process a Jantzen molds the body in slenderizing lines of grace and beauty.

IRENE BENNETT, in the Paramount picture, "The Sky Parade".

"TAKE-OFF MIO" as shown \$5.95

With skirt..... \$8.95

Other Jantzen models \$4.50-\$8.95



Jantzen Knitting Mills, Dept. 262, Portland, Ore.

Send me style folder in color featuring new 1936 models. Women's ☐ Men's ☐

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Address _____

HITCH YOUR Beauty TO A STAR



TO enhance the loveliness of your skin, safeguard its texture in the Hollywood manner. Use the finest of powders and the finest of puffs—for with powder puffs, too—it's texture! Use the famous Screen Star Puff, endorsed by famous stars. Its deep plush pile is extra-long and super-soft and its smooth, even texture dusts on your favorite powder with the delicate touch of a zephyr-like breeze. Remember, too—change your puff frequently. A clean skin demands a clean puff—for health, as well as beauty. Five cents at all leading chain stores.

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YOUR
FAVORITE
SCREEN
STAR



SCREEN STARS Powder Puffs

"HITCH YOUR BEAUTY TO A STAR"

Don't forget—with each Screen Star Puff is a Hollywood Beauty Secret. Save these folders. They're good for free premium.



Why Picture Pets Go to Paris

Continued from page 61

for the characters in the play. There was a dash to London in a plane for the necessary papers—classic props of melodrama. Then their arrival at dawn on the morning of the wedding. A chartered plane stood by, and even as he climbed into the cabin with his bride, Douglas wasn't quite sure where to tell the pilot to go. We suggested Spain, since there was a bit of a revolution going on there and we know Douglas' love for excitement. Off to Spain they went, and later reports were that the riots were still flourishing dramatically and the Fairbankses were enjoying themselves hugely.

Two very interesting and widely different personalities descended in our midst—Charles Laughton, and Alexander Korda, the producer who is doing such great things in the London studios. Of course I had heard of the extraordinary preparation which Laughton puts into his brilliantly realistic characterizations for the screen. But I never knew how deeply these characters were worked out or what a hold they took on him: till I saw Laughton in Paris on this trip.

Charles had been in Switzerland and at the same time studying the rôle of "Cyrano de Bergerac," which he then thought would be his next picture for Korda. Laughton arrived in Paris completely unrecognizable under wildly flowing hair and behind the huge sweeping mustache of *Cyrano*. He said he would feel natural when actually working in front of the cameras because of this. Which is all very well, but a little disconcerting when one is with him, because Laughton would talk and act as he felt *Cyrano* would under circumstances that arose in an atmosphere which had nothing to do with Rostrand's drama. For instance, we would be walking along the Boulevard and suddenly with a wave of his arms Laughton would spout whole pages from the play. Or in a restaurant he would hold long discussions with the *Maitre d'hotel* in much the same way he felt *Cyrano* would have done. What a pity the production of "Cyrano de Bergerac" had to be postponed—for Laughton was certainly attaining that perfection which athletes call "the pink" of condition for a major achievement.

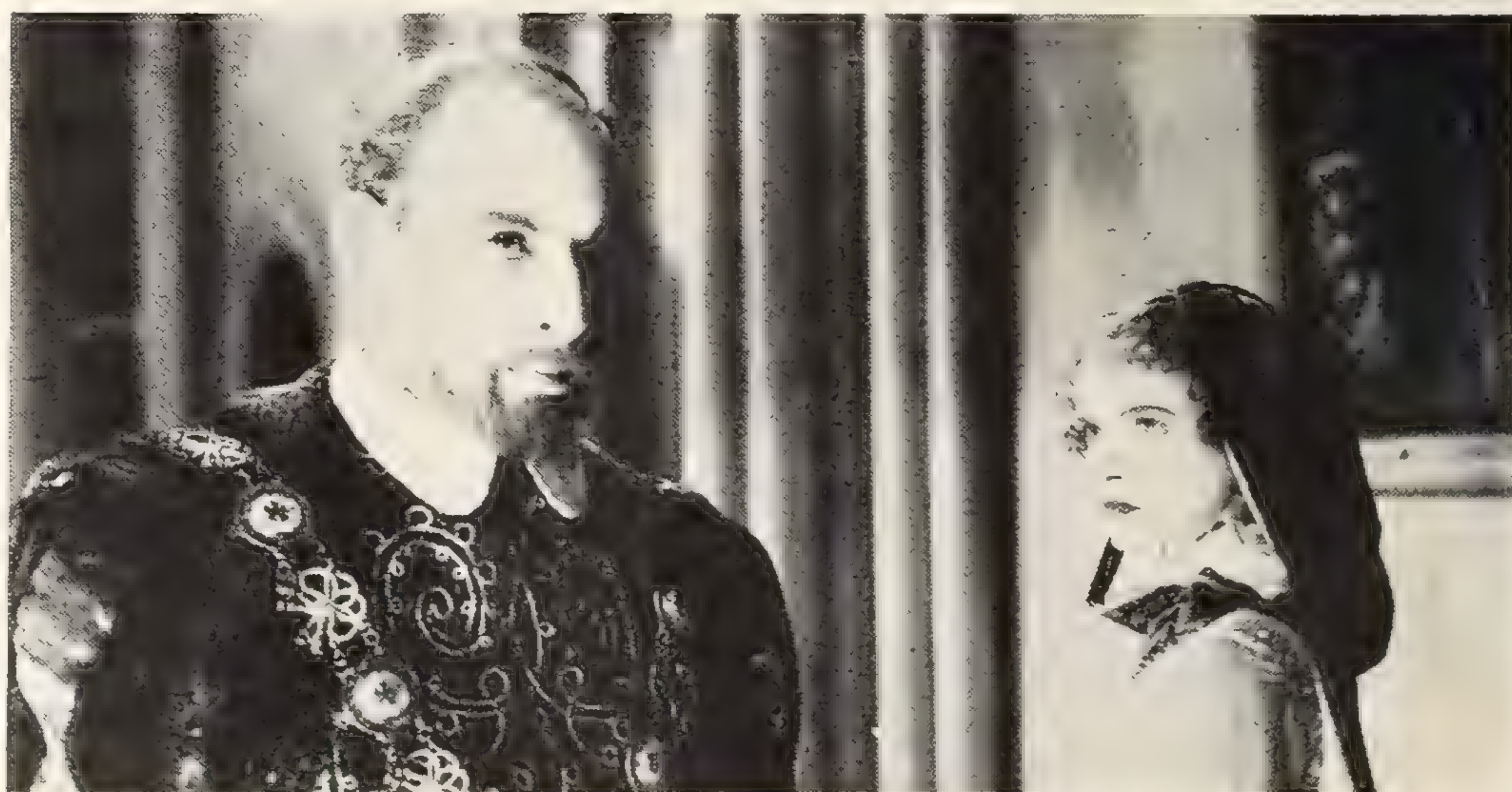
To my surprise beautiful French fell from Laughton's lips. He told me that he had always spoken French and had played all of the Moliere classics in French on the London stage. It's a wonder to me they don't have him do French versions of his

films for Laughton is one of the greatest favorites with the French public. In spite of his *Cyrano* complex of the moment he was one of the most lovable and interesting personalities I had ever met, and it must be a great joy to work with him in films.

Alexander Korda is a peculiarly attractive combination. He has a fantastic imagination which quite runs away with him. Korda is extremely extravagant, but his personality is modest and affable. He is almost always amiable. In Paris he was very much in the public eye because of his extraordinary H. G. Wells film, "Things to Come," on which he worked over two years. Over cocktails at the Crillon he told me of his holiday on the French Riviera with Laughton. He was on his way to London to finish up another H. G. Wells fantasy called "The Man Who Made Miracles," the very title of which suggests rich possibilities for captivating camera work and effects of spectacle. Also on Korda's immediate program was the next Laughton work—not *Cyrano* as was planned at that time but "Lion of Mayfair," with "Cyrano de Bergerac" to come later.

With such a man as Korda in the position of high command one can readily understand why British films are forging ahead with such rapid strides. Of course the terrible fire at Elstree, London's Hollywood, was a great blow, but they rapidly readjusted themselves and are working in other space while the studios are being rebuilt. An interesting side-light in connection with Korda and Wells' "Things to Come" is that in the Paris Chamber of Deputies at the assembly to discuss the French-Soviet pact, Jean Longuet, the Deputy, mentioned the film in his speech stressing the war angles of the future.

Hollywood's famed Hot Tamale arrived in Paris. Rather, little Lupe Velez burst upon our town. The newspapers were sure that Lupe was here to get a divorce from her Johnnee. But this wasn't the first time some nice headlines in prospective turned into mere "might have beens." Once when I was with her Lupe received a letter from Johnnee. She read it to me. He started with "Dearest Ma Ma"—a nice homey touch from that "wild Tarzan" to be sure, and it ended with "your loving husband Johnny Weissmuller." Lupe roared at that ending. "My God," she laughed, "does he think I have so many husbands that he has to sign his full name so I will know which



Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Nova Pilbeam in "Lady Jane Grey," an elaborate historical film produced in London.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

beaten egg whites, stir the mixture together and pour into a long baking sheet. When baked, fill with whipped cream and roll like a jelly roll.

"You can fill it with strawberries and whipped cream, if you prefer," added Irene, "and you can, if you aren't dieting, serve a thick chocolate sauce with it, topped with whipped cream. But when we are alone, we usually have it covered with powdered sugar and chopped nuts."

When Miss Dunne is planning a dinner at which some of the guests will be men, she caters to the male guests.

"I think it is only fair to consider the appetites of the hungriest," she explained. "Men are bigger and usually more active than women. They need more food and heartier food. Women in this day have a snippy way of eating, and can be trusted to pass up any dish that might add an unwanted pound. Men, however, musn't be permitted to leave your table feeling that they'd like to stop at a sandwich stand on the way home.

"Today I had two men in for luncheon—to discuss business. Because they were men I had lemon pie for dessert, something that I would never dream of eating myself, but I know men don't care for something less substantial.

"I wish there were a greater variety of meat dishes that men like, but I think men are conservative when it comes to food—they enjoy most the things they are accustomed to eating. Women like novelty.

"Since women seldom eat potatoes, and men aren't fond of novelty, I haven't yet served Potato Soufflé, which has been recommended to me very highly. Now if I were living in the days of 'Show Boat,' before women began to shudder at sight of scales, I could try it."

POTATO SOUFFLÉ

2 cups mashed potatoes
2 tablespoons melted butter
3 eggs
1 cup milk
salt, pepper, cayenne

Beat potatoes until light, add butter, well-beaten eggs, milk and seasoning. Turn into buttered baking dish and bake in moderate oven until firm.

An unusual vegetable served sometimes in this house is

EGGPLANT ANTONIO

One medium sized eggplant, one egg, one-quarter cup flour, one small onion, one-half teaspoon salt, milk to moisten, one-half teaspoon baking powder.

Peel and boil eggplant until tender. Drain very dry and mash fine. Season with pepper, salt, onion and nutmeg, add flour and baking powder, and a little milk to moisten. Drop into hot butter from tablespoon and fry brown. Test out and if batter does not hold together add a little cracker crumbs or more flour.

"I am not a great believer in salads with the formal dinner—that is, elaborate salads," said Irene, "Celery, olives, gherkins—something like that—even plain lettuce with a simple dressing, may be all very well, but I confine my salad inspirations to luncheons for women, where they can be appreciated.

"Now, if you are looking for a light dessert, strawberry or raspberry soufflé is usually welcomed."

DOUBLE MINT gum enjoyed daily helps beautify mouth and facial contours

A beauty's secret!
Every week go to your
BEAUTY SHOP
and
Every day enjoy
DOUBLE MINT gum

WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR



COOLING SYSTEM

If YOU want to sleep comfortably these warm evenings after a party—make your snack-before-retiring a bowl of crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes in milk or cream.

Light, yet satisfying. Your dreams will be sweeter, and you'll face the morning with a brighter eye.

Kellogg's are delicious and nourishing. Sold and served everywhere.

Nothing takes the place of

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES



Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

TRY Phelactine—the "different" depilatory. Removes superfluous hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorless.

At drug and department stores everywhere.

Switch to ZIP *for overcoming BODY ODORS*

CREAM DEODORANT

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY THE BEST TO BE HAD

Gives complete insurance against offending others! Easy to apply. Lasting. Harmless to your clothing. Ideal on sanitary napkins. A Physician's Prescription. Ask dealer or write Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Avenue, New York

COLOR YOUR HAIR **THE NEW FRENCH WAY**

Shampoo and color your hair at the same time, any shade with SHAMPO-KOLOR. Can't fade; colors roots, leaves hair soft, natural; permits perm wave. Free Book. Monsieur Valligny, Dpt. 20-A, 254 W. 31 St., N.Y.

BERRY SOUFFLE

Pour $\frac{2}{3}$ cups of berry preserve into bowl set in cracked ice, add 4 tablespoons powdered sugar, 1 tablespoon orange juice, yolks 2 eggs; beat hard with slit wooden spoon 10 minutes; fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, pour into lightly buttered and sugared soufflé dish, sprinkle with sugar and set in moderate oven 20 minutes. Serve immediately.

"My mother serves rather heavy meals, delicious always, but designed for the days before dieting. I know I, for one, eat my way through them feeling that I should starve for a week as a counterbalance. However, if I have a simple dinner, I feel I can go in for a richer dessert. Here is one that most men enjoy."

GENOESE CAKES

Beat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter to a light cream and beat into it $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted sugar and beat five minutes; add 1 unbeaten egg and beat smooth, add one by one

3 more eggs and beat well after the addition of each egg; beat hard for five minutes and beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sifted flour. Pour into a buttered and floured shallow baking pan, have the batter half an inch thick, and bake in a moderate oven. Turn the cake upside down on a wire rack to cool, when cold spread quickly with apricot jam and cover all with chocolate icing; place in the oven a minute, remove and when cold cut in small cubes.

A delicious and wholesome dish is "Corn Flake Strudel," made as follows:

Line a buttered pudding dish with corn flakes. Cover with a layer of very thinly sliced apples, sprinkle with sugar, a little cinnamon and dot with pieces of butter. Fill to top with alternate layers, covering with a layer of corn flakes. Cover dish closely. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) until apples are soft. Serve with hard sauce, lemon sauce, or cream.

Can It Happen Again?

Continued from page 59

of theatres. "is to come down to the Stanley Theatre every week and study the style of our good master of ceremonies." Dick attended every week, collecting jokes which he stored in a little black book, observing delivery of gags, and studying how other masters of ceremonies sold their songs.

He even studied dancing, though he found it difficult to get his feet off the floor in graceful rhythm, and got no further than a few elementary steps. While Dick slowly made an impression on Pittsburgh, these weren't the happiest years of his life. He chafed at the slowness of his progress. He and his young wife weren't getting along too well. Perhaps it was just a difference in temperament; perhaps it was her resentment of the ever greater adulation the young girls of Pittsburgh were showering on him, but an incompatibility developed that eventually led to separation.

The ambition microbe was still working on Dick through these years. He cast a longing eye to Broadway with the thought of becoming a juvenile in a New York musical production. Schwab and Mandel even made him an offer that he could not accept because of a contract with Warner Brothers which he sought to break.

His friends told him to forget Broadway. "You should be in pictures," they counselled.

"I don't want to be a picture star," replied Dick. "I'd rather be on Broadway. I'm too self-conscious for pictures."

Curled up in a lounging chair in the dressing-room of another master of ceremonies, sat a pale, listless girl, utterly disinterested in the theatrical conversation. She was pretty enough to be a movie star. But you'd probably have passed her up for any one of half a dozen chorus girls who dropped into the room from time to time. If so, you'd only have done what most Hollywood studios did with one of the screen's finest actresses—Barbara Stanwyck.

Only when the master of ceremonies, Frank Fay, addressed an aside to her or asked her for another cup of coffee did she cast off her apathy or reveal the fire in her eyes. A visitor entered.

"Come, come, what are you doing?" Frank Fay asked her. "Get on the job and find a cup so Mr. Smith can have some coffee."

Promptly and obediently, Barbara Stanwyck would disappear in search of a cup.

Frank Fay gazed after her admiringly. "The girl is crazy about me," he drawled. "Wants to marry me, but I don't know whether I want to get tied up."

Night after night during those summer months Barbara Stanwyck waited patiently in his dressing-room for Frank Fay to finish his work. She had come from New York, while her stage production was closed, to be near him.

"Gee, you're a lucky girl," Fay would say to her, "to be nuts about a guy like Faysie."

Though Barbara Stanwyck obviously agreed, the summer passed, her show was to re-open, and she was entrained for New York without having married him. A lover's disagreement of some sort kept them apart. But in New York Barbara received a phone call from Frank. For the occasion he engaged the orchestra director, Al Roth, now broadcasting over the Columbia chain from St. Louis, to play sentimental violin music as an accompaniment to Frank's appeal to Barbara to return to St. Louis and marry him. Roth received \$30.00 for his two hours of fiddling, and the telephone company \$150.00 in toll charges. But after she hung up the receiver, Barbara went back to St. Louis, married Frank, and an hour later was on the train bound for Newark to re-open in "Burlesque" the next night. After that—Stanwyck was a big star.

When Jack Haley came to St. Louis to do his turn as master of ceremonies, he, of course, had to his credit his successes on the stage and one picture, "Follow Thru." Still, Jack became known to us as the world's most nervous actor, and despite his ingenuous charm, we often wondered how he had done so well.

Fearful that four shows a day would strain his voice, he used to sit in his dressing-room with an ice pack about his neck, and rehearsed and rehearsed. You'd imagine Jack Haley a perfect *ad lib* entertainer, but he worked strictly from paper. I'd write radio announcements for him, from which, good or bad, he'd seldom deviate a word. Time and again he would rehearse a joke or a song. And time after time he'd go on the stage to forget the gag or the lyrics of his song. Whenever that happened, or any-

thing upset his routine, Jack would blow up completely.

The climax of his nervousness came during a blackout in which Jack was ostensibly reading a newspaper. "Hey," yelled a man from the second row, "you've got that newspaper upside down!"

Jack took one startled look, confirmed the man's declaration, and walked off the stage so rattled he couldn't return.

That very nervousness, however, carried with it a charm and sincerity that won him many followers. Their loyal appreciation touched Jack, just as it would anyone, and when it came time for him to leave, he said his farewell before the curtains with tears in his eyes. "Broadway and Hollywood seem fakes when I compare their coldness with the warmth and kindness of you people," choked Jack, little dreaming that Hollywood would call him back to co-star with Jack Oakie.

When you're dealing with actors who like to sleep late in the morning, it's a thrill to find one who will get up early to play a "benefit," after four hard shows opening day and five shows facing him the next day. Maybe that's why I'm so heartily glad this actor has achieved such success.

Of course, there was a reason for his eagerness to do that "benefit." For the first time on his tour he was "clicking." Howls of laughter greeted his "Wanna buy a duck" and his furious puffing on a huge stogie—a remnant of his burlesque days. It was only natural that we should ask him to appear on our radio hour.

In a sound-proof room, he faced the microphone and a sea of faces whose laughter could not penetrate the dividing-glass when he said, "You nasty man, yo, yo, yo." When he was through, we all felt a little disappointed, the radio station didn't ask us to bring him back—even for nothing, and mournfully the actor subscribed to the general verdict. "I'm just not any good on the radio," said Joe Penner, who since has become such a favorite.

This girl was a gorgeous beauty with flaxen hair and a beautifully proportioned body. We didn't catch her name, a tongue-twister, as we sat in the audience to view the week's first performance. After the master of ceremonies introduced her, she sang a song, and we couldn't understand a word. She went into a dance—not because the applause demanded it but because it was part of her routine. She finished to a blatant chord—and a deathly silence.

At the executives' post mortem on the show, we mournfully considered what to do with her.

"Take her out," advised one.

"Pay her off," counselled another.

She stayed in the show to do her dance, only because a feminine touch was needed in the presentation that week. You can imagine our consternation and possibly yours, when we learned that another master of ceremonies had changed her routine, made her a hit, and sent her on to New York where she became the talk of Broadway with Lou Holtz in "You Said It." On the strength of that Lyda Roberti got a picture contract.

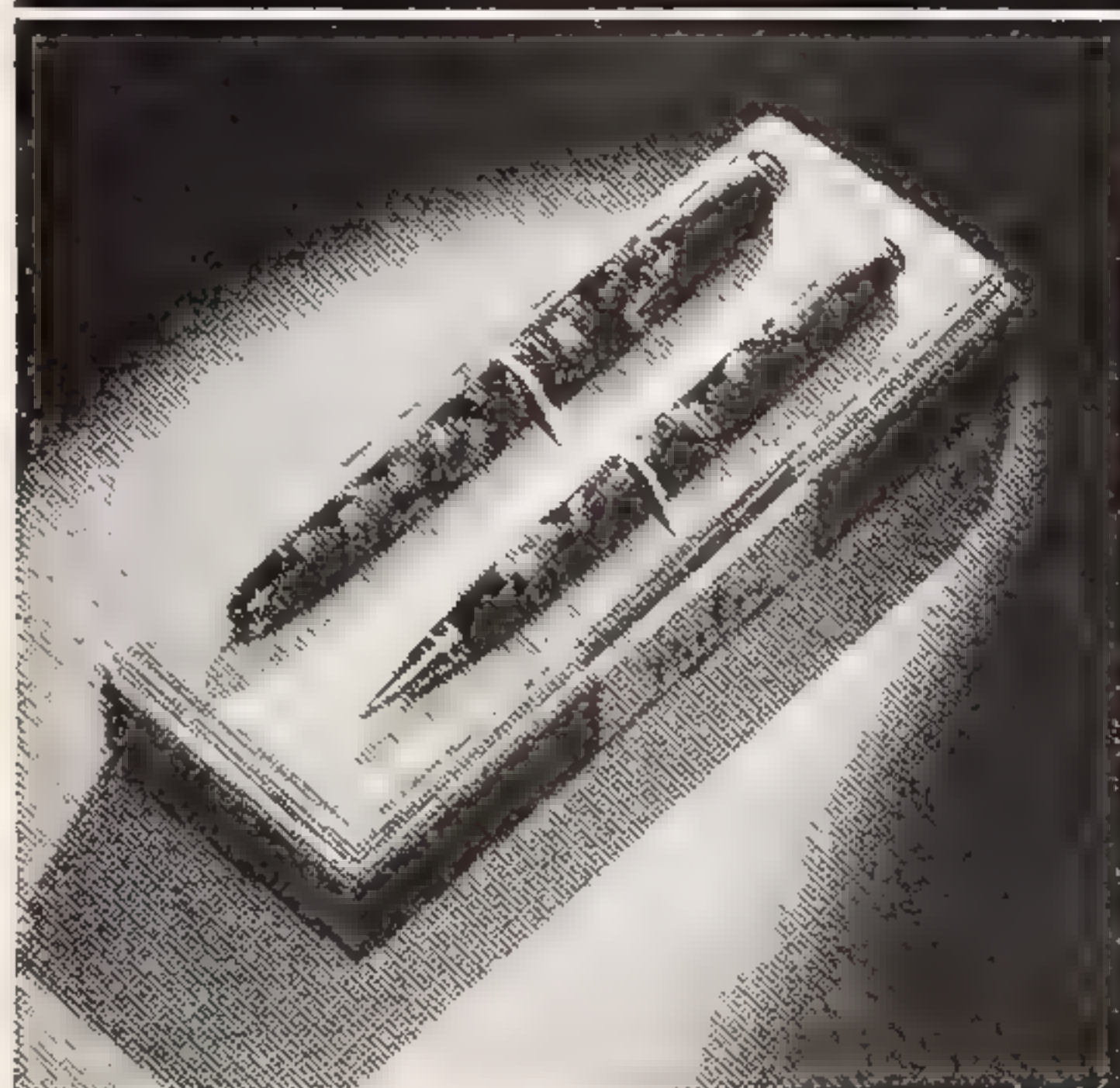
But if you try often enough, you're bound to pick a star once in a while. Even when she was getting \$300 a week, Ruth Etting was a favorite of theatre operators and audiences. She was stunning looking. She sang beautifully. But the thing I think most people liked best, I know I did, was the Charleston she did at the finish of *I Wonder Where My Sweetie Is Tonight*.

Then there was the little ingénue of our stock company. Everyone liked her. She was lovely and her throaty voice intrigued you and made you forget that all she knew about acting she had learned at school. When it came time to cast "Strictly Dishonorable," the director determined to find

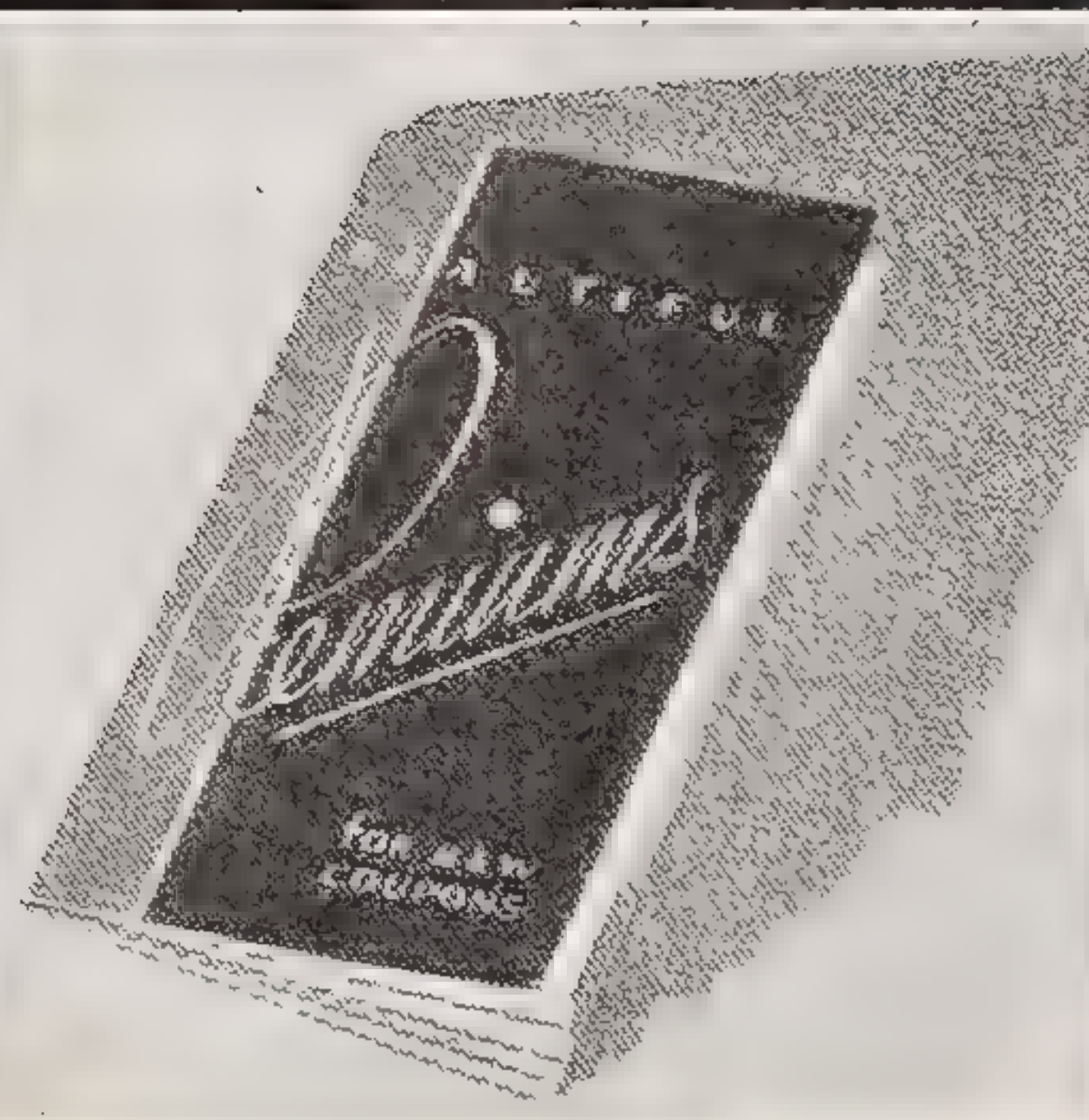
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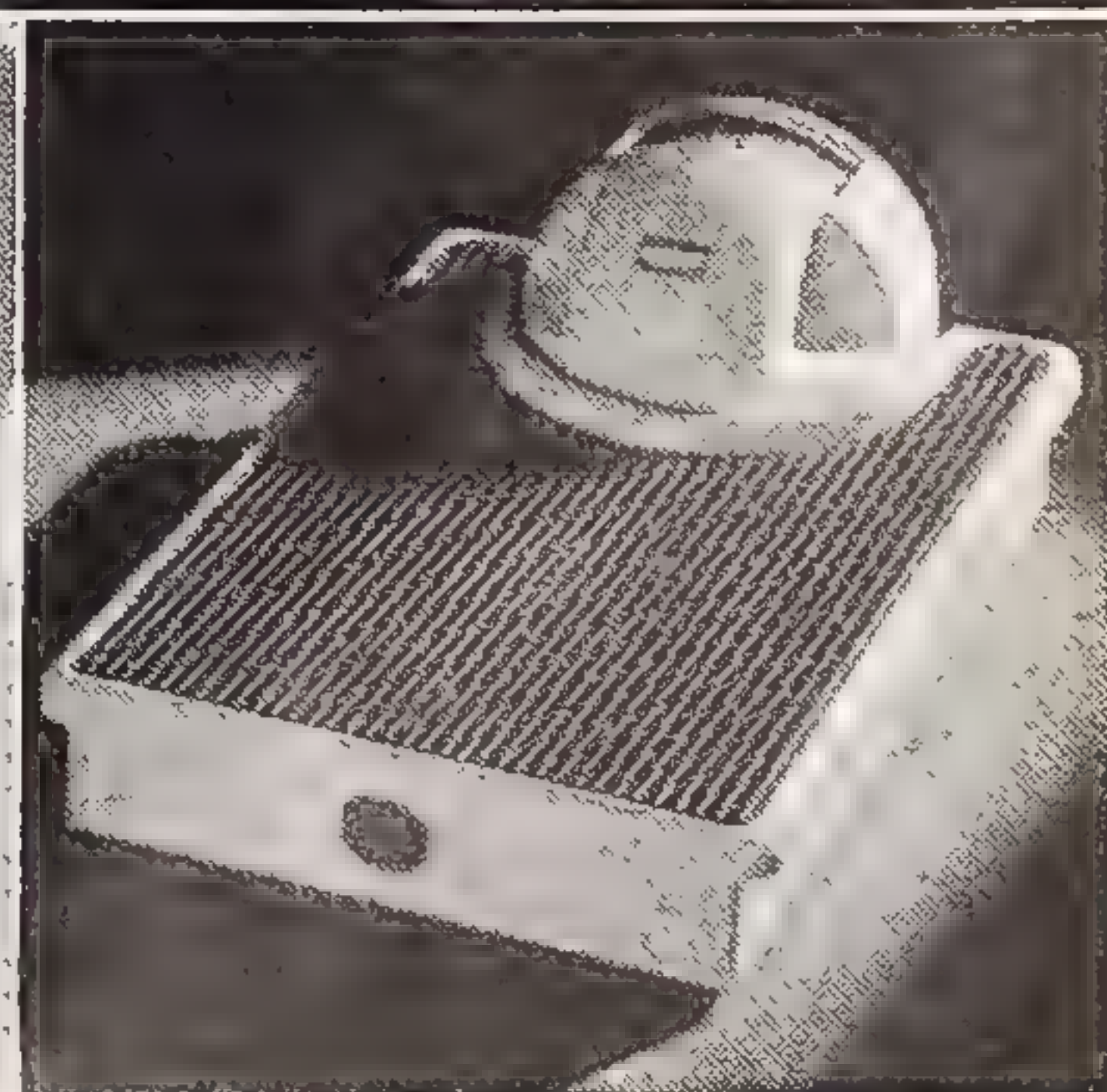
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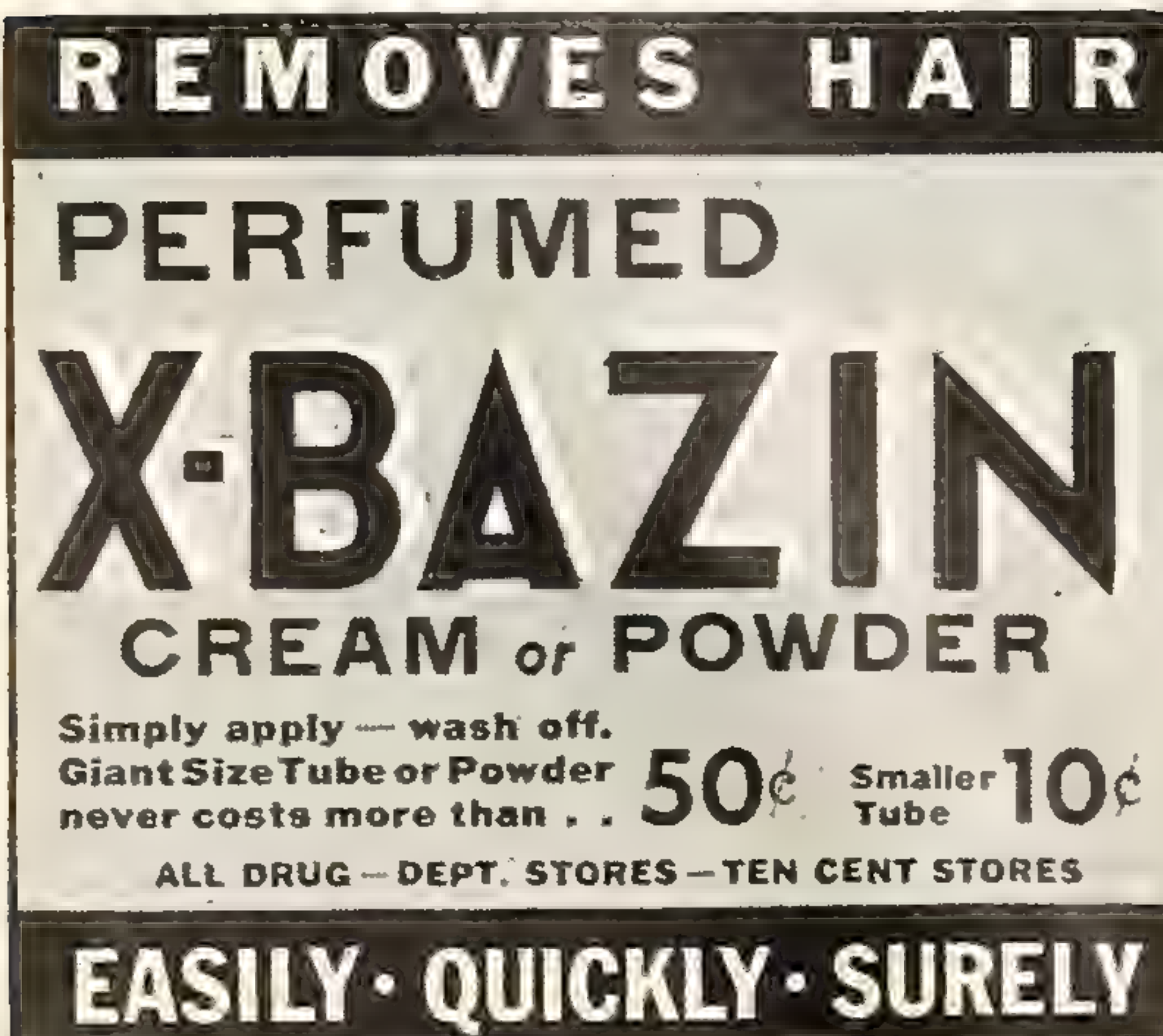
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a new leading lady, but he was stumped as to her successor.

"Why not give the ingénue the lead?" I asked at a meeting.

"Not enough experience," he promptly remarked, and then changed his mind the next day as he sat in the audience and heard the people's comments on her charms.

To this day I don't imagine Claire Trevor, the Fox star, knows I was responsible for her "first leading rôle."

The leading man who made love to Claire Trevor in "Strictly Dishonorable" was a handsome youth. If you'd heard the women gasp and giggle over him, you would have, no doubt, banked on him to rival Robert Montgomery as a feminine favorite on the screen.

The director of the company thought so at any rate, and recommended that Warner Brothers make a screen test of him. In a year's time they got around to his screen test, signed him to a contract, and sent him to Hollywood. And do you know the kind of part this handsome, lady-killing youth got for his first screen rôle and has been playing ever since? That of a heavy. Yes, Lyle Talbot, St. Louis matinée idol, is typed as a heavy!

Figures à la Carte

Continued from page 66

tion. Start your day with two glasses of water first thing in the morning. And cold water is better than hot, as it is more stimulating.

You can confine most of your "slimming" will-power to breakfast and lunch, for which your family and friends will thank you. Fruit juice and coffee (preferably black but permissibly with cream or sugar, not both), is as much as your body requires for breakfast. Cultivate the "salad luncheon" habit. With a few exceptions, eat what you want for dinner, but stop when you are no longer hungry, no matter how much you're urged to take another helping.

Foods to avoid are fried meat or fish, butter, pastry and candy, potatoes, lima beans, peas and corn. You'll be taking a long stride toward figure control if you can train yourself to eat your food without salt. Alcoholic drinks are the worst enemies of weight reduction.

Devices for reducing inches in needed spots are many and varied. The most effective is massage. Speaking of massage, there is a reducing foundation garment constructed to give a perpetual massage all the time you're wearing it. It can be obtained in a girdle to reduce hips, thighs, and abdomen, or with a brassiere attached to take care of the "spare tire" roll over the diaphragm.

The epsom salts bath is excellent to take off ounces. Put one pound of epsom salts in a tub of water as hot as you can stand. This is weakening if you immerse your entire body. However, if hips, "tummy" and thighs are the spots you want to reduce, simply sit in the bath 15 or 20 minutes, massaging and pinching the over-large sections while they're under water.

Get plenty of exercise out of doors now that Summer's here. Swimming, tennis, horseback and bicycle riding—all help your posture as well as your poundage. If you can't indulge in any other outdoor exercise—walk, at least an hour a day.

Breathe deeply and consciously hold yourself to your best posture. One of the best sports to develop graceful carriage is fencing. It gives the finest co-ordination of mind and body. You must keep perfect balance with fast foot-work and quick responses.



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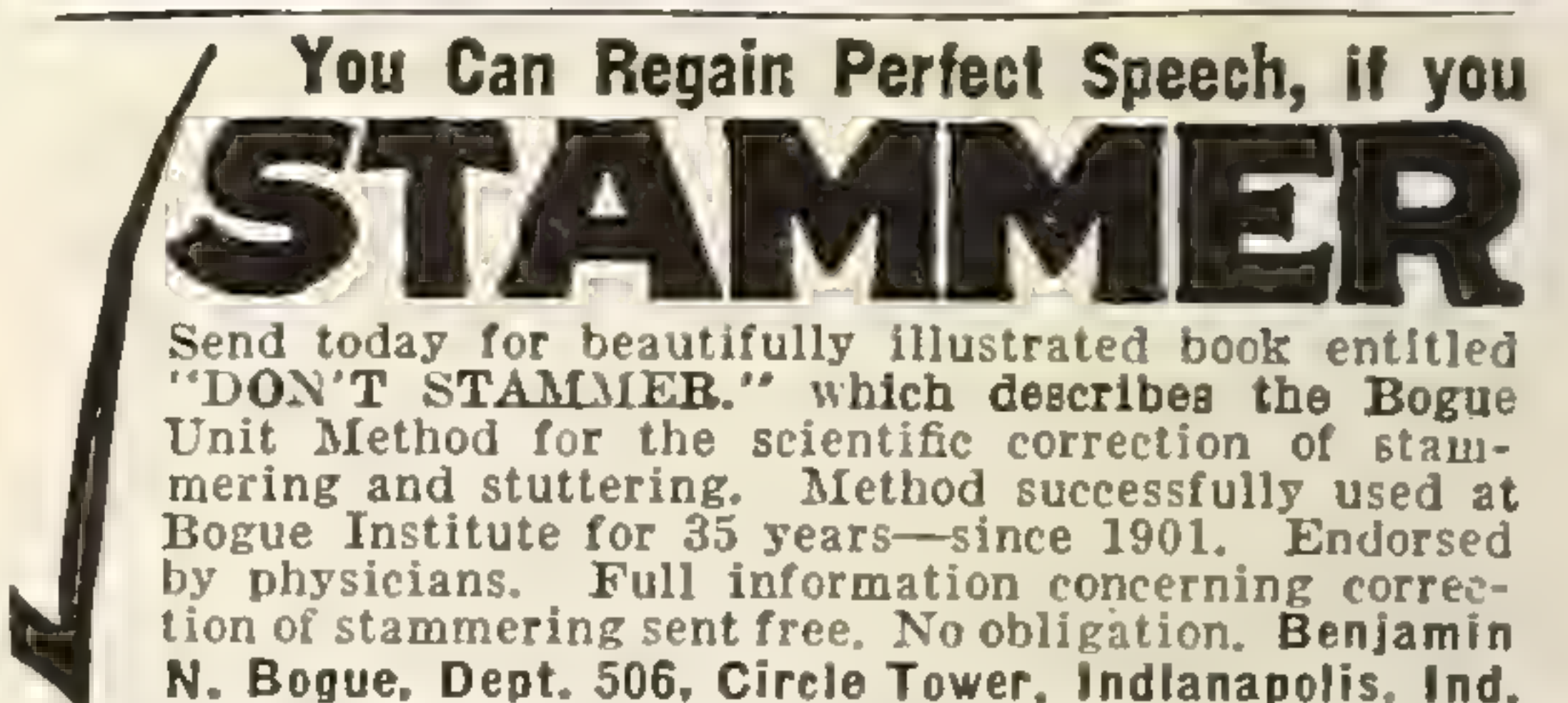
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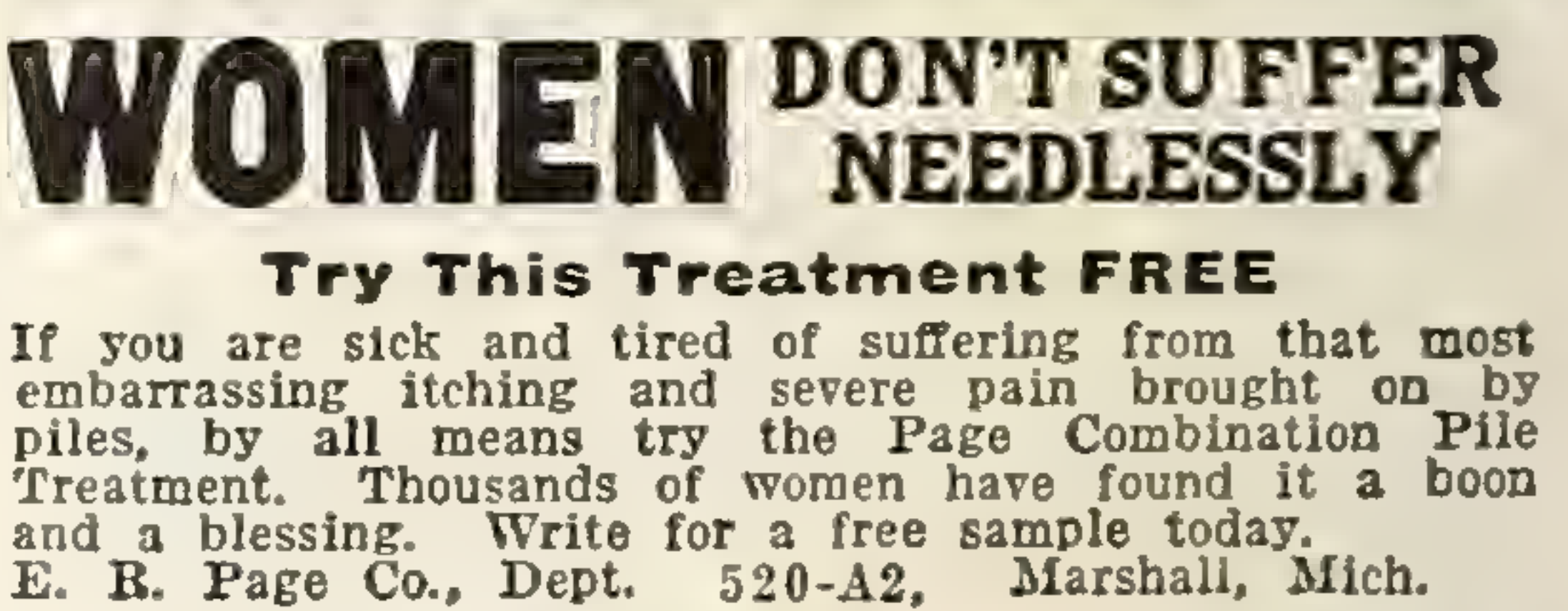
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3RD PRIZE—Shirley Temple Outfit
Miss Kay Schancer, 1730 Montgomery Avenue, Bronx, New York City.
4TH PRIZE—22" Shirley Temple Doll
Miss Janet Leslie Hendry, 882 East 28th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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(2) **6TH PRIZES**—18" Shirley Temple Dolls
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(5) **7TH PRIZES**—Shirley Temple Hats
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(5) **8TH PRIZES**—Pajamas with bedroom slippers
Miss Janice Walker, Medford, Mass. Miss Mary Louise Shea, Concord, N. H. Miss Eileen Atkins, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. J. Claude Smith, Mentone, Alabama. Miss Helen Kay, Glassport, Pa.

(10) **9TH PRIZES**—Bathing suits with sandals
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(6) **10TH PRIZES**—Slippers with hair-ribbon & socks
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(6) **12TH PRIZES**—Bedroom Slippers
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(6) **14TH PRIZES**—3 pairs socks
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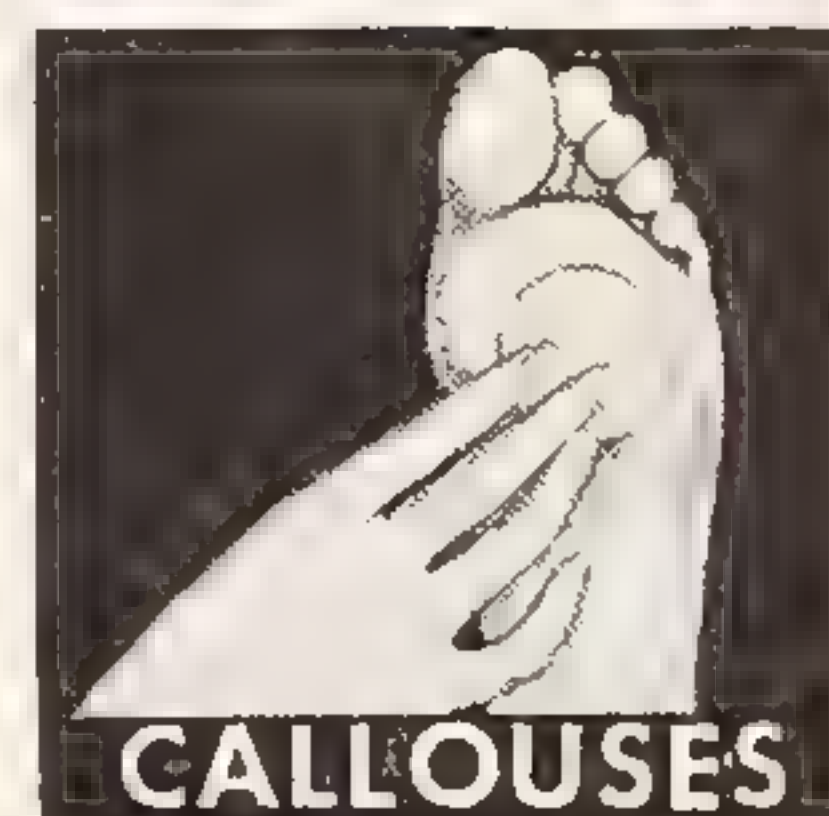
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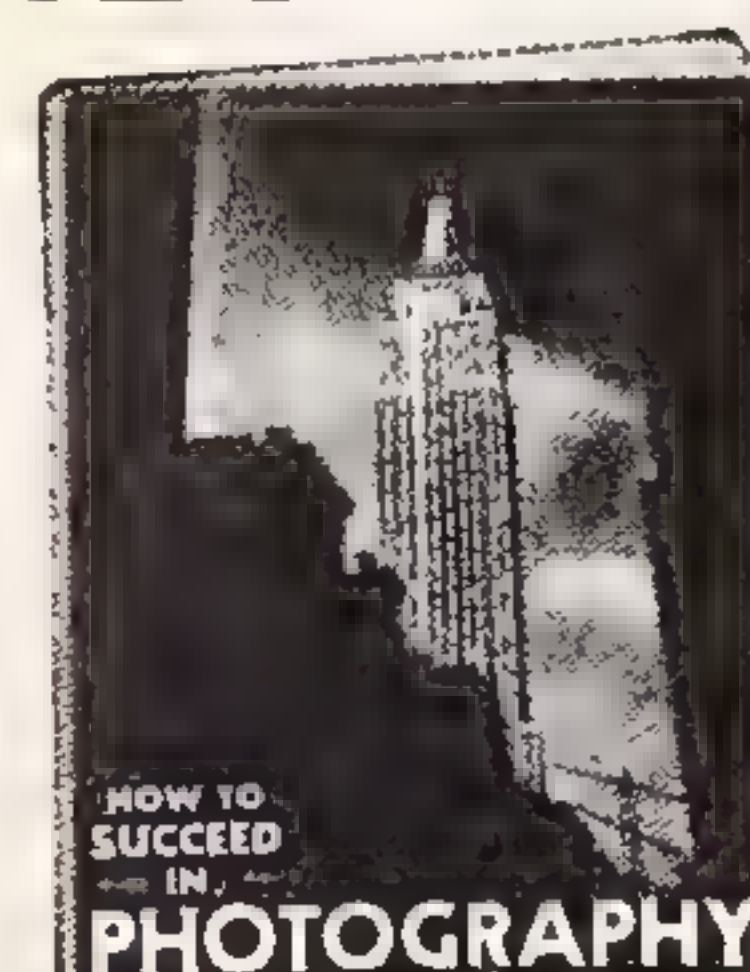
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CORN PLASTER

From Sawdust to Starlight

Continued from page 51

have dreamed. George Jones, his neighbor and best friend, had met a Mr. Ash at the Athletic Club, who was forming an acrobatic troupe for circus work. He promised George a place on it. When Joe heard the news, he gaped at his friend, suddenly set apart from the common herd. An invisible nimbus glittered round George's head. Finally, his voice husky between awe and a passion of longing, Joe managed to croak: "If he ever needs another boy, tell him about me, will you, George?"

He had long been practicing stunts. Now he redoubled his efforts. It was house-cleaning time, and his mother had moved a couch to the side porch for an airing. He tried doing back somersaults on the couch, perfect for his purpose because of its springs. He kept it up till he could start at the top, and go flipflopping all the way down its length.

Then he was ready to face the scoffers. "Come on, fellows," he called at recess time, and led them out to the running track, covered with cinders. Looking up, he saw Miss Fabian at a window. Miss Fabian was his teacher, and a darling. His heart swelled. Miss Fabian would be witness to his triumph. Balancing on his hands, he curved his body backward—and landed on his head in the cinder path.

"Yah! Yah!" whooped the Indians around him, suffocated with glee. "Lookit what wants to be a clown in the circus!"

Doggedly he tried it again and again. Each time he came down on his head or his back or his shoulders. The cinders hurt, but despite the pain, despite the humiliation, he refused to give up. What was the matter with him, anyway? He'd done it all right on the couch at home. But he failed to reckon with the fact that running tracks, unlike couches, come without springs. So he kept on taking punishment till Miss Fabian ran out and stopped the carnage.

He'd been too engrossed to notice that a man had stood watching him most of the time. By one of those stranger-than-fiction coincidences, the man who happened to be passing was Mr. Ash. Less impressed by the skill than the grit of the young performer, he made inquiries and discovered that this was the boy George Jones had been gassing about. A few days later a contract was signed, making Joe the fifth of the "Five Marvelous Ashtons," and his mother the recipient of a dollar and a half a week for the period of her son's summer engagement.

The boy went around in a daze of happiness. In the three months before they left town, Mr. Ash put them through a strenuous course of training. He proved neither a patient nor a kindly master, but that didn't matter, since Joe was cautious enough to keep his mouth shut on the subject at home. What was a cuff or two, compared with the glorious fact that at nine he was going to be in a circus? Miracles did happen, he almost believed in good fairies, and the world was a rose-colored tent, with himself inside.

They joined the Sells and Downs Circus at Chanute, Kansas, having missed it at Topeka. They'd been practicing in an 18-foot gymnasium, and had to go on without rehearsal under a white canvas top 44 feet high. The whole picture was different from that great height. The people below looked like flies. But Joe was too excited to remember to be nervous. This was his first glimpse of wonderland, and the fact that he

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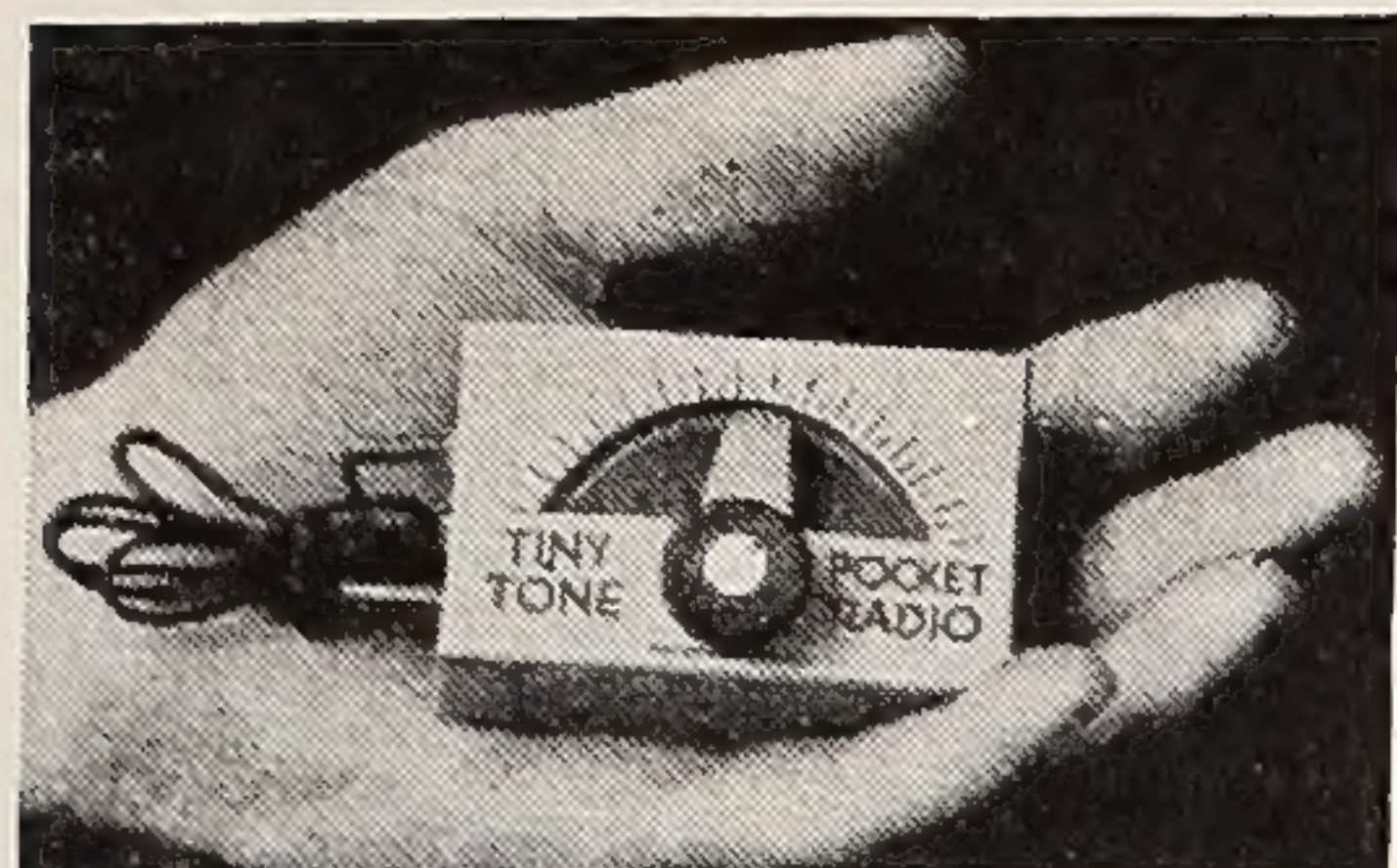


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was seeing it upside down made it none the less entrancing.

Perched on a twelve-inch platform high in the air, he turned suddenly rigid. This was the point at which he must drop to the arms of a fellow-trouper below, but he stood there, blazing blue eyes fixed on a spot in the ring. It was a dangerous trick, delicately timed.

"Joe!" called the other sharply. Without moving his fascinated gaze from the ring, Joe dropped automatically into the arms outstretched to receive him.

"You crazy?" gasped his terrified partner.

"Gee, Billy!" whispered Joe in an ecstasy, "Look at the clowns down there!"

For four summers—that stretched deep into the fall—Joe remained the smallest and thinnest of the "Marvelous Ashtons," who might have been described with equal accuracy as the "Hungry Ashtons." The master's tempo didn't improve. The boys were brutally beaten and meagrely fed. Joe fell and broke his jaw, but that didn't interfere with his jumping. The thoughtful Mr. Ash devised a cap to conceal the disfiguring brace while the fracture healed.

One summer they played the Pantages Theatre in Seattle, and Mr. Pantages took a shine to little Joe. When he ran across the street to fetch beer for the older actors, he would bring Joe the ice cream his young body craved and rarely got. One day the boy missed a trick. Ash dragged him into the dressing-room off the stage, which was built of sheet-iron, and started banging him around. The noise could be heard all the way down the block. There was a knock at the door.

"What's going on here?" called Mr. Pantages.

In a corner, minding his own business, sat George Jones, a husky lad who had missed no tricks and whom Pantages had no special fondness for. The quick-witted Ash picked Joe up, dusted him off, opened the door, turned on the unsuspecting Jones and floored him.

"Mustn't make such a racket," said Mr. Pantages mildly. Nobody else said a word.

Joe never wrote a hint of complaint to his family. It never entered his mind to quit. By the time the fourth summer rolled round, his mother was getting seven dollars a week—when Mr. Ash remembered to send it. He knew what that money meant to his people on "The Hill." Nor did he ever think of himself as a martyr. He was showing the kids, wasn't he? He was doing something they'd said he couldn't do. Besides, he loved the freedom of the life and he was learning to be a good acrobat. He had no kick coming, either then or now. "After all," he says with a rare objectivity, "Ash did give me my start."

He was sound asleep in San Francisco one morning, when a confusion of noises disturbed his slumber. The boys were shaking him. "Lemme alone," muttered Joe, and flopped over on the other side. But the earthquake of 1906 was too much even for a very tired boy to sleep through. They were out on the curb when the second shock came. They saw the tops of buildings shaken off. They saw frame houses going flat. They saw the eastern sky redden ominously. They saw bodies floating past. Dragging two trunks behind them at Mr. Ash's insistence, they moved from street to street, keeping ahead of the flames. Joe, too young to be frightened, thought it was swell—another adventure—something else he had over the kids who had stayed at home in Toledo.

A refugee train took him back to The Hill. By this time he had acquired a national reputation—"if only," he hastens to explain, "among acrobats." Backed by his family, to whom at last he confessed some of the truth, he got up the nerve to tell

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Ash he was quitting. And though that gentleman threatened and cajoled, Joe left him to join the Bell-Prevost Trio.

They say lightning never strikes twice, but it did for Joe. Bell was another Ash—with his own particular brand of cussedness added. But Joe was no longer a child, to be cowed with abuse. He was a man of thirteen—with four years of experience behind him. For eight months he stood the gaff, and then he went home. An abject letter from Bell followed him. "All right," wrote Joe, "I'll come back. But you'll have to cut out the dressing-room comedy."

It takes more than promise, however, to curb an ungovernable temper. Bell felt himself injured one day because Joe had failed to perfect a trick they were practicing. That night, as the boy jumped to where Bell's arms should have been waiting to catch him, he saw to his horror that the man had stepped out from under. Bell couldn't have known, of course, that Joe was going to break his leg. It might have been a couple of arms—or even his neck.

his four weeks in San Francisco and Oakland, they spent as much time as they could together, and she went up to San José to bid him goodbye.

"That was as near as I got," he said, "to a proposal." How near was that? "Well, I said: 'Some day we're going to get married.' And she didn't say yes and she didn't say no."

They wrote to each other, and a year later he wired her from New York. "Got enough money for us to get married. How about it?" He had, as a matter of fact, a hundred and forty dollars. By the time she reached New York, he had thirty left.

They were married at City Hall, and their wedding trip was a subway ride to Times Square. As they walked to the "lovely apartment" he'd taken in 43rd Street, the groom bent his gaze upon his bride, who after all didn't know him very well.

"Look," he said, "there are certain things married people should—"

"I know," she interrupted shyly. "My sister told me before I left home. Never

He rehearsed for it in the summer of 1919, and on September 19th of that year, the phone rang.

"I want you to take the part on Broadway tonight," barked Mr. Cort. "Think you can do it?"

Could he do it? Could he grab the chance every actor dreams about?

He was in his dressing-room that night, made up, letter perfect, ready to go on. He was also flat broke. But Cort had promised him an advance on salary tomorrow.

A knock sounded at the door, and a head popped in. "No show tonight, Equity's called a strike."

How he got through the next weeks he doesn't know. He'd never heard of Equity, but he borrowed money to join it and went on strike with the rest of the actors. His father died; and on borrowed money he went to the funeral. But that was the low point. The strike over, he opened with "Listen, Lester" in Washington. And if you should ask him whether he made a hit, he'd turn a quizzical blue gaze upon you and say: "Well—Cort engaged me again for the following year."

His first opening on Broadway. His first raves from New York's critical gentry. There's nothing in any actor's life to compare with it. Mr. Cort sitting beside him in the darkened theatre. "Well, Joe—your name'll be up in lights tomorrow." Next morning he was down at eight—watching the men put up the letters of his name, standing at the fellow's elbow while he painted JOE E. BROWN in letters of gold on the white stone slabs outside the Cort.

A happy nation has no history. Neither has a successful actor. While he went from one stage triumph to the next, the movie companies began asking him to make tests. "But they weren't any good," he informed me solemnly. "They all looked like Joe E. Brown."

Ralph Ince saw him when he played on the coast, and though he still looked like Joe E. Brown, engaged him without the formality of a test. His popularity has been building ever since. Once there was a legend that Brown was a small-town star, that the cities would have none of him. But the line at the Music Hall in New York stretched round the block when "Bright Lights" was released, and the grosses piled up in cities and villages both. Today, the little boy who ran home to his mother with sixteen cents in his pocket, is one of the ten biggest box-office bets in the business and makes more money, both for himself and his bosses, than any other star on the Warner lot. His mother lives in her own home in Toledo. Let the kids, who helped him pick cinders out of his head, put that in their pipes and smoke it.

He has three passions—sports, his work, and his family. Where most householders put their bars, Joe has installed a soda fountain in memory of that starved childhood, when his notion of bliss was to eat all the ice cream his stomach could hold. If you walk up the path, you're likely to come on some such scene as this: Mrs. Brown stands on the steps in the sunlight, her arm round five-year-old Mary-Elizabeth Ann. They constitute the audience. On the lawn three figures—Don, Joe, Jr., and their father—toss from arm to arm a gurgling bundle of delight, aged three and named Kathryn Francis after her mother.

"Just giving the baby a little workout," Brown will call.

It's a picture of domestic love and laughter, borne out by the facts. The Brown ménage, like the Brown career, is among the most successful in Hollywood. And why not?—based as they are on the qualities displayed so early by the youngster who founded them—imagination, moral stamina, the capacity for work—the qualities that make for happy living.



Joe E. Brown and his leading lady, June Travis, in Joe's new film, "Earthworm Tractor." Joe "discovered" June, who's the daughter of his friend Harry Grabiner, baseball magnate. Renamed Travis, June justifies Joe's faith in her.

"Just one of those things—too bad—it's a dangerous business for kids—or anyone else."

Prevost was made of different stuff. He took Joe to his home and nursed him while the leg mended. They built up an act together, and started out as the Prevost Brothers. A year later they became Prevost and Brown, playing the big vaudeville and burlesque houses. It was a happy partnership that lasted ten years, and if they didn't make a fortune, they did make a living. Prevost thought Joe was funny. He kept urging him to don comedy clothes and try some clowning. "And when the audience didn't laugh," Brown recalls, "he always blamed it on them. It was never by any chance because I wasn't funny, but always because they were dumb."

In 1914 they were traveling from Winnipeg to California, and Joe fell into conversation with one of their trainfellows, a Mrs. McGraw. Later she introduced him to her daughter Kathryn.

"Prevost and Brown?" said the young lady. "Weren't you playing Duluth not long ago?"

"Yes," he replied. "Did you see us?"

She blushed a little. "Well—I left just before your act came on. You see—" and then it came out. "It was a comedy bill," she blurted honestly, "and I just felt I couldn't stand one more comedian."

That broke the ice. Some snapshots he took gave Joe an excuse to write. During

let your husband go to sleep without kissing him goodnight, and never let him leave the house mad."

"Those are very good rules," he assented gravely, "and we'll stick to them. But there's something else. I've got a kind of quick temper. I do things, then I'm sorry afterwards. Now we might get into an argument, for instance, and I might take and punch you in the nose. I wouldn't mean anything by it, you understand—"

But she'd stopped dead in her tracks, and was staring indignantly at her brand new husband. "If you ever do a thing like that to me, I'll go straight home to my mother!"

She couldn't understand why he chuckled and hugged her in the midst of Broadway traffic. But she had other things to worry about. The "lovely apartment," for example. One shocked survey—and Kathryn McGraw Brown was down on her hands and knees, attacking the bathroom floor with soap and water.

Don was born on Christmas Day, 1915—Joe, Jr. came twenty months later. The risks their father was willing to take for himself he refused for them. As an acrobat, he could only go down-grade. Though it meant the end of his own professional career, Prevost urged Joe to try straight comedy. He'd been earning \$150 a week. He took a job in burlesque at \$75.

The move proved a wise one. John Cort, producer, saw him and offered him the lead in the road company of "Listen, Lester."

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